PRIESTS of PROGRESS

G. COLMORE

~~1.25~~
50¢

M. S. 14

PRIESTS OF PROGRESS

By G. COLMORE Pseud.

Author of "The Angel and the Outcast," "A Ladder of Tears," "A Daughter of Music," etc.

[Weaver, Gertrude (Renton)]

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

NEW YORK
B. W. DODGE & COMPANY
1908

Copyrighted, 1908, by
B. W. DODGE & COMPANY

(*All Rights Reserved*)

Printed in the United States of America

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE scientific theories and methods described, discussed, or alluded to in this book are real theories and real methods. I have ascribed to my characters certain methods of investigation recounted in scientific journals by the men who have followed those methods. But I desire strongly to emphasise the fact that all my characters, without exception, as also their circumstances and surroundings, are essentially and entirely fictitious.

An appendix at the end of the book contains a list of authorities for the actual theories and practices attributed to those characters.

G. COLMORE

2138696

TO ALL THOSE

WHO HAVE HELPED ME IN THE

WRITING OF THIS BOOK BY THE GIVING OF

KNOWLEDGE, TIME, OR SYMPATHY

THE BOOK IS DEDICATED

PRIESTS OF PROGRESS

CHAPTER I

THREE men sat round the fire, smoking. They were young men, barely out of the period of studentship, beginning the world. Before one lay success; before another the straight, laborious path of mediocrity; the life of the third was destined to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

The room in which they sat was a lodging-house room, ugly with an old-fashioned solid ugliness which has now generally given way to the more meretricious demerits of modern invention. The furniture was of mahogany, the chairs and tables upholstered in horsehair; the wall-paper was of a nondescript shade approaching, perhaps, nearer to brown than to any other colour; the curtains were of that terrible green which absorbs the light without resting the eye; the carpet was thick enough to hold vast accumulations of dust. The inevitable antimacassar of course was there, crocheted in cotton, knitted in wool, straightened out carefully each morning, to be crumpled up into balls or cast into corners ere the day was done; invariably, however, to survive contumely. For Mrs. Deane could not bring herself to denude her apartments of all elegance. "Young gentlemen will be young gentlemen" was all she said when, each morning, desecration

met her eye; and as the antimacassars were of stalwart fibre, and the delinquent grew daily older, she replaced them regularly with the persevering hope of the proverbial spider.

The more particular in this respect was she, inasmuch as the wax fruit, the shells, and the ornament from her own wedding cake, with its shielding glass case, had been resolutely banished from the mantelpiece. Percy Burdon had impressed upon her that he was afraid of breaking them; and the black marble shelf was now given up to pipes, tobacco jars, and photographs—chiefly of young women in tights; for Percy was at the stage of affecting the Gaiety Theatre, and his ideal of womanhood was divided between the dancing girl and his cousin, Violet Lowther. The cousin's photograph was on the mantelpiece, too, in the centre, and Sidney Gale's eyes rested on it as he smoked.

"Who's that?" he asked presently, pointing a pipe at it, "the girl with all her clothes on?"

"Oh, that's my cousin David—Miss Lowther."

"David? What an odd——"

"Oh, she wasn't christened that; Violet's her proper name. But when she was a little bit of a thing she was discovered in the act of defying a bull with a catapult. She was dubbed David on the spot, and the name stuck to her. None of her own people ever call her anything else."

"Is that the great Dr. Lowther?" asked Edgar Hall.

Burdon nodded, trying to appear unconscious of the distinction conferred by relationship with a man in the forefront of medical science.

Hall's manner took on a momentary shade of deference. "I had no idea he was your uncle," he said. "What luck some people have!"

"What do you mean by luck? I've never scored by being his nephew that I can see."

"Perhaps not, because you're a rotter. Why, man, if I were his nephew, I'd study under him."

"Don't take understudies."

"He'd take me. Besides, he must have assistants."

"Yes, I suppose so; oh, yes, of course. But Lord! if you're under Uncle Bernard, you're so very much under; he's sitting on you all the time."

Hall cast a contemptuous glance at the speaker, and refilled his pipe in silence.

The three young men were friends of circumstance; they had been at the same public school, had gone through the same medical course, were now starting in the same profession. Hall and Burdon, moreover, had been at Cambridge together. Gale was an Oxford man; but his family and Hall's were acquainted, and they met at each other's houses.

"Oh, by the way," said Gale, "I ran up against Jimmy Coles as I came along, swelled visibly with satisfaction. 'Hulloa, old man,' said I, 'what's up? You look as if you'd come into a fortune.' 'So I have,' said he, and—he's going to be married."

"Good for Jimmy!" said Burdon.

"Infernal ass!" said Hall.

"What's ass about it?"

"To go and saddle yourself with a wife before you've got a practice! Even if a man had a private fortune, which James hasn't——"

"No; but I fancy *she* has, from what he said."

"Had a private fortune," continued Hall imperturbably, "it's a devil of a mistake. Wife at home, babies, domestic

interests. I tell you that sort of thing plays the deuce with a chap's chances."

"You're so damned ambitious, old man," observed Burdon.

"I'm damned interested in what I'm going to do, if that's what you mean. And if you're not, I don't see the good of doing it."

"Bread and butter, my dear chap, and one's people at one's back insisting upon one's having a career."

"Career!" Hall's thin lip curled.

"Besides, I *am* interested in it; only I don't think it's the only thing in the world, that's all."

"No; there are women—in tights."

"I don't know that they're any the worse for that," said Burdon stoutly. "They're as good, some of 'em, as gold. Tights don't imply——"

"That you're on the loose," put in Gale, thereby causing one of the ill-used antimacassars to be aimed at his head. He dodged it successfully and went on speaking. "It's no good you two fellows beginning to argue, because you don't see one single thing in the world from the same point of view. Percy, you're an ordinary human being; and Hall's a—well, a scientist."

"And what are you?" asked Hall.

"I'm a——" Gale stretched himself. "The Lord only knows."

"I know what you will be if you don't look out; and that's a failure."

"Thanks, old chap. But may be; may very well be."

"It's all very well, you know, but rowdiness don't pay. Passes in a student, but when a man gets to work——"

"Pregnant pause that! Ain't it, Percy?" said Gale.

"Ass!" muttered Hall.

"An ass in a lion's skin—with a lion's mane, at any rate," said Burdon.

The allusion was to Gale's tawny hair, which was inconveniently thick and strong; it had always been cut, according to Gale, yesterday, and always looked as if it ought to be cut, at latest, to-morrow. Gale gave his head a little shake, thereby causing disorder in the too exuberant locks, then passed his hand over them to smooth them down again. It was a trick he had.

"Sidney Gale, M.M.—Medical Moke. I wonder how it would look on a door-plate!" said he.

"It'll be the only degree you'll arrive at if you don't look out," declared Hall.

"A little captious, our friend, to-night, don't you think, Percy? Hulloa! somebody's in a hurry. Hear those hansom doors? And Jove, what a ring! Expecting any startling *dénouement,* old chap? Because Hall and I——"

Burdon shook his head and laughed. "Rather wish I was. It's somebody for Cameron, I expect."

"Is that the man downstairs?" asked Hall; "the man I met here once?"

"Yes."

"A misguided old juggins with ideas about the Absolute."

"Don't know. He's not a bad sort, anyhow. He——"

At that instant the door was flung open, and a man stood on the threshold and sought Percy with his eyes.

"Mr. Burdon," said he, "come down to my room, please! I need your help."

CHAPTER II

THE man whom Hall had described as a misguided old juggins was forty-eight, and hardly looked his age. His brown hair was only slightly grizzled; his beard, close cut and pointed, was free from any touch of grey. Hair and beard surrounded a face that would be best described as quiet, were it not for the brilliant eyes, deeply set, which looked out from beneath thick eyebrows, and gave it a quality of arrestingness.

The three young men sprang to their feet as he spoke.

"Is it an accident?" asked Percy.

Cameron shrugged his shoulders. "Come and see!"

"We're all medicos," said Gale. "I suppose we can come too?"

He turned to Hall as he said the last words, for Cameron and Percy were already half-way downstairs, and, without waiting for an answer, followed the others out of the room. The flight of steps was a long one, but Gale had a way of diminishing its length; he descended a few grades, then placed his hands on the banisters and leapt down on to the lower angle of the staircase. Hall went down in the usual way, but as fast as that way permitted, for his professional instincts were excited, and he was eager to know the cause of Cameron's summons.

But when he entered Cameron's room his enthusiasm died down. What he saw was not the least what he expected or hoped to see.

At one end of the room was a square dining-table, and on the table lay a dog, a collie; that it was in pain and teror was evident; its eyes held the pleading look that suffering calls into the eyes of all animals, becoming more intense as the animal descends in the scale of sensitiveness and intelligence. Round its neck was a bandage, and the bandage held in place a tube inserted in the animal's throat. Hall observed it for a moment; then, "What's this?" he asked.

There was a denunciatory inflection in his voice, and the owner of the room threw him a quick glance.

"Dinna fash wi' questions," he said, suddenly breaking into broad Scotch "My hand's out," he continued, turning to Burdon. "That's why I want your help."

"We ought to anæsthetise for this," said Gale. "Got any chloroform?"

"Man, how did I come to forget it? I got everything else on my way."

"Oh, Burdon's probably got some. He's always inhaling."

"Yes—let me see—I was inhaling only this morning for neuralgia. You know the cupboard on the——"

"Go and get it yourself, old chap, as you know where it is."

Burdon was out of the room and back again in a couple of minutes; but during his absence Gale had unfastened the bandage.

"Yes—through the œsophagus and down into the stomach. See?" he said.

All round the opening of the wound from which the tube protruded were gangrenous sores, caused by the overflow of the destructive juices of the stomach.

"It's been in some time," observed Burdon, coming back.

"Keep your hand on his heart, Mr. Gale," said Cameron. "I'll give the chloroform; and you, Mr. Burdon——"

"No, no, you watch the heart, G.P.," broke in Gale, addressing Burdon. "I'll do the surgery."

As the animal's muscles relaxed, as the consciousness faded in its eyes, Gale withdrew the tube and proceeded to wash out the wound and cleanse the open sores which edged it round.

"You've deft hands," remarked Cameron approvingly.

Hall stood and looked on in silence.

"Now for the sutures," said Gale.

Cameron handed him the silk and needle, and Gale began the stitching of the interior wound in the gullet; but as he inserted the needle, the dog writhed and moaned.

"Anæsthesia not deep enough," he said. "Try a whiff or two more."

"Look out you don't kill," said Hall. It was the first time he had spoken since his question on entering the room.

"All right," returned Gale. "Just a wee bit deeper, Mr. Cameron."

"Steady on!" cried Burdon. "By Jove! I thought it had stopped altogether that time!"

The three faces gathered round the dog were all intent; Gale's eyes were steady with concentration. He thought now no more of the chloroform, of any adjunct of that upon which he was engaged; that was the business of the others; all the consciousness of his brain was centred upon the work of his hands.

The dog lay quite still now, and for one minute there was silence. Then Percy spoke. "He's gone, I believe."

"Surely——" began Cameron.

"He's done for. No doubt about it."

Gale put down the needle, and Cameron placed his hand where Burdon's had been. There was no doubt that Burdon was right; the heart, irregular of action, as are the hearts of the majority of dogs, had ceased to beat under the action of the chloroform, and no efforts availed to set it to work again.

"I told you," said Hall, coming forward, "that you had to be careful in putting a dog under deep anæsthesia."

"Young man," answered Cameron, "I probably was aware of that fact before you were born. What I *tried* to do was to touch the point which combines the persistence of life with the minimum of suffering. What I *did* was to miss it. At any rate, I saved yon poor beast from a worse fate."

"What fate?"

"Well——" The older man looked at the younger and paused. "I don't know that I'm bound to tell you that, for as far as I remember you came into my room, not by my invitation, but your own wish. Still, I'm willing to tell you. I'll tell you all," he said, glancing at the other two young men. "I was in a shop this afternoon in Campbell Street. The shopkeeper was engaged with a lady when I went in, and while I was waiting the dog there came rushing in. He was as you saw him a while ago, the bandage round his neck and the tube in his throat."

"He came from the hospital," Hall broke in.

"Just so," answered Cameron in a tone which implied that he desired no interruptions. "He had escaped from the Campbell Street hospital and from a scientific experiment. He lifted his fore-paws on to the counter and looked at the shopman. If ever a dumb thing asked for help, that

creature asked for it then. The tears were streaming down his face. I remembered my student days; I remembered why I am not in practice now; I think quickly and decide sometimes as quickly as I think." The Scotch words and accent broke again into Cameron's speech. "I took the puir beastie in my arms and was out of the shop and into a hansom in a trice. I'm thinkin' there's ane experiment they'll no finish."

"And I for one am glad," said Gale.

"Can't say I'm sorry," muttered Percy.

Hall hesitated, then, "Mr. Cameron," said he, "what you choose to do is, I suppose, no business of mine, especially —as you have reminded me—as you did not ask me to take a hand in it. I gather that you were once a member of the medical profession; why you left it is also, I take it, no business of mine. But you two fellows, what are *you* doing in this *galley?* If I were to report your share in this at headquarters, how would you look?"

Burdon's colour changed. "My dear man," he began, but Gale interrupted him.

"Bosh!" said he. "Don't go and make a greater ass of yourself than Nature meant you for, Hall."

"All very well, but you don't seem to realise that you two fellows have behaved like blacklegs, gone against the laws, unwritten, if not declared——"

"Oh, stow it!" broke in Gale again. He turned to Cameron. "You'll excuse us now, sir. We'll take Hall upstairs and give him a cigar or sit on his head. Go on, Hall! Percy, don't forget your chloroform."

Hall bowed stiffly, Burdon clumsily, but both young men left the room.

Gale, before he followed them, held out his hand. "I

say," he said, "blackleg or no blackleg, you know, I'm jolly glad you carted off that dog."

Cameron took the hand and wrung it forcibly.

"Mon," said he, "if that's the way the wind blaws, ye've no an easy gait to gang."

Half an hour later, as Gale descended the staircase, John Cameron's door opened, at first cautiously, then wide.

"Ah, it *is* you, Mr. Gale," he said. "I thought it might be the other one. Can you come in?"

Gale hesitated. "Well, hardly now, I'm afraid. I'm house surgeon at St. Anne's, you see, and——"

"You must be back, of course."

"I wish I could."

"Well, come some other day. What's your best time?"

"I'm generally off duty between five and seven."

"Name your day, then, and I'll be sure of being in."

"I'll come to-morrow," said Gale impulsively.

"That's right. Then I'll expect you."

"A queer old Johnny," said Gale to himself as he went down the street; "but I'd like to have a talk with him and hear what he's got to say."

CHAPTER III

THE next afternoon found Gale again in Hinde Street. He did not go upstairs to see if Burdon were at home, but asked the servant who opened the door to take him at once to Cameron's room.

The room was respectably ugly, but with its drawn curtains and blazing fire it had a comfortable look, especially after the depressing atmosphere of the foggy street outside. Tea was laid on the square table, a small white cloth, spread cornerwise, partially concealing the thick tapestry cover which veiled its cumbrous solidity.

"Come away in and sit down," was Cameron's welcome. "I'm glad to see you. We'll have our tea and then a pipe."

Gale took the chair which his host placed for him by the table, and Cameron poured out a cup of tea. "I don't take it myself," he remarked, "so you won't mind if I only look on?"

Gale was not without a shyness of his own, but there was something about his host which set him at his ease, and he ate bread and marmalade and drank tea with frank enjoyment and a hearty appetite, undisturbed by the fact that his host took neither food nor drink. Later on, he wondered if he had done a wise thing in accepting John Cameron's invitation; but while he made up for a hasty lunch, and afterwards, when, pipe in mouth and tobacco jar at elbow, he found himself seated in a leather armchair opposite his host, he felt very glad that he had come.

Cameron inspired him with sympathy and confidence; interested him, too. Sidney Gale was one of the people who begin life "expecting things to happen"; and there was no knowledge what possibilities were contained in this new acquaintance.

The sympathy and confidence were apparently mutual, for the first thing Cameron said after the pipes were fairly started was, "Do you know why I asked you to come and see me, laddie?" And on Gale's negative, "Because I took a fancy to you," he said. "I didn't take a fancy to your friend," he went on presently, "the one who stood and looked on. He and I have vibrations that don't accord. Young Burdon—well, he's a good laddie enough, but he's just like a thousand others, and you have but to put him into the usual mould for him to take the usual shape. But you're not quite that."

"Oh, I hope not," cried Gale. "I want to be——" He stopped and sought for a word, then laughed and finished up with "unique."

"There are more ways than one of being that. You may be a unique success, or a unique—failure."

"No, no, sir, please! I bar failure."

"Yet it's grander sometimes than fame."

"You might have both. I mean," said Gale, shaking out his hair and smoothing it down again, "I shouldn't mind being a *famous* failure, coming to grief in a splendid way, don't you know."

"By splendid you mean conspicuous, I suppose."

"Perhaps I do."

"You could stand melodrama, but not tragedy."

"I dare say that's about it. Yet—tragedies, the great tragedies, one does hear of them, you know."

"Does one? Well, we'll leave that alone just now. I

noticed yesterday—I think I said so—that you've deft hands, real surgeon's hands, and you use them as a man uses them who's born, not merely trained, to the surgeon's trade."

Gale blushed; he tried to look deprecating, but his eyes sparkled.

"It's—it's awfully nice of you to say so," was all he could find to say.

"No, it's not," returned the other. "Awfully nice is not at all what I am, in that or in anything else. But I seem to see in you the makings of a great surgeon, and perhaps of a great man; and last evening I was wondering which you'd be."

"Can't I be both?"

The host sat and looked at his guest a few moments, but there was more reflection than scrutiny in his eyes.

"Lawson Tait is," he said, "both famous and great; but Tait had the advantage of beginning his career in the fold of orthodoxy. Advantage? the *sine qua non* I ought to say, for to be unorthodox in medicine is to cut away from yourself all chances of fame."

"Yet Tait——"

Cameron held up his hand. "Tait had made his name before he broke with convention. He is beyond the reach of boycott, and they must acknowledge his greatness simply because he has been able to prove that it is indisputable; though, of course, when he's gone and can't answer them, they'll begin to say he's unscientific—as they do of Sir William Fergusson, who, while he lived, was at the top of the tree. Strange that the whole system of medical research is based on the policy of results, and yet, however splendid results a man obtains in adding to the sum of knowledge and in proving that knowledge by practical demonstration,

it counts for nothing if, in the gaining it, he departs from the conventional methods!"

"But I suppose that so great a consensus of opinion——" began Gale, but Cameron again interrupted him.

"There has been a consensus of opinion about all the false ideas that have ever ruled the world; and the men who first rise up to proclaim them false are invariably condemned as madmen, scoffed at as fools, feared and hated as revolutionaries; finally revered." Cameron paused. "So, at the last," he added, in a softer tone, "at the end of evolution, when we have outgrown the shams, we shall reach the truth."

Gale hesitated. "I was reading the other day," he began, "a book by a man who called himself a mystic, and I came across something rather like what you've just said. I wonder if——"

Cameron smiled. "If I'm a mystic, too? Well, if to desire truth, to seek it constantly, and to think no labour too great in the search, no painstaking too minute, no service too humble—if that is to be a mystic, then a mystic undoubtedly I am."

"Why, sir," cried Gale, "you have described a scientist!"

"And an artist," said a voice from the door; "if truth and beauty are, as has been said, the same. Mr. Cameron," the voice went on, "you said I might come and see you again, and so—well, here I am. With your love of truth, you mustn't blame me for taking you at your word."

"Come in, come in, Miss Lowther! I'm very glad to see you. This is my friend Mr. Gale."

The girl at the door shut it behind her and came over to the fire.

"You were so busy talking that you never heard my knock," she said, "and I thought Percy must have made a mistake and that you were out."

"I can recommend this chair," said Gale, pointing to the one he had risen from.

"No, thank you, I never sit in arm-chairs; something low and compact is what I like. No, Mr. Cameron, never mind the teapot. I made Percy give me tea, of course."

Miss Lowther had seated herself on a sort of stuffed stool, midway between the arm-chairs which stood one on each side of the fireplace. "And now," she said, "I want you to go on talking. What were you talking about when I came in? It sounded interesting."

"I'd rather not pursue that particular subject just now," answered Cameron. "Putting that one aside, we'll talk about anything you choose. What do you like to talk about best?"

"To be quite honest," said Miss Lowther, "I believe there's nothing I like talking about so much as myself. But one can't begin with that; it generally drifts round."

"*I* should like to begin with it straight away," said Gale, "because I want to know, after what you said when you first came in, if you're an artist."

"Yes and no. Because I want to be so much, I suppose I am a tiny bit." Miss Lowther turned to the young man a deprecating face. "I do the thing that sounds so dreadful—I paint a little in water colours; that is to say, I paint as much as I can, and as badly as few people dare."

Gale laughed. "You have, at any rate, the artist's divine discontent."

"It hardly makes up for the rest."

"Do you go to a studio, or work at a school, or what?"

"I 'what'; just struggle along as best I may; and my best, as I said, is bad. You see, ours is a scientific establishment, and if I suggest the Slade, or even a studio at Fulham, father thinks I'm neurotic. I daren't persist, for

fear he should ask me to train a class of dogs in water colours, and then start a series of experiments to discover an art bacillus."

"What it is to be related to a man! Who else would dare to scoff at Dr. Lowther?"

"Not scoff—jest," corrected Miss Lowther, "and one only jests about the things and people one admires and believes in. I have a great admiration for father and a profound belief in him. Therefore—you see?"

For a little while longer she sat chatting, obviously quite at her ease both with the older man and the younger; addressing herself to both, but answered almost entirely by Gale; then she rose and asked for a hansom. It was getting late, and "mother will be wondering what has become of me."

John Cameron went to the door with her and put her into the hansom. Gale stood by the fire and wondered how Percy Burdon could keep her picture on the same shelf as the photographs of the girls in tights.

Cameron came back into the room, sat down, and took up his pipe.

"Sit down again!" he said. "You've time yet." He lighted his pipe, took a few whiffs, then

> " 'Every lassie has her laddie,
> None they say have I,
> But all the lads they smile at me
> When comin' through the rye,' "

he quoted. "That seems to me to fit the young lady that's just gone."

"I dare say she gets many smiles."

"Ay." Cameron puffed at his pipe in silence, his eyes on the fire; he was seemingly in a brown study, and Gale,

sufficiently in sympathy with him to respect his mood, made no attempt at conversation.

Presently Cameron turned his eyes from the fire to the young man's face, and began to speak, taking up the previous conversation at the very point at which Miss Lowther's entrance had interrupted it; so that for a moment Gale had the feeling that her coming had been of the nature of a vision, that the talk had ceased only for an instant, and that in that instant he had dreamed a beautiful dream.

"To seek for truth," said Cameron, "means generally that you have to separate yourself from those who profess to follow her; and sometimes that which impels to the search takes its rise in emotion. That is why what you said last night has caused me to think much about you."

"Why, what did I say?" asked Gale. He was still half held by the dream.

"That you were glad of that which your friend, Mr. Hall, regretted. I have known men begin to think because the intellect has discovered a lack of logic in accepted creeds; more often I have seen them impelled to inquiry in the first instance by feeling. You might almost divide people into those two classes; those in whom intellectual activity precedes and forms a basis for emotional conviction, and those constrained by force of feeling to submit their emotions to the tribunal of the intellect."

"Surely there is a third class, sir—and a fourth. There is emotion so blind that it is reckless of all but its own force; and intellect so—so——"

"Limited—no, the French have a better word, *borné;* limited in our colloquial use of it means small, and a man may be brilliantly clever and yet *borné;* intellect so *borné,* then, as to be blind to all but its own capacities and achievements. Yes, you're right. But these are general

questions; and what I wanted to say to you was something personal."

Cameron paused so long that Gale, glancing at the clock, was impelled to say, "Well, sir, what was it you wanted to say to me?"

"This: don't let your heart run away with your head! Prove and weigh; keep your mental eyes and ears open; try to storm no fortress until you are fully persuaded that those who hold it are aliens and not kinsmen."

"I—don't quite—follow you. What fortress do you think I am likely to storm?"

"You are by nature, unless I am much mistaken, a fighter, perhaps a rebel. If you are only a fighter, you will need no counsel from me; you will fight hard, but it will be on the side of the majority, and you will win laurels. But if you're a rebel——" Cameron knocked the ashes from his pipe, and laid it down beside him. "If you're a rebel," he went on presently, "what I have to say to you is—don't rebel too soon! Walk in the ranks for a while; let doubt travail and groan till conviction is mature; be quite sure of yourself before you take your stand!"

"But in what way? I don't feel as if I wanted to rebel against anything."

"There was a sort of rebellion against the views of your profession in your attitude towards yon poor dog last night."

"Oh, I see what you mean. Well, frankly, I don't like the live experiment business. I like it so little that in the classes I—I——" Gale shook out his hair in his confusion. "After each demonstration, I always wanted to go—and—and often went, sir—on the—the bust, so to speak, to get it out of my head." He sat frowning and smoothing down his hair. "For I'll bet my bottom dollar"—he

was thinking of his host—"that he's a deuce of a proper old chap."

The proper old chap said nothing but "And your friend?"

"Hall? Oh, Hall's one idea was to do the experiment himself."

"He'll get on."

"And I shall get over it, of course; they all do. It's a weakness, I know."

"You'll get hardened, you think."

"I know I shall. I must; for of course it's necessary. I accept that, and believe it; believe too, really, in its rightness. For it's right—it must be. It's right to inflict a certain amount of pain on the animal world in order to help humanity. It's kinder, really kinder, to be seemingly cruel than merely sentimental."

"Does disease decrease—the sum of it—with these discoveries? But no matter now. Accept, to begin with, the canons of the profession; accept its methods; accept everything orthodox—except conclusions. Draw those for yourself; not too hurriedly."

"Thank you," said Gale, "thank you very much!"

As he walked back to the hospital he asked himself for what precisely he had thanked Mr. Cameron. Was it because he had interested him? It certainly could not be because he had stirred in him anew those vague feelings of doubt which it was his constant endeavour to discourage.

But he did not for long consider the question; his thoughts flew back to that dream-like break in the conversation; flew back and rested there. It was of Miss Lowther that the young man thought as he took his way through the foggy streets; and, thinking of her, he dreamed a young man's dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

"DAVID! I was getting quite anxious."

"Dear mother, don't you know by this time that you need never be anxious?—that I'm as well able to look after myself as if I wore trousers instead of petticoats?"

"I know you think you are. But I'm not sure that the girls of the present day are not too independent."

"Can one be too independent?"

Mrs. Lowther sighed. "I've so often wondered," she said.

David came across the room, put her arm round the slight figure in the arm-chair, and kissed her mother's forehead. "You've been alone all the afternoon, I expect?"

Mrs. Lowther nodded.

"And you've got a bit hipped."

"Darling, I wish you wouldn't use Percy's slang."

"Is it slang? Honestly, I thought it was correctly medical."

"I shouldn't say that Percy is ever correctly medical."

David laughed. "Perhaps not. By the way, I saw his friend this afternoon—the great Gale."

"Gale?" said Mrs. Lowther vaguely. "I thought his name was Hall."

"Oh, that's another. They share the treasure of Percy's devotion between them; he kneels to Hall, and worships Gale."

"Did you like him?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. He's rather like shock-headed Peter."

"He came to see Percy, I suppose?"

"No, he was downstairs. I went down to see the mysterious Aberdonian."

"I never heard of her."

"It's a him. No, it's not necessary to be shocked. He's as old as the hills and as unsentimental as his native granite."

"But, David——"

"I assure you that fifty dowagers rolled into one wouldn't be in it with Mr. Cameron as a chaperon. It was really much more proper to meet Mr. Gale in his room than in Percy's."

"But how did you know him?"

"Don't you remember my telling you that he came to Percy's room the day Mrs. Vaughan and Emily and I had tea there? and that he invited us down to look at some queer old black letter books he has?"

"You tell me so much, my dear, that I forget sometimes."

"Well, he did, and he asked me to come again if I felt inclined. And I felt inclined this afternoon."

When David had gone upstairs Mrs. Lowther took up the work she had laid down on her daughter's entrance—a knitted stocking. She knitted stocking after stocking; not because she was interested in such work, but because she had a definite object in doing it; and the very uncongeniality of the task had its value in her eyes.

Mrs. Lowther was a woman who, at this period of her life, would best be described as colourless. She had married young, and was not many years over forty, an age at which the modern woman considers that she has barely

reached maturity and is as much entitled to take an active part in life, to be interested and interesting, as are her sisters in the twenties and thirties. With her delicate features and slim figure, Bertha Lowther might have held her own with many women younger than herself in years; but she bore upon her person, not to say her personality, the hall-mark of a previous generation, and was unmistakably relegated to a clearly defined shelf marked "middle age." Her dress, perfectly neat, showed no touch of either smartness or individuality; her hair, faded but not grey, was parted down the middle and drawn back in a plain downward sweep from her face; and she wore a cap, a small, formless, quite unpicturesque compound of white lace and mauve ribbon. Her physique invited her to look several years younger than she was; her choice of apparel charged her with many more than she had seen: she might have passed for thirty-six or seven; the impression she conveyed was of a woman advanced in the fifties.

People as a rule did not take much notice of Mrs. Lowther. Among her husband's acquaintances she counted as a nonentity; in his house she held much the same position as the cat; except that, with almost uniform success, she conducted the housekeeping. It could not be said that she was not "in the frame," as the French say, in the Harley Street household; but she was as a piece of still life in the background of the picture, rather than a living figure. Only with her daughter was she on terms of any companionship, and with an old friend, Miss Isabel Barker, who received paying guests at Maida Hill, and came occasionally to spend the day in Harley Street.

David was fond of her mother, with a pitying sort of fondness; the protective instinct was awake in it, but associated with a measure of condescension of which she

was herself unaware. Mother was a dear, of course, and so unselfish; but—— She never filled up the pause in her thought; loyalty kept it blank; but had the thought completed itself, it would have run: "she has no character." David Lowther adored—to use her own expression—character, purpose, daring, success; and all her admiration, all the affection which springs from pride in the object which evokes it, was given to her father. Neither of her parents was altogether sympathetic to her; and with her father she was never, perhaps, entirely at her ease; but her great desire was to win his approval, and the idea that he might think her foolish or weak was almost sufficient to deter her from the pursuit of a chosen course or an incipient thought. Almost, yet not altogether; so that she clung to her painting in spite of the fact that Dr. Lowther had an open contempt for art; and cherished a secret inclination towards brown velvet coats and turned-down collars, though she was well aware that, while her father looked down on art, he looked with yet more scornful gaze on artists.

Upstairs, in her own private domain, David played for a little while at being an artist. A tiny dressing-room was attached to her bedroom, and from this all the furniture which should have filled it had been cleared: it contained only a couple of easels, a deal table, and a painting stool. The floor was bare and the window uncurtained; on the table were painting boxes, sketching blocks, and drawing paper. A sketch stood on one of the easels; on the other hung a piece of brilliant scarlet silk embroidered in gold; one or two sketches and drawings were pinned against the wall. David stood for a minute regarding the general effect: she had a dramatic sense and liked her surroundings to be typical of her ideas.

"It's not bad," she said after a pause of critical survey.

"It certainly looks 'struggling,'" she sighed. "The worst part is the things themselves."

She went forward and looked at the half-finished painting on the easel. Very crude it was, very untaught; David had tried to catch the effect of a sunset behind a foreground of roofs and chimney pots, and the result was not a success. Presently she went back into the bedroom, took off her hat and her brown walking dress, and put on a sort of overall made of coarse pink cotton. It was a becoming garment, and she was conscious of the fact; but a few stains and smudges of paint gave it a professional air. Thus clad, she returned to the little studio, and, having turned on all the electric light available, proceeded to work at her sunset.

Some artistic feeling she certainly possessed, something there was within her which asked and strove for expression; but though she felt truly, she did not see accurately, and, destitute as she was of knowledge and training, she lacked power to embody the ideas which she conceived, or even correctly to portray the objects which she beheld. Nevertheless, it was delightful to get away from the commonplace world for a time, and be actually an artist, positively painting in a real substantial studio. Delightful it was for a time; yet at the end of twenty minutes or so David put down her palette and brushes with an exclamation of disgust. "I don't know really whether I hadn't better give it all up and take to science," she thought.

She turned off the light, went back to her bedroom, and sat down in front of the fire. She had expressed her preference in Mr. Cameron's room for a chair that was low and not too large, and here on the hearthrug was her ideal of what a seat should be; a soft, solid mass of upholstery, half stool, half cushion; backless, but as David

never leant back when she was thinking, but always forward, and as she only sat there when she wanted to think and not when she wanted to rest, that did not matter.

"At any rate, in science I should be taught and helped," she was thinking now; "and after all it's a splendid field, for a woman especially. Fancy being like Madame Curie and having the scientists coming from all parts of the world to see one!" She gave an audible chuckle. "What fun!"

There came a knock at the door. "Come in!" Then, as the door opened, "Oh, it's you, Emma," David said. "Surely it's not dressing-time yet?"

"Not quite, miss, but Mrs. Lowther wished me to tell you that Professor Cranley-Chance is coming to dinner. She forgot to mention it."

"Oh, well, I suppose that means that I'm to wear a dress and not a tea-gown. Let me see! my white and gold, I think, Emma, please. It seems a waste," David was thinking to herself; "I suppose he's some fusty, musty old thing. But I haven't got anything else."

"It's all very well," her thoughts ran on, as she dressed, "father can say what he likes, but artists *are* a better-looking lot than scientists; and I don't care what anybody says, looks count for a good deal in the world. Yes, bronze shoes, Emma, but the second best ones will do."

CHAPTER V

"PROFESSOR CRANLEY-CHANCE."

Mrs. Lowther rose from her chair by the fire to receive the guest. The doctor was not yet down, and she particularly disliked receiving her husband's friends when her husband was not there to bear the brunt of entertaining them.

David, however, was prepared to come to the rescue. "Father will be here directly," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

The professor was a big man, with a strong and, as many thought, a handsome face; noted in scientific circles, and recently to be met in that wider, more heterogeneous company known as Society. As David observed—as she did instantly—his well-made clothes, correct tie, and patent-leather shoes, she realised that he was neither musty nor fusty, and was glad that she had put on the "white and gold"; she also became conscious that the second best shoes were just a trifle worn at the tips of the toes.

The professor shook hands with his hostess, but his eyes went past her, the moment he entered the room, to her daughter. He was a man who, when he concerned himself at all with women, liked them to be good-looking, and Miss Lowther, he told himself, had good looks of a kind he admired. Many people were of Professor Chance's opinion; David Lowther was generally acknowledged to be a nice-looking girl; though many of her acquaintances

refused to credit her with the more positive quality of prettiness. A not too friendly critic had once called her a brown girl, and there was truth in the criticism, though her brownness was, in the eyes of many, one of her charms. Her hair was brown, a brilliant, decided brown; her skin, fair and clear, had a look as though it had been faintly tanned by the sun; her eyes were a curious mixture of brown and grey. Her face was somewhat wide, the forehead broad and low, the eyes set far apart, the chin short and full. Though she might lack power of expression in the art which she had elected to follow, she was able—with an ability often denied to those who can paint beautiful pictures—to express her sense of beauty in her dress; and this evening, though she had expected to see only an uninteresting old gentleman of the fogey type, the artist element had not failed to assert itself. She possessed, too, the rare gift of being able to place a flower in her hair at just the right spot, at just the right angle, and the becoming effect of her flowing white gown with its gold trimming was heightened and completed by a yellow rose which showed itself on the left side of her well-dressed head. As she stood in the shaded light, the flames from the fire throwing a moving brilliance on the satin whiteness of her gown, Cranley-Chance thought he had rarely seen a woman who had better pleased him; and when she sat down he took a chair near her, and ignoring, as most people ignored, her mother's presence, set himself to find out what—as he expressed it to himself—she was made of.

He had not got further in his investigations than to discover that Miss Lowther objected to fog and detested the English winter, when her father came in; and after shaking hands, host and guest retreated to that refuge of British self-consciousness, the hearthrug, where, fortified

apparently by the sensation of heat in the back, the Englishman appears more at his ease than in any other part of the room. Not that Dr. Lowther suffered from self-consciousness; he had too much confidence in himself to be a prey to any form of shyness; he stood firm upon the rock of success, and had never stumbled on the way over doubts of his own ability. A man of middle height and middle age, strong in physique and brain, with a good-looking face and slightly arrogant manner, he was popular in his profession and in the world of science generally. Patients came from far and wide to consult Dr. Lowther; scientific brethren received his opinions with deference. He was generous in helping on ability of a positive and definite type, relentless in opposing all that appeared to him futile or weak. He was fond of his daughter, partly because she sometimes took her own way; he despised his wife, chiefly because she always submitted to his.

At dinner Professor Chance sat opposite Miss Lowther, and a tall vase of flowers prevented his looking at her as much as he wished.

"Of course they'll talk shop," thought David, as she settled herself in her chair. Her mental tone was one of resignation; she was used to these friends of her father's, who came to dinner at short notice, and had accustomed herself not to listen to their conversation.

The doctor and his guest began with the discussion of men—fellow-scientists; from men they passed to matter, from matter to bacilli, from bacilli to the most recently discovered serum. David lent a half attention to the beginning of the talk, but at the first mention of sensory nerves she retreated to the citadel of her own interests, and by the time dessert was on the table she was far away from the fruit she was eating. She was plunged back into

her actual surroundings by an astonishing fact: Mrs. Lowther had joined in the conversation.

"Evil can never work anything but evil," she was saying, when David woke up. "How do you know that these serums are not laying the foundation of diseases worse than those they are supposed to cure?"

"Sera, my dear," corrected the doctor.

"The form of the plural hardly alters the argument, does it?" said Cranley-Chance kindly, after a glance at his hostess's face. "Your mother," he went on, trying to look at David round the vase of flowers, "is fighting the battle of the sentimentalists."

"Against intellect and humanity," added Dr. Lowther.

David glanced from father to mother. The one face wore a disdainful smile; the other looked not far from tears.

"Which side do you take?" asked the professor, getting, this time, a really good view of her.

"I? Oh, the weakest, of course."

"Then side with your mother," said Lowther.

"Yes, mother and I will side together in the drawing-room." David glanced at her mother as she spoke, and the woman and the girl rose together.

Chance held the door open as they passed out. "She moves well," he said to himself as he closed it behind them.

"Oh, David!" said Mrs. Lowther in the drawing-room; the threatening tears had been driven away, but her voice was tremulous.

"Dear mother, whatever did you do it for? I've never heard you contradict anything father said before."

"I don't know. Something took possession of me and made me speak before I knew what I was saying."

David's eyes glowed. "Is it there still—the something?"

Mrs. Lowther shook her head. "No; it was a ghost of something that is dead."

"And ghosts only appear for a moment; they don't stay." The girl's voice was rueful; this ghost had vested her mother with a new interest; she wished it could have remained longer in possession of the unobtrusive personality.

"Not visibly. David, will you give me my knitting?"

Mrs. Lowther, in her grey dress, a grey too drab in tone, too dark in shade, to be either pretty in itself or becoming to her pale face, sat down and knitted with the monotonous regularity which David associated with all that her mother did, and which frequently had an irritating effect on the girl's nerves, so machine-like it was, so lacking in spontaneity or the suggestion, even, of interest.

"Mother," said David suddenly, "I wish you'd drop a stitch."

"Why, dear?"

"Because—oh, because you'd have to stop and pick it up again. It—it would make a break."

"I don't know"—Mrs. Lowther looked up and smiled a little—"I don't know that I want to make a break."

"It's dreadful to go on and on, working at a thing that doesn't interest you."

"But it does interest me; and it's by working steadily, in the way that seems to make you impatient, that I get through as much as I do."

"Your whole life's like a piece of knitting; plain knitting, without any ribs in it, or even a dropped stitch by way of variety."

There was a note of protesting contempt in David's voice.

Mrs. Lowther shook her head. "I dropped stitches once

and did not pick them up again. When you do that, your life is apt to unravel, and the only way is to live it quietly."

Back into David's mind and heart, back into her eyes, rushed the interest that, but a few minutes ago, her mother had for the first time stirred in her. She left the mantelpiece, by which she had been standing, came forward impulsively and knelt by the low chair.

"Mother," she said, with coaxing eagerness, "tell me about the dropped stitches."

"I couldn't." Then suddenly Mrs. Lowther put down her knitting and held her face for a minute to her daughter's face. "Whatever happens to you in life," she said hurriedly, "hold fast to the things you believe in—really believe. Don't let anybody or anything come between you and what you feel to be the truth!" She drew away again. "Don't ask me any more, David, but fetch me another skein of wool. You know where they are; in the left-hand top drawer of the wardrobe."

When David came downstairs again her father and Chance were at the drawing-room door, and the three entered the room together.

"You don't mind my going on with my knitting?" said Mrs. Lowther in the perfunctory tone in which a man, intending to smoke, says to a woman, "You don't mind my cigar?"

The professor gave the answer that the woman on such an occasion generally gives: "Not at all"; and then he asked himself how the deuce he was going to get an opportunity of finding out what that girl was made of.

He did not get the chance at all that evening, for, while he was longing to talk what can best be described as "man and woman" to Miss Lowther, he was obliged, by politeness and his reputation, to discuss scientific medicine

with his host. The doctor and his wife showed no disposition to play Darby and Joan in one corner while he amused himself with their daughter in another; and as Miss Lowther apparently did not take an interest in scientific medicine, and her father declined to wander to more frivolous topics, it was impossible to draw her into the conversation. He himself was not the least in the mood for professional conversation, and he rose at last in despair.

"It's getting late," he said.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It's barely half-past ten."

"Late, considering, I mean, that I have work I must do to-night."

When Chance had gone Mrs. Lowther rose, rolled up her knitting, and put it in a pale-blue work-basket which stood on a table in a far corner of the room.

"I suppose you're coming upstairs now, David," she said. "You were very late last night, and ought to have a good long sleep. Good-night, Bernard."

The doctor was sitting in an arm-chair reading the *Pall Mall Gazette.* He turned his head as she spoke, and for an instant the eyes of husband and wife met. It was not often that this husband and wife looked into each other's eyes; now in the man's glance was a question; in the woman's the answer he wished to find there. He resumed his reading with complacent satisfaction.

Upstairs in her own room, with locked door, Mrs. Lowther sat, still in the grey silk dress, and suffered the bitterness that Peter suffered after he had denied his Lord; the bitterness that must be suffered by all those souls whose fineness of perception is in excess of their moral courage.

David, meanwhile, was recalling the evening's incidents; her mother's flushed, disturbed face at the dinner table,

her father's with the protruding under lip which was always a sign of displeasure or contempt. "Which side do you take?" Chance had asked, and she had answered on the spur of the moment, "The weakest, of course." In the momentary circumstances the answer had been a true one; her impulse had been to stand by the distressed-looking woman at the head of the table; and there could be no doubt that that woman typified feebleness, while on the face opposite her was the consciousness of strength. Yet hitherto, decidedly and always, David's sympathy had been with the strong; feebleness had presented itself to her as a fault, futility as a crime; had Chance put his question as an abstract proposition, her reply would have been the direct contrary of that to which she had been prompted by the emotion of the moment.

On the low soft seat on the hearthrug, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, a dim idea that was not yet a thought took filmy form in David's mind. Was it possible, perhaps, to admire strength and to love it, to desire it for oneself as a possession and weapon; and yet —and yet, to use it, when inherent or attained, not to procure success or find the path to fame, but to protect the feeble, the un-strong? With a natural inclination to wander from beaten paths, she preferred reading the Apocrypha to the canonical scriptures, and running in her head were words from Esdras: "This present life is not the end where much glory doth abide; therefore have they prayed for the weak."

"Well, *I* don't intend to be weak; *I* don't want to be prayed for; I want to do something," was the final outcome of her reflections. "I shall *insist* upon father letting me go to the Slade, or at least in listening to what I have to say."

Cranley-Chance, on his way home, said to himself that Lowther was too fond of talking shop. "It's all very well; but in season and out of season—it gets a bit tough, by Jove!"

Shop had been decidedly out of season to-night; he had met a pretty girl, more than a pretty girl, a girl who interested him, and he had been in the mood to talk to her. As his hansom sped along, the thought of Miss Lowther in her white and gold dress with the yellow rose in her brown hair was a pleasant vision before his mental eyes; and he too, like Sidney Gale, dreamed dreams. But Gale's were the dreams of a quite young man, whose youth was gilded by chivalry; and Cranley-Chance had lived through half his life, and the ways in which he had walked had given him far other ideas of existence, its meanings and its aims, than were those of Sidney Gale.

CHAPTER VI

A WOMAN waited in the surgical ward of St. Anne's Hospital. In her eyes was fear, the fear that lay coiled about her heart, causing it to beat with quick tremulous pulsations.

She was a new inmate, and had only come in the evening before, and she had a horror of "the 'orspital"; that horror and distrust which are so widespead amongst the poor. Terrible tales had she heard of neighbours and neighbours' friends who had entered those dread buildings hoping for ease from their suffering, and who had come forth maimed instead of aided. Some, many indeed, had really been relieved, some had been cured; but it was not of these she was thinking now, though indeed she tried to think of them, hoping to swell her courage with the thought; her mind dwelt on those others, the victims of unnecessary operations, as they seemed to themselves and their friends.

The visiting lady for her street had pooh-poohed, to be sure, her accounts of the goings-on in hospitals, which, she had said, were the most directly and decidedly beneficial of all the philanthropic institutions of the country. Sarah Jennings, waiting now to be operated upon, could not remember the words the lady had used, but she recalled their meaning, and tried to derive comfort from the assurance it contained. Yet—the thought would come—the visiting lady knew nothing about it, and she and her

friends did. Ladies were rich; and oh, the blessedness of wealth! To be able to lie in a room by yourself, with only nurse and friends to tend or visit you; to be able to pay for attention and skill in coin of the realm; not as the poor had to pay. Oh, yes, it was right, of course; it was justice, if you got medicine and nursing and doctoring for nothing, that you should give something in return. But—to lie all but naked, as Jane Carter had lain, and to have the students crowding round to see the result of the surgeon's manipulations; to have one after the other coming to investigate, to learn; to be conscious all the time, and quivering with the shame and the tension of it! She herself would have nothing of that kind to endure; her trouble was in her face; but if they should make a lesson of her, try any of their tricks—— It was all very well for parsons and "sich" to say it was ignorance that made the poor shrink from trusting themselves in hospitals. "Ignorance!" Sarah Jennings was thinking. "It's because we know." And thinking thus, her fear and nervousness increased.

A young man passed down the ward; something in the woman's face arrested him, for he had seeing eyes, and his residence at St. Anne's had shown him not only some of the ills which flesh is heir to, but something also of the human nature clothed upon by that flesh. He stopped and spoke.

"Well, Mrs.—let me see—Mrs. Jennings, you came in last night, didn't you? What is it?"

"Oh, sir, it's to be soon, the operation, and I'm afraid."

"No, come now, there's nothing to be afraid of. Why, ulceration of the skin, that's just a surface thing; the operation's a mere nothing. You won't feel it under the anæsthetic, and you'll be well enough to go out in no time."

The hearty assurance of his tone was comforting: Mrs. Jennings' face relaxed.

"Will you be there, sir?" she asked.

Gale nodded. "I'll be there. Don't you be afraid, mother, it'll be all right." He nodded again, and passed on.

Half an hour later he entered the operating theatre. A large number of students was seated on the half circle of benches which sloped up from the operating table; chatting, joking, waiting for the surgeon and his patient.

"What a lot of fellows for such a small affair," thought Gale. "I suppose they're hard up for something to do."

Had Gale looked on the Notice Board, he would have seen that the operation about to take place was of greater magnitude than he supposed; it was characteristic of him that he had not looked. One of his methods of teaching himself was to study the subjects of coming operations, and to determine from that study what the operation was likely to be.

A couple of nurses were present, with their basins and cotton wool, and with them the students kept up a desultory and chaffing conversation, presently to be hushed, as the operator, followed by a junior surgeon and the anæsthetist, entered the theatre. Gale was to act as dresser.

The patient was led in by a third nurse. Her face was very pale, her lips quivered, she walked feebly. She looked round for Gale, and found him at a glance; the tall, high-shouldered form with the slight stoop would have been easily distinguishable in a much larger group than the one then assembled; and Gale's personality, moreover, was strong enough to make his presence felt in other ways than through his physical characteristics. He gave a little nod of reassurance when he met those searching eyes, thinking to himself the while: "That woman ought to have been put

under the anæsthetic before she was brought in; she's half daft with fright."

Sarah Jennings, now that the dread moment was actually come, behaved with resigned passivity. She made no resistance, uttered no sound, as she was lifted on to the table; and in a minute the anæsthetist had freed her from the consciousness of her surroundings.

The surgeons' coats were off, their arms bared; the operator addressed the students.

"Gentlemen, I am about to perform an important operation, the removal of the superior maxilla."

The superior maxilla! Gale started forward. That was an operation which was performed only for actual disease of the bone; and the sore which defaced the cheek of the unconscious woman on the table was but a surface wound.

"Surely——" he began.

"Mr. Gale——?" The surgeon frowned affronted inquiry.

"Surely," said Gale again, "for ulceration of the skin——"

"You will allow me to know what I am about."

Gale stepped back, biting his lip. It was unheard-of temerity to remonstrate with Moreton Shand; it would have been useless hardihood to make further protest. He folded his arms and stood silent, shaking his hair out, as he moved back, and forgetting, in the effort of controlling himself, to smooth it down again.

The operation began. The central incisor tooth was extracted and an incision made down to the bone; the junior surgeon assisting in securing the larger arteries as they were divided, the nurses standing ready with sutures and cotton wool. The students leaned forward, watching intently. It was indeed an important operation, a

difficult and a dangerous one, and a great deal was to be learned from witnessing it. Shand was a brilliant surgeon, speedy and deft, but there was much to be done, and it required all the skill of Carter, the anæsthetist, to keep the patient under the influence of chloroform during the necessary period. To maintain a condition of anæsthesia for long is not an easy thing, and in this case the difficulty was enhanced by the cutting through of the palate and the nasal and alveolar processes. Carter had his tube well down the woman's throat, but for all his care she twisted and wriggled under the surgeon's hands.

Gale found himself wondering whether such movements, which he had seen constantly in animals under experiment, could be always referred to reflex action. If so, why did Carter go on pumping in the chloroform?

At last the cheek bone was severed from the bones and processes to which normally it is attached, and Shand was ready for the lion forceps, so named from the fact that Sir William Fergusson, who invented them, modelled them from a lion's teeth. With the powerful grip they afforded, the operator wrenched away the loosened bone; then came the tying of the maxillary artery; the plugging of the wound with cotton wool to restrain the smaller vessels; and finally, when the bleeding had stopped, the joining of the cuts on cheek and lip with horsehair sutures and hair-lip pins.[1]

The operation was over, and it was a complete success.

Still unconscious, Sarah Jennings was borne to her bed in the surgical ward. She had felt nothing, or almost nothing, of the action of knife and forceps; but she would awake soon to physical agony, and to the knowledge that she was maimed and disfigured for life.

That evening Gale spent his free time in rapid walking.

[1] App. 2.

The London streets had long been alike his playground and his refuge, almost his confidant. In some moods he would fling himself into the whirl of their life, though with the spectator element never entirely eliminated; in others he would pass through their crowds aloof from their gaiety, misery, and movement. To-night he chose for his perambulations one of those quarters which are both bustling and mean, noisy and yet dull.

It was spring now, and out in the country the spring twilight was stealing in soft wistfulness over field, forest, and heath; here, in the sordid streets, its "sober livery" was changed from grey to drab; for shy stars that showed in the shelter of growing night, were flaunting gas jets, flaring from coster's stall or sordid shop-front; and for the song and call of birds were substituted the discordant sounds produced by men and motors. Gale heard and saw, yet neither saw nor heard; ears and eyes directed his course, but the crowds around him were as a moving solitude, the sounds that cut the air as a surging silence. He was not really in the streets, though the space and the freedom of them were a comfort to his consciousness; he was, as happens in a dream, seemingly in two places at a time, yet actually in neither of them.

The two places in which Gale's spirit stood were the operating theatre at St. Anne's and John Cameron's sitting-room. Only the evening before he had paid Cameron a visit, and words that had been spoken during the visit were saying themselves to him now. Gale had held forth on a subject on which his sentiments and convictions were not at one, and, speaking on the side of his convictions, he had plumed himself on his logic, and reassured himself by its force. Experiments on living animals, he had asserted, were a necessity, if only to avoid the temptation, if animals were

not available for demonstrative and experimental purposes, of experimenting and demonstrating by means of human subjects. The argument had been suggested to him by a conversation with a man whom he much admired, and seemed to him irrefutably and comfortably sound.

Cameron's only answer had been questions. "If that is so," he had asked, "how is it that in England, where some restriction is placed on vivisection, there is less experimenting upon human beings than in any other country? How is it that in Vienna, where it is triumphant, women in the hospitals, pregnant women, and babies, new-born and unborn, form subjects for experiment? How is it that in America, the champion land of freedom and progress, experiments are performed on the inmates of the hospitals, the asylums and the prisons, and accounts of them published in the medical press?"

Gale's reply had been to disclaim the accuracy of that which he could not justify, and Cameron had replied by giving him certain references and telling him to verify them for himself. He had not had time to look up the references yet; but there was present to his vision a scene more potent in effect than any printed record. He had seen, with his own eyes, that the operations which instructed hospital students were not always for the benefit of the patient; and things about which he had been triumphantly certain only yesterday, seemed doubtful and obscure now, as, in the solitude of his own thoughts, he rambled from street to street.

CHAPTER VII

THE dreams with which Miss Lowther had inspired both Cranley-Chance and Sidney Gale were destined to remain, at least for some time to come, but dreams. For David's fireside meditation after her first meeting with Chance produced a very definite effect on her course of conduct.

On the afternoon following that meditation, she took an omnibus to St. John's Wood and called on her mother's friend, Miss Barker. It was a Friday, and on Friday, as David well knew, Miss Barker balanced her books. She glanced at her watch as she passed through the little garden which fronted Miss Barker's house. "She'll have finished the adding up," she said to herself, as she rang the bell, "so it's all right."

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door of Miss Barker's sitting-room.

"Come in!" she said, a touch of impatience in her voice; for never, she was thinking, could she get those books done without interruption.

The door opened just wide enough to admit David's head, which was the only part of her that entered.

"Doggie dear," she said, "will you bite if I come in?"

When it had first occurred to the child of five to call her mother's friend Doggie because her name was Barker, the idea had convulsed her with merriment and delight. The merriment had passed with time, but the name had stuck;

Miss Barker, for some reason or other, was pleased with it; and David, who used it often on ordinary occasions, invariably did so when deprecation or coaxing seemed necessary.

"I feel like biting, for you are my third interruption. Come in, of course, for I know you won't stay out. But you must take a book and sit quite quiet here till I've finished."

David entered, made a great show of closing the door softly, and crossed the room on tip-toe. She did not take a book, but sat down before the fire and folded her hands; the atmosphere of the room seemed charged with the fact that she was keeping wonderfully still.

Miss Barker glanced towards her and half smiled; but she was used to David and her ways, and, without taking any more notice of her guest, went on with the figures.

For a quarter of an hour there was silence in the room. At the end of that time David had forgotten what she was playing at and had fallen into genuine reflection; Miss Barker had finished her accounts.

"I've done now," said the hostess.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you. I *have* been quiet, haven't I?"

"Almost obtrusively so, and quite unnecessarily. Why didn't you go to the drawing-room? Mrs. Greener and her daughter are there. You could have talked to them."

"I didn't want to; I didn't want to talk to anybody but you."

"I shall have to go and pour out tea soon."

"I know. That's why I came early."

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish you'd sit down comfortably. I want your advice."

Miss Barker was a wide woman, broad and squat in fig-

ure, and with a large head. Her features were well cut, but were too strongly marked for beauty; her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were mouse-coloured; the eyes themselves were pale blue. She looked the sort of woman whom Mrs. Lowther would never have chosen for a friend and who would never have made a friend of Mrs. Lowther; nevertheless the two women had been close friends for more years than David had existed; to David Miss Barker seemed an integral part of life.

She sat down now on a low chair, her legs rather far apart; her eyes were attentive.

"Well, go on, child! We haven't much more than a quarter of an hour."

"I'm going to beard father," said David.

"Ah!"

"This morning I burned all my sketches."

"As a parallel to Cæsar's boats?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Doggie, please! It's so unkind."

Miss Barker's answer was to pat the girl's hand.

"I burned them because I was disgusted with them, because I know they're all wrong; and I never can get them right unless I'm taught." David paused an instant. "I've determined that I *will* be taught; and I want you to help me."

"With your father?" Miss Barker spoke quickly.

"No. I'll tell you. You have a friend, a Mrs. Home——"

"But she lives in France."

"—who knows a lot of artists."

"But, my dear child, she lives at Lapellière."

"I know, but unless I get right away I shall never do any good."

"But Bertha—but you can't leave your mother, David."

"That's where I want your help. I'm afraid mother will —mind."

"Mind? Of course she'll mind." Miss Barker's tone was indignant. "You're the only thing she's got. If youth were not completely selfish, *you'd* mind."

"I do, but——"

"Don't you see how lonely her life is? how——" Miss Barker got up from her chair and stood by the fireplace. "I don't think it matters a bit whether you learn to paint more or less well compared with my poor Bertha's loneliness."

"And you talk about youth being selfish," said David. "You see what she is."

"Yes." David, too, got up. "That's just it. I do see. It's partly why I want to get away. I want to be myself and develop on my own lines. If I stay at home, never doing what I want to do——"

"It seems to me you have your own way in most things."

"Only in little things that don't matter. If I stay at home I might get like her; and I—I think it's dreadful."

For a quarter of a minute there was silence; then, "You will probably marry," Miss Barker said.

"Mother's married. I don't see that *that's* much good. Suppose I married a squashing sort of man like father?"

"There would probably be ructions," said Miss Barker.

"I don't know. There aren't ructions between father and mother, nor between father and me. That's because we submit. But I don't want to be always submitting, and I believe that if you don't develop your will-power and—and initiative *before* you marry, you're done for."

"You're arguing from a single case, my dear."

"I'm arguing from what I know, and that's the only thing anybody can argue from. Not that I blame father;

I don't; I admire him. I admire all people who are strong and clever and get on. Only *I* want to get on too; I don't want to have all the life crushed out of me."

"Grapes are crushed before you get the wine; and your mother is very sweet."

"So is lavender that you put away amongst the linen. Oh, I'm horrid, I know, and I'm saying horrid things; but it's been a sort of nightmare. Mother upset me last night, too. I used to think she was born like that; subdued and giving in, and always knitting—it seemed to me she must have knitted in her cradle. But something she said last night made me think she had been different once; and then it came over me, like a nightmare, as I said, that if I didn't strike out while I was young and strong I might drift into the same sort of state."

"Tea is ready, miss," said a maid at the door.

"Come along," said Miss Barker. "We must not keep them waiting."

"Besides," David continued, "if you can't help yourself, you can't help anybody else."

"For the moment, my dear, you can help me with the tea. Come along!"

When David went away Miss Barker accompanied her to the door.

"There's something in what you say," she said. "Tell your mother I will come and see her on Sunday afternoon."

"You'll help me?"

"I'll—yes, to a certain extent, at any rate, I'll help you. I'll talk the thing over."

David went away satisfied. Doggie was always better than her word.

When she reached home she found her mother looking out of the window.

"I was watching for you," said Mrs. Lowther. "I hoped you would have been back for tea."

"I've been to see Doggie."

"I wish you'd told me you were going. How is she?"

"She snapped and growled a bit, but she seemed quite well. And I was to tell you that she's coming to see you on Sunday."

Mrs. Lowther's face brightened. "I'm very glad."

On Sundays Dr. Lowther visited his friends, or received them in his study downstairs, and his wife could count on having the drawing-room to herself. She usually had it altogether to herself, for callers, never very plentiful in Harley Street, were especially rare on Sundays. But the following Sunday proved an exception to the rule, for before Miss Barker arrived, Professor Chance was announced.

The visit disconcerted Mrs. Lowther; always awkward with strangers, she was peculiarly ill at ease with her husband's friends, and she wished ardently that she had told the parlour-maid to admit no one but Miss Barker. It had seemed an unnecessary precaution when no one but Miss Barker ever came. To be sure she could have obtained relief by sending for David, since David, she knew, was upstairs in her own room; but she had her reasons for not wishing her daughter to appear, and, clenching her mental teeth, she set herself to utter every platitude she could think of about the weather. That Professor Chance should think her dull in no wise disturbed her; she had no desire to pose as an entertaining hostess, and the duller he found her the sooner, probably, he would go.

But Chance, in asking for Mrs. Lowther instead of the doctor, had other views than to talk to an uninteresting woman about the weather, and presently inquired whether Miss Lowther was at home. Mrs. Lowther hesitated, but

she was a bad liar, and admitted confusedly that David was upstairs. The visitor would so much like to see her; when he had met her at a Private View lately, she had expressed opinions about certain of the pictures, and he had brought a cutting from the *Academy* which supported those opinions to a remarkable degree. He did not know whether Miss Lowther usually saw the *Academy?* Again was Mrs. Lowther tempted to a falsehood, longing to declare boldly that David read the *Academy* regularly; and again timidity betrayed her into telling the truth.

No, it was a paper her daughter did not see, and—yes, certainly, if Professor Chance wished it, she would send for her.

She rose and rang the bell; another woman would have asked Chance to ring it, but Mrs. Lowther never asked anybody to do anything; and presently, in answer to her message, David entered the room.

She was genuinely interested in the cutting from the *Academy;* it was flattering to have one's opinions echoed by a real critic—for to David everybody who wrote a printed notice was a real critic; and she chatted away to the professor with an utter absence of the embarrassment to which her mother was a prey.

After a little while Miss Barker appeared; and instead of going, the professor stayed on; for while the new guest talked to the mother, it was possible to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with the daughter; and the addition to the party suited him exactly. It was David who sent him away at last. She was going out to tea, and had no intention of breaking her engagement for the sake of talking to Chance, even though he was that—to her—most wonderful combination, a scientific man who was interested in art. He actually had a collection of Dutch pictures, and he was anxious for her opin-

ion on its merits; which was both strange and delightful. Nevertheless, though he wore well-polished boots, and, the day being sunny, a fancy waistcoat, he belonged to the category of "father's friends," and could therefore possess no real interest for the inhabitant of a world in which old age began at thirty-five. Accordingly, when the hands of the clock pointed to a quarter past four, David rose, and with an easy directness which was characteristic of her, said that she had an engagement which obliged her to go out, and that she hoped Professor Chance would excuse her.

The professor was somewhat put out, for he had been congratulating himself on making a good impression; but he begged Miss Lowther, with a bow and a smile, not to run the risk of being late, said he also had an engagement and ought to have been off long ago, opened the door for her exit, and took a prompt farewell of Mrs. Lowther.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN the two women were left alone Mrs. Lowther heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad he's gone," she said.

"So am I," answered Miss Barker, "for I want to talk to you, and it's talk that requires us to be quite alone."

Miss Barker, on reflection, had arrived at the conclusion that there was much to be said in favour of David's leaving home for a time, and had come prepared to espouse her cause from conviction as well as loyalty; yet, as she looked at the pale timid little woman beside her, the arguments which had seemed so potent in the seclusion of her room at Maida Hill seemed to melt away in favour of David remaining with the mother who idolised and depended on her. Still, the thing had to be done, and Miss Barker did it as best she could, broaching the subject from the aspect of the girl's inborn needs and decided talent, an aspect which she knew would appeal both to Bertha's maternal pride and her unselfishness.

She was prepared for tears, for demur, for—to begin with, perhaps—unqualified refusal to consider the plan; a painful scene would certainly be the prelude to David getting her way; for that she would get it, as far as her mother was concerned, Miss Barker never doubted. She was therefore amazed and relieved in about equal proportion, when Mrs. Lowther pronounced herself, almost eagerly, in favour of David's departure.

"She must go, yes, she'd much better go," she said.

Miss Barker stared at her friend.

"Why, Bertha!" she exclaimed, "I'm astonished; I thought you'd—well, make a great fuss. I thought you'd mind so terribly."

"I do mind, I shall mind." There was a choke in Mrs. Lowther's utterance. "But—but—I'd much rather she went than that she should marry Cranley-Chance."

"Who, pray, is Cranley-Chance? I never heard of him."

"The man who's just gone. He came to dinner, and this is the third time he's called, though she was out the other twice."

"A man might call," said Miss Barker slowly, "without——" She paused reflectively.

"He wouldn't come to see *me,* Bella. And, this being Sunday, why didn't he ask for the doctor?"

"Perhaps he did, and he's out."

"No, he isn't; he's in. Besides, he—Chance, I mean—met her at a Private View, and he brought a paper about it to-day, and—but it isn't only what I've told you. I *know* he wants her. How can you think for a moment that I shouldn't know?"

"A mother's prescience," said Miss Barker. She settled herself in her chair, her legs, as usual, rather far apart; a lover was much easier to deal with than Bertha's expected distress. "Oh, I dare say you're right, Bertha. But why shouldn't she marry him? He seemed quite a nice man."

"He's like Bernard."

"You mean——?"

"Yes, I—— You see why I couldn't—why I would rather, even, that she should go away."

Miss Barker inclined her head slowly. "But David,"

she said, after an instant's pause, "may be different, may take a different view."

"She does; at least, that is to say, she thinks she does. But she doesn't know; it's only because, like so many, she doesn't know. I wouldn't risk it—I wouldn't risk putting her in the position that I was in for—for anything. I'd rather, I say it truly, Bella, I'd rather never see her again."

Miss Barker was recalling David's words: "I might get like her"; but almost immediately she shook her head.

"Violet and you are altogether different; she would take things differently. Look at the numbers of women, of wives, who don't mind, who are happy and proud."

"If she were to realise—as I realised—— But why do you talk like that? Why should you argue against me——"

"When I agree with you? Just to make you look at the thing all round. Supposing David would like to marry this man?"

"She doesn't. Isn't it proved by her wanting to go away? But if she were to stay here——"

"He must be a great deal older than she is."

"Oh, yes, he is five or six-and-forty."

"Men of that age, when they take a fancy to a young girl, are very persistent."

"I know. And Bernard would probably like it. Bella, you must get her away."

"What can I do? It rests with her father. Do you suppose he'll object?"

"Sure to. And you know what he is."

"I know what he used to be," said Miss Barker, with a certain grimness. "I haven't seen him—to speak to at any rate—for a long time now."

David came home that evening in a tremor of excitement. How had her mother taken it—the very important "it" that

Miss Barker was to unfold to her? She stood with her hand on the handle of the drawing-room door. She shrank from the sight of suffering; she hated to give pain; and yet—to stay on at home, to give up all idea of independence, all ambition; to sink perhaps—— She turned the handle and went into the room.

Mrs. Lowther was sitting by the middle window, looking out; she did not knit on Sundays. She turned at once.

"Darling, come here! Doggie has told me, and I want you to go."

"You *want* me to?" Relief and surprise were in David's voice, and in her heart, yet she was conscious of a slight disappointment. She had worked herself up to argue, to plead, to console; and now, instead of opposition, of tears, of the prayer "Don't leave me!" she was met with the almost eager permission, "I want you to go." Coming over to her mother's chair, she found, in her astonishment, nothing to say but "Why?"

"Because it will be best for you, best in every way."

"But—I'm so afraid you'll miss me."

"Yes; but I won't think of it; I can bear it. I've been sitting here thinking since Isabel went, and I can bear it, I know."

"Mother," said David, "I'm a selfish brute, and I think I won't go."

"You *must* go; I insist upon it."

Mrs. Lowther's cheeks were flushed; her eyes shone; David had never seen her mother's face as it looked now; something of the youth that had passed, of the beauty that had died, seemed to revive in the animation which informed it.

"But supposing father doesn't give his consent?"

"You're twenty-one, and you have your Aunt Emily's fifty pounds a year."

"Mother!"

David could only gasp; meekness personified preaching rebellion took her breath away. But, as she gasped, her interest in her mother quickened, her sympathy waxed; there was a possibility of comradeship between her and that mother which she had never before even dreamed of as possible. She drew a footstool to Mrs. Lowther's side, and, sitting thus, the two entered into a long discussion as to how best to persuade the doctor to David's views.

The result of the discussion was that that evening David entered her father's study while he was smoking the cigar which finished his day.

"David! I thought you'd gone to bed. What do you want?"

David was feeling uncomfortably nervous. Though courageous, she was not the least bold, and while her will was strong, her nature was far from aggressive. She was determined to go to France, and she would be all right, she told herself, as soon as she got well into the fray; it was the opening of the campaign that was the difficulty. But when she fired her first shot, she fired it straight.

"I've come to say that I want to leave home, father, for a time."

She was standing by the round centre table with the medical magazines and pamphlets on it; she put one hand on the edge and pressed it hard.

Dr. Lowther took his cigar from his lips and held it between his two fingers. "And why do you want to leave home—for a time?"

"I want to learn to paint; to learn really—not to play at it."

Lowther looked at her with the expression that, as David put it to herself, made you feel yourself a fool, or convinced you at any rate that, if you did not recognize the fact of your folly, Lowther did. The expression nettled while it abashed her; her colour rose, and though the hand on the table trembled slightly, her voice grew firmer.

"I know of a lady who lives at Lapellière——"

"Is that a centre of art?"

"A good many artists live there."

"You know my opinion of art and artists?"

"Yes; that's why I want to go away to study. It's impossilbe to do it here."

Lowther smiled; he was not displeased by the rejoinder. David smiled too; if only father would give in without making a fuss!

Father, however, had no idea of giving in.

"I consider that sort of study a pure waste of time. You know I have always set my face against it."

"Yes, I know. But I thought"—hesitatingly—"that perhaps you didn't realise I was in earnest."

"Oho!" The doctor laughed out. "What a young woman calls being in earnest is not a very serious thing."

David came round the table and stood close to him. "It's serious with me. I really mean to go."

"You've got very pretty hair, David," said the doctor. "'Pon my soul, I'm glad you're a nice-looking girl."

"Cajolery's no use," answered David, smiling but impatient.

"If you'd been ugly, I'd have said yes at once."

"Then I wish—no, I don't. But please understand, father, that I've made up my mind."

"You have? And what about mine? Go to bed, David,

go to bed! And look here, when I go over to the Brussels Conference, you shall go with me."

"But that isn't what I want."

"A medical man knows far better what a young girl wants than she knows herself, my child. You've got a bit hipped, and a little change will put you all right."

David drew a few paces away. "You won't understand; you won't see that I *mean* to go?"

"Suppose that I do understand; and suppose that I absolutely refuse to consent to any such nonsense."

David continued to look at the doctor with her direct gaze, but she spoke very low, and there was a falter in her voice. "I have fifty pounds a year of my own," she said.

Lowther sat up straight. "You don't mean that you intend to go without my consent?"

"I shall have to if—if you won't give it."

"If you do I'll cut you off with a shilling."

David paused; then, "I don't mind about the shilling," she said, "but I couldn't bear you to cast me off." She came and stood close to the doctor, who had risen and was standing with his back to the mantelpiece. "Please let me go without a fuss, father!"

"A fuss! a fuss indeed!" Lowther was frowning, but David knew from the tone of his voice that she had won her case. "What with anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination and socialism and women's rights, all the decent people in the country are at the mercy of prejudice and faddism. In my day, a girl who dared to disagree with her father——"

"But, father, I agree with you about *everything* except learning to paint."

"—would have been shut into her room and fed on bread and water."

"I might just as well be at Lapellière for all you'd see

of me if I were," said David; then, thinking it best to take victory at the flood, she kissed her father quickly and fled.

Bernard Lowther, left alone, lit a fresh cigar. "She's a baggage," he was thinking; "yet I like a woman with some spirit in her. The idea of telling me she'd go whether I agreed or not! The cheek of it! Well, she shall go; she's won the right to it. But what the devil shall I do without her?"

Thus it came to pass that David Lowther went to Lapellière, and for some time to come figured in the lives of Professor Chance and Sidney Gale only in the region of dreams.

CHAPTER IX

SIDNEY GALE was beginning to wonder if he had been wise in accepting Cameron's invitation to go and see him: for while Cameron interested, he also disturbed him, and he was half disposed to think that he would have foregone the interest could he have got rid of the disturbance too. Gale, casual and careless in many ways, and with a reputation, won in his student days, for rowdiness, was nevertheless ambitious for himself and reverent of his profession; in that region of his thoughts which remained unexposed to the minds of his fellows, it was a profession of high ideals and noble action; while he spoke of its daily tasks in medical slang and callous phrase, he was convinced that those who followed it were alike the saviours and the servants of humanity.

And Cameron had instilled into that fine-flavoured cup of loyalty and admiration the poison drop of doubt. To be sure, before he had known Cameron, difficulties had arisen; but difficulties which he had been able to overcome. Foremost amongst these was the physical and—as he told himself—sentimental shrinking from the demonstrations which he could not avoid witnessing during his attendance of an advanced course of physiology; his instincts had revolted, his humanity made protest against that which he had been obliged to watch. And yet, in the very existence of these instincts, in the very force of the protests, he had found substance wherewith to feed his idealism. For it

was splendid, in spite of distaste to the task, in spite of a quailing of the heart, in spite of the selfish rebellion of unreasoning emotion, splendid to constrain oneself to the sacrifice of the lower and the few for the sake of winning salvation for the higher and the many. Sane, strong, and, in the truest sense of the word, unselfish, were the epithets which Gale applied to the doers of deeds which nauseated him; and those men of the unshrinking hand and seemingly callous demeanour were set by him on a pedestal of respect.

And then came Cameron and threatened to dislodge them from their exalted position; not by direct onslaught, which it would have been easy enough to combat, since Paget, in his book, had demolished once and for all the false pretensions of the anti-vivisection brigade; but by questions and suggestions which he could not always dispose of to his own complete satisfaction. Could he have said that Cameron was rabid, he would have remained undisturbed; but Cameron made no personal accusations, and the ideas which he touched upon remained uncomfortably persistent in Gale's mind.

These ideas were shaped into definite misgiving by the operation on Sarah Jennings. Moreton Shand had a high place in his profession; he sat in the seats of the mighty; he was an oracle in the region of opinion, an adept in that of skill. Such a man was above suspicion. And yet—such a man could act only from the highest motives. And yet—what the devil of a high motive could he have had in taking away that woman's cheek bone? was the question in Gale's mind; and the only answer he could find was the obvious one: the motive was the desire to instruct the students, to stimulate their interest, by means of demonstration. Shand was popular as a teacher; flocks of admiring students followed him from ward to ward; his skill was spoken of with

enthusiasm. Gale had a logical mind, and his reflections made him uncomfortable; more than uncomfortable; the war of the concrete instance with the enthroned ideal produced in him positive unhappiness. The unhappiness manifested itself outwardly by a more than usually casual manner; so much so, that Hall was moved to remonstrance.

"It's all very well, old man," he said, "but how the deuce do you imagine you're going to get patients when you set up on your own if you don't take things more seriously?"

"Sufficient unto the day," was Gale's answer. "Let a man be natural while he may."

"If it's a man's nature to be an ass, the sooner he changes it the better."

"Can the leopard change his spots?"

"He can mend his manners."

"Some men," observed Gale reflectively, "are born to advise, and others have advice thrust upon them."

"Oh, of course, if you're going to take it like that," said Hall, getting up.

Gale pushed him back into his chair. "I'll take it lying down. 'Pon my soul, old chap, if you'll give me lessons in deportment, I'll—I'll practise in the wards. Besides, you can't go, when Percy has asked you to tea. By the way, it's most reprehensible of Percy. Ah, here he is! Percy, old man, Hall's been criticising you; he says if a man's an ass, he might at least mend his manners."

"Ass himself. What's Mother Deane done with the tea?"

"I should suggest inquiry. May I?" said Gale, pointing to the bell.

"For goodness' sake, do!"

Gale vaulted the sofa and rang the bell.

"Take care," cried Percy, "you'll disturb old Cameron."

"Old fool," muttered Hall.

"In a world of fools, the small-brained man is king. Is that why you're calling everybody but yourself an ass or an idiot?" said Gale.

"Do you call yourself and old Cameron the world?"

"Types of it; and jolly good types too. Hallelujah! here comes to tea!"

The lodging-house maid, commonly called "the actress," because her name was Siddons, and whose only acquaintance with tragedy was that engendered by the oft-repeated connection of her own small body with a very large tray, appeared with teapot, toast, cake, and the various items of a substantial tea.

"Jove! her part's too heavy for her this time," said Gale, and darting forward he took the tray from the trembling arms. "What do you want to go and bring it all at once for?" he asked.

"Syves a journey, sir," said Siddons, pleased, panting, and confused.

"Shouldn't care to be cast in *that* play," said Gale, when the girl had gone. "Act one, tray for breakfast; act two, tray for lunch; intermezzo, washing-up; act three——"

"Oh, talk sense!" cried Hall.

"Hall's not interested in Demos," said Burdon.

"Except when he or she is lying on an operating table," added Gale.

"I'm interested in the profession," said Hall stoutly, "and it's a deuce of a pity you aren't too, as you've got to get your living by it."

"Living's a poor thing, ain't it, Percy?" said Gale. "What we two want is fame. Butter, Hall, please. Fame! that last infirmity of noble minds." He leant across the table to Burdon. "Give us your hand, old chap! We'll climb the heights together."

"It's all very well," said Hall, half laughing and half angry, "it's all very well to footle and gibe, but—tell you what it is, when I'm at the top of the tree, you'll be struggling low down amongst the G.P.'s."

"Mark his words, Burdon, mark our Edgar's words."

"Unless you change."

"Unless I change." Gale put down a large round of toast. His tone altered. "Unless I change! I hope to God I don't. If I do—if I do, as likely as not when you're at the top of your infernal tree, Hall, I shall be manure at the roots."

"What the devil's come to him?" asked Hall.

"Sidney, old chap," said Burdon, "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" Gale made a grimace, gave a gulp, and returned to his usual self. "Matter? *I* dunno. Something gone wrong with the works, I suppose. Give us some more tea."

"What I think so absurd about chaps of our standing," remarked Burdon, "is that we're always talking about G.P.'s as if we were miles above 'em. Now ninety-nine men out of a hundred begin in general practice and ninety-seven or eight of 'em stop there. I don't see the good of talking as if you were a full-blown specialist before you've started at all."

"Well, you never did, old chap," said Gale. "The modest violet isn't in it with you for lowliness."

"What's the good? I always knew I was going to be a G.P., so what was the use of swaggering?"

"Do I understand——" began Gale.

"No, I don't mean you especially; everybody does it. There's Hall, now, professes to look down——"

"That's different," said Hall, "seeing that I don't mean to begin that way."

"Not as a G.P.?" exclaimed Burdon and Gale together.

"Certainly not."

"Then——?" asked Gale.

"I shall wait on at the hospital."

"Oh, bottle-washing," said Burdon.

"Call it what you like."

"Well, I'd rather G.P. it than that," said Gale.

"I dare say; but I want to get on the staff."

"Of St. Anne's, do you mean?"

Hall nodded. "And I shall do private research work."

"Study animals instead of people," said Gale. "Well, it's all very well, but it seems to me a man ought to have a foundation, at any rate, of clinical experience, and I don't see how you're to get it except in general practice."

"If you go in for the scientific side, you don't want clinical experience."

"Well, *I'm* going to be doctor first," said Gale, getting up, "and scientist after—like our friend Percy. Any more patients, old chap?"

"Oh, I haven't been doing badly. It's a piece of luck for me, of course, Weston letting me have a room in his house. You needn't turn out, you fellows, and you'll find plenty of smoke in that jar; but I must be off."

"What it is to be launched!" said Gale. "No, I'll come a bit of the way with you. What are you going to do, Hall?"

"I've got to go too, but in a different direction. Don't you two wait."

"Launched!" said Hall to himself, as a minute later he went down the stairs alone. His lip curled. "Fancy calling that launched!"

CHAPTER X

WHEN Gale and Hall each received an invitation to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Lowther, the one accepted with supreme delight, the other with intense satisfaction. David was to have a sort of farewell party before she went to France, and Percy had been told that he might invite to it the two friends about whom he talked so much. Gale's delight was tempered by the knowledge that David was to vanish from the world of possible meetings almost immediately after his secret hope of seeing her again had been fulfilled; but the fulfilment still lay ahead, an event towards which the days moved on golden feet; and afterwards—well, afterwards the deluge—and the profession!

Hall's satisfaction knew no such impediment. For him the doctor's daughter was merely an unknown girl, and the unknown, in the shape of a concrete young woman, possessed for him none of that mystery, intangible and touched with reverence, with which young manhood of a more romantic temperament is disposed to invest it. His anticipations were entirely concerned with his prospective host, whom he much admired and had long wanted to know, but who was as far removed from him in sphere as is the flying moth from the earth-bound caterpillar. And now, merely from the fact of being friends with the moth's nephew, the caterpillar was to be placed on a bush where the moth could conveniently accost him.

There is perhaps no profession in which hero-worship

is greater and *esprit de corps* stronger than in the medical. The men at the top of the tree are, to the hospital student and budding practitioner, as the lights in the firmament; and the noted surgeon in particular commands their admiration and allegiance. Later on, when experience, hard work, and perhaps vicissitude, have increased the points of view, as well as intensified the sight, of those who, from making merry at the base of the trunk, have become toilers on the lower branches, the element of hero-worship lessens or disappears; especially if the toiler be ambitious, and seek to rise, for then he finds that he cannot always climb, but must constantly storm the heights. Yet the loyalty continues: an unthinking loyalty for the most part; one whose chief supports are prejudice, habit, and, perhaps, something of the subserviency which those who walk year after year in the rank and file are apt to develop towards their leaders: but it is there, a weakness as well as a strength, forbidding criticism, while supporting authority.

In youth, that which afterwards becomes hide-bound is alive with the generous enthusiasm with which youth gilds approval; and Edgar Hall, by nature neither enthusiast nor hero-worshipper, was disposed at this time, by the mere quality of youthfulness, to invest with a halo the men who had achieved something of that which he himself designed to accomplish.

Lowther, from the professional point of view, had achieved much. He had not, perhaps, added to the sum of abiding knowledge, had not, in his researches, penetrated to, or even stumbled across, any of the laws of being: but he had demonstrated certain facts; and whether those facts were vitalised by connection with fundamental truths, or belonged to that surface region divided between the misleading and the obvious, was not inquired by his peers, his

profession, or the public. The demonstrations were pronounced brilliant, and by their means he had reached the Mecca of medicine and become an F.R.S. That to reach his Mecca he had crossed a desert of pain and death, the pain of the defenceless, the death of the dumb, was one of the necessities of attainment, and caused no lessening of his elation. He had taken for his motto that axiom which is at once the reproach of casuistry and the glory of experimental medicine, the assertion that the end justifies the means; and while he would have found difficulty in applying it in the case of the starving man who steals bread for his children, he found none when knowledge and not bread was the end in view, cruelty and not theft the means.

It was with the F.R.S. that Hall on the night of the dinner party—*the* night, as Gale in his own mind called it—shook hands, and not, as was the case with his companion, with Miss Lowther's father. This same father, sanctified to Gale by proximity to the rose, was to Hall the rose itself; and he had come determined to sniff up as much of its scent as tact and the capacity of his nostrils would allow.

Gale, in his dreams, had never permitted himself to imagine that he would have the felicity of taking Miss Lowther down to dinner, and was therefore overwhelmed with confused delight when the doctor said casually, "Will you take my daughter, Mr. Gale?"

Cranley-Chance, whom the doctor had elected to invite, and whose penalty for being the oldest and the only important guest was to take down Mrs. Lowther—a penalty mitigated by the reflection that after reaching the dining-room he need not talk to her—looked across at Gale as the words were spoken, and the eyes of the two men met.

There is a certain antagonistic freemasonry between men who admire the same woman; their identity of aim is revealed—or betrayed, rather—in language wordless but unmistakable. Dogs, concerned with the question of supremacy, growl when they meet: men do not growl—aloud; but a wireless telegraphy conveys the defiance of each to the other. The momentary glance which passed between Chance and Gale showed them to each other as rivals, and with the rivalry was born, on the part of Chance, enmity, on that of Gale, distrust. To Chance, Gale was a whipper-snapper, dangerous because of the youth which he scorned; to Gale, Chance was a man whose age, appropriate to fame, unfitted him for love.

For the moment, in the silent contest, Gale was the victor, but he descended the stairs with David's hand upon his arm, less proud of his victory than diffident of his good fortune.

Yet, though diffident, it was of his nature, since good fortune had been given him, to make the most of it, and he resolved that shyness should not rob him of the precious hour that was his. He plunged straight into the subject of which Miss Lowther had spoken at their first meeting.

"And so," he said, when David, after a word or two to her right-hand neighbour, turned towards him, "you are going to be an artist, after all!"

"I'm going to study painting, which isn't quite the same thing."

"No, but the mere fact of getting your way about studying shows that the artistic instinct must be overwhelmingly strong in you."

"Or that I have a faculty for getting my own way. That really is why I'm so pleased at going; it shows me I must have some force of will."

"Did you doubt it?"

"Horribly; and to have a weak will is, I think, the most dreadful thing that can happen to you; especially if you're a woman."

"I should have thought it was worse if you were a man."

"Oh, no, because men are not so apt to be sat on."

"But they are supposed to stand by themselves."

"I should think it is not very difficult to stand by yourself, if you have not authoritative male relations who push you down into a seat—always a back one."

"There are other forces in the world besides male relations, you see."

"Oh, but you can fight them. Men are always supposed to fight the world; it's considered to be to their credit. But to fight a husband or a father——"

David looked up at Gale with a face of amused inquiry. Cranley-Chance, watching from his corner of the table, caught the look and Gale's answering one of friendly understanding, and in his annoyance at being placed in a position in which competition was impossible, made a movement with his foot, and brought it down with some force on that of his hostess.

An irrepressible "Oh!" from Mrs. Lowther caused him to turn to her with a perfunctory, "I hope I didn't——"

"Oh, not at all; it was only my foot. It doesn't matter."

"I'm *so* sorry," declared Chance; but to himself he said, "Confound the woman! What does she want to go putting her feet all over the place for?"

It seemed to him that the dinner was very long; the girl "on his other side" he found uninteresting; and in this gathering of youths and maidens, who said and laughed at the silliest things, and enjoyed themselves without dis-

crimination, his fame and achievements seemed assets of no value.

It was better, to be sure, when the ladies left the dining-room; then, if he himself could not talk to Lowther's daughter, no more, at any rate, could the whipper-snapper; and, moreover, Hall, detaching himself from his contemporaries, took a chair close to Chance and his host, and, obviously worshipping at their joint shrine, somewhat soothed the wounds of unappreciated merit.

The professor entered the drawing-room, therefore, on better terms with himself, if not with his rival; and here triumph awaited him; for, going first into the room, he at once appropriated an empty chair by David's side, and succeeded in maintaining his position for a good half hour.

David at first cast somewhat wistful glances at the frivolous group of her contemporaries who were laughing and chatting further up the room; but there are few women to whom homage is unwelcome, and Chance's homage was conveyed in patent form. She was flattered, too, that a man so noted should take pains to talk to and amuse her; and belonging, as she did, to those women who are touched as well as pleased by homage, ended by giving him in return her full attention.

Gale, whose turn it now was to behold from afar the glory of his rival, gazed on that glory with eyes made humble by the consciousness of his own deficiencies; he, too, withdrew from the central group, but with no design of interrupting Chance's conversation. For that silent little lady in the grey silk gown, his hostess and the mother of the rose, was sitting all alone; and because she was small and timid-looking, as well as because David was her daughter, she made appeal to him, and he took a seat beside her.

Mrs. Lowther was considered difficult to talk to, but hers was an unresponsiveness which did not disconcert or discourage her guest; instinctively he divined its source, and having no shyness with the shy, talked on in what was almost a monologue, till the little self-contained woman was sufficiently at her ease to make him some reply. By that monologue and the duologue which followed it—for Mrs. Lowther, far more to her own surprise than to that of Gale, did, after a time, find herself carrying on a conversation with him—he won for himself a friend, feeble indeed, to all appearance, but of undeviating loyalty. From that night onward Mrs. Lowther was his, at first ineffective, but always staunch supporter.

With her daughter he had but a few words more before the restless, splendid evening was at an end. In the movement caused by the leave-taking of the first departing guest, David and Gale found themselves side by side; and for five minutes, while the doctor detained Cranley-Chance, they stood in a half solitude.

"I suppose I shall not see you again before you go?" Gale tried to make his voice indifferent.

David shook her head and laughed. "Oh, no."

"You go very soon?"

"To-morrow. I wanted this party on my last night, because I thought that mother would be—well, upset."

"I see. I don't think you said how long you were going for?"

"A year for certain. After that—I shall see."

"A year!"

If she had said ten Gale's face could not have fallen lower. David, as quick to perceive as he to reveal, could not fail to notice his discomfiture, and was touched by that which it implied, in the same way that she had been

touched by Chance's admiration; in the same way and no more. Gale, to her, was a young man who was rather unusual to look at by reason of his long legs, his thick hair, and the curiously ringed irises of his yellowy-brown eyes; who was sympathetic and friendly, a friend of Percy's, and nice—it was her own word—to talk to. As a lover, an accepted lover, that is to say, as a possible husband, she did not for one moment view him, any more than she conceived the professor in those characters: neither the one nor the other bore any resemblance to the portrait of the ideal man whom she had never yet met.

Nor, indeed, did Gale think of himself as either suitor or husband. As he walked home, with the charm of her presence still upon him, still making him glad; with the things he had said and the words she had answered; the things he might have said and had not at the time thought of, whirling in a confused jumble through his uplifted mind, his aspirations did not reach so far or so high as to touch the idea of any return for that which he gave her. For he gave her worship, and one does not expect a goddess to sit by one's fireside. He asked no more as yet than to kneel to her; but he wanted to kneel in her very presence.

Space and time were very real barriers to Sidney Gale. Lapellière and a year—at least! It might almost as well have been the antipodes and eternity. Yet to-night the last few enchanted hours were warm about him; and he would not think of the frosty morrow. The morrow would bring—if not the deluge, at any rate the profession; and the profession was splendid in aim, and act, and possibilities. But to-night its splendours were pale: he did not care to contemplate them as he walked to St. Anne's.

CHAPTER XI

IT was summer at Lapellière, real, positive summer. David, used to the tepid uncertainly of the north, borne straight from the caprices of the English spring into a southern May, was filled with wonder and delight by the steadfast warmth and brightness.

Mrs. Home's house—in England it would have been a cottage, in France it was a villa—stood a little way out of the town, upon a low hill, which seemed lofty, because it was the biggest, almost the only one, in the neighbourhood. The great gates in the high wall which ran past the back of the house opened from a grassy lane into a space of garden; a narrowing lane, for the Villa Rosalie was the last of a series of *campagnes* which stretched outwards from the streets; and beyond it lay the open country. A flat country it is, of red earth; treeless; covered in the summer with the creeping green of vines. From Mrs. Home's garden David could see for miles around; to the far line of the Cevennes on the right; on and on over the green level about and beyond the town to the left; and in front, across a seven miles space, to the blue of the Mediterranean.

She stood there, in this garden of vines and fruit trees and flowering shrubs, on the morning after her arrival; early, when it was still possible to stand out in the open, and when the glare of the sun had not yet hardened the lines of the landscape. It was wonderful; vivid, brilliant,

glowing with light; and she would learn to paint it! She would learn to paint, and—she was free; far away from a life of routine and coming home in time for things; of doctors and professors and rising men; of science and experiments and discoveries; of surreptitious painting in a pretence studio; of—of knitting (the thought came shamefacedly) and a subdued, half-plaintive atmosphere.

It is splendid to be young and splendid to be free, and it is not often that youth and freedom come together. No wonder David felt elated as she looked out over the gleaming land; no wonder the coffee and rolls, eaten and drunk under the vine-covered *grillage* that shaded the lower windows of the house, seemed to her incomparably superior to the eggs and bacon of Harley Street.

Mrs. Home was a woman whom temperament and circumstances had combined to render unconventional. A widow, and childless, she had overworked herself and overstrained her purse in the cause which, attracting at first her attention, had ended by absorbing her interest; and she had come to the Villa Rosalie to save money and to seek health before returning to its service. She lived alone, uncompanioned save by two sheep dogs and the passing presence of a woman who came daily to cook and clean.

David, irked by the sameness of her London life, chafing against the chains of custom, and longing for change and freedom, was intuitively and immediately aware of her hostess's unconventional attitude; and, relieved now from the one doubt that had hovered on the horizon of emancipation, was prepared to throw herself heart and soul into what she conceived to be the perfect delight of an artist's life. That delight waned a little as novelty passed, giving way to the monotonous sequence of quiet, working days, to the discouragements and mortifications

of apprenticeship. For David found that she knew even less than she had supposed, and she was obliged to begin at the beginning. Becoming overalls were of no avail; an artistic setting lent no impulse to correct drawing; there was nothing that added to her knowledge or increased her skill, save hard work and concentrated attention. And hard work, failure, and endeavour taught her humility; the true humility which is not the mock self-abasement of wounded vanity, but that childlike attitude in which alone it is possible to enter the kingdoms of mind, soul, or spirit. Working hard; living a simple untrammelled life, which, while it was unvaried, was yet not wearisome, because its monotonous flow ran with and not against the current of her desires; gladdened by the warm brilliancy of the south, interested and eager, she gained some skill in the art which she longed to master. Mastery she never attained to, since talent and not genius was her portion; but some of the artist's privileges were hers, and she was free to enter a little way into that wondrous world which lies behind the appearances of things.

The freedom of that country is the artist's birthright, born with him in the inalienable attribute of temperament, and raising him above the men of muffled ears and half-veiled eyes, who see only the physical forms and hear only the earthly voices. Those who worship at the shrine of science have no such royal prerogative, since the scientist's way is the way of the intellect, and it is only the great intellects which can discriminate truths from facts. But the born artist, be he never so poor a painter, the poet in soul, though his rhyme be faulty, nay, even though he be inarticulate, has free entrance, if only to climb its lower slopes, to that high mountain whose peak is in the radiance.

After a week or two of life at Lapellière, London and

all that belonged to it seemed very far away. Mrs. Home; the two dogs whose gaze was so wistful when she left the villa without them, whose welcome was so warm on her return; Madame Moule, an artist who lived further down the *Avenue;* and Victorine, the peasant servant, seemed to David the real beings in the world. All those people who were paying calls and going out to tea beneath a grey sky, became shadowy; even her father's ruling personality was dimmed, while her mother's grew in insignificance; and Professor Cranley-Chance and Sidney Gale were like the receding figures in a nearly forgotten dream.

David's absorption in the present was perhaps partly due to the interest and admiration excited in her by her hostess. Mrs. Home was unlike any woman she had hitherto met, and her views of life, entirely different from those to which David was accustomed, appealed to her first by their novelty and then by what seemed to her their common sense. Common sense was not the term which most people would have applied to those views; Judy Home was looked upon by the majority of her friends as, at the same time, a rebel and a sentimentalist. Had Dr. Lowther known more about her, it is probable that he would have refused his grudging consent to David's plan; but to Dr. Lowther she was simply Miss Barker's friend, and Miss Barker, being an old maid, could only have friends of the order of the tabby cat. Such was the doctor's reasoning; and, though he disliked Miss Barker, his ideas on the subject of the middle-aged unmarried woman led him to the assumption that a friend of hers would possess no views at all save such as were either harmless or futile.

CHAPTER XII

MRS. HOME was not well. The sun was very hot, up at the villa as well as down in the town; even the *grille,* thickly overgrown with vines, which roofed in the courtyard, shading the lower windows, did not avail to thwart its strength; and the dark green blinds barely sufficed to keep the glare out of the rooms. Mrs. Home was not sure whether she was suffering from those piercing rays, from "a touch of the sun," or from what she called "French smells," which, though no worse perhaps than English ones, are nevertheless different from them. At first she treated her discomfort lightly, but when it developed into the restlessness of fever, she announced to David that she thought she would perhaps do well to summon her antagonistic friend, Dr. Bellargue.

David encouraged her in the idea; she was feeling a little anxious; but all she said was, "Do. I should like to see a living paradox."

"He is kind, but benighted," said Mrs. Home, "kind, that is to say, to me."

"I don't know that it sounds satisfactory. I should have the best man in the place."

"He *is* the leading man in the place, and the cleverest."

"But you said he was benighted."

"The heads of long-established institutions generally *are* benighted; they get swamped in excrescences which they mistake for development. However, my temperature being

over a hundred and one, I think I had better have a prescription, and I can't get one without a doctor to write it."

So Victorine was sent to the other end of the *Avenue,* as the road leading to the villa was called, to summon Monsieur Bellargue. He came the same afternoon; a short man, of brisk intelligence, and with that air of confidence in himself and his methods which is so reassuring to most patients. Judith Home, however, was unlike most patients, and requested information as to the ingredients in the draught which he purposed to give her.

"The ingredients are my business," said the doctor.

"Fully as much mine, as I am the person who is going to take them."

"Your part is to follow out my directions."

"Not if your directions comprise the swallowing of some poisonous animal extract which I object to introduce into my system."

"All medicines are poison—in a certain sense."

"But all poisons are not medicines—in any sense."

"Why do you consult me, Madame?"

"Because I trust your natural intelligence while I distrust your acquired prejudices."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "As to prejudices——!"

Nevertheless Mrs. Home got her way; Bellargue enlightened her as to the component parts of his prescription; she agreed to take the medicine, and doctor and patient parted friends.

"I think he must be a kind man," said David later on, "because he patted Wuppums as he went out. Rough backed away from him."

"Oh, he's fond of dogs in his own way—which is a hateful one."

"How?"

"He likes them for his own sake, because they amuse him; not in the least for theirs."

"I suppose," said David, after a moment's reflection. "that most people like animals in that way, more or less."

"More; most people behave to animals without any sense of responsibility or duty or justice; as *things,* not beings; things to be petted or tortured, as best suits their own convenience or profit."

"Oh, no! There are few people who would hurt an animal willingly."

"But the majority will allow them to be hurt, and lift no finger, stir no step to help them. I despise the people who let things go on, who turn a deaf ear to the cries of the world, blind eyes to its agonies, as much as I hate those who cause the tortures and the groans."

"The doctor said," observed David tentatively, "that you were to be kept quiet."

"If I were a man and you were a boy, I should say—— Never mind. But it's a pity, for doctor is a word that lends itself so admirably to alliterative cursing. As for quiet—what is quiet? Are you more likely to get it by bottling up your feelings, or by letting off some of the steam? Yet I don't know," Judith said, with a suddenly reflective air with which David was already familiar. "I don't know that it's wise to let off much steam. Steam is a motive power, and if one lets it all evaporate in words, one ends by becoming an impotent wind-bag."

David laughed. "You don't show much sign of impotence at present."

But Judith was pursuing her own train of thought. She was silent a minute, then, "I'm not like my friend, Annie West," she said. "I have not arrived at being tolerant of

all sinners and intolerant of all sin. On the contrary, there is a great deal of sin towards which I feel more than tolerant—sympathetic almost, and there are sinners whom I fiercely hate. I hate, for instance—no, I despise, which is a more subtle and therefore more dangerous form of hatred—I hate, in the form of contempt, the indifferent, the supine, those who, as I said just now, do nothing to remove the evils which they know to exist. I hate, but in a much less degree—because they are so ignorant and so stupid—the merely brutal. I hate most of all those who link sentiment with cruelty, who, sailing under the flag of noble motive, are, in reality, the pirates of humanity, addressing themselves only to the most selfish and cowardly side of it, debasing it by an appeal to the welfare of the body only. The sins of the flesh!" said Judith, turning her eyes from the square of paling sky, which showed through the window, to David's face, "I tell you they are nothing to the sins of the spirit, the calculating sins, when a man says to himself that by a dastardly act he may achieve a certain result, by a cruel deed he may gain certain ends." Suddenly Judith's expression changed. "I forgot," she said, "I was so carried away, as I always am when I think of these things, I was so carried away that I forgot that your father is amongst the men I—I don't love. But I can't take back my words. For the disreputable, the outcast, the vicious, even, I have toleration, compassion, yes, a sort of sympathy; but my very soul shrinks from that most respectable, respected, and eminent body of men, the vivisectionists."

The blood rushed to David's face. "I—you——" she began, then rose up. "You're ill," she said, "and so—we can't—it's impossible to discuss things. I'm going outside."

Outside she went, through the little courtyard, where

the vine leaves made an early twilight; through the gateway into the garden; and up to the higher ground where sight had play over many miles of the softened landscape, at rest after the glow and fever of the day.

For some minutes she stood and looked, seeing nothing save the width of its expanse, tingling through all her being with the revulsion of feeling created by Mrs. Home's last words. For, until those final sentences, David had been in full accord with her; in the abstract, all that Judith had said had found impulsive echo in her young, eager heart; as she listened, she had felt within herself a horror and a hatred of all that was mean and cowardly and cruel. And then, when suddenly it had become clear to her against whom Judith's attack was mainly directed, who were the men whom she held in detestation, the shock that had resulted from the impact of abstract right with accepted formulæ had plunged her into a state of distressed confusion, in which indignation and pain sought for the uppermost place. She clung to the indignation, because to be angry with Mrs. Home was a sort of salve to the pain and doubt which underlay it. Father! who, if not her ideal of what a man might be, was still her hero in the world of men as she knew them! Father! to be classed amongst the—what was it that accusing voice had said?—the pirates of humanity! Father, who would not—she had so often heard him say it—who would not even hurt a fly, to be denounced as cruel! Oh, it was shameful of Mrs. Home, shameful! She did not, she could not, know the men of whom she spoke; she——

A gleam of joy, of triumph and consolation darted into David's troubled mind. Of course Mrs. Home did not know what she was talking about. Had David not often heard her father declaim against the people who wrote, who

preached, who agitated, in ignorance, in blindness and prejudice, against the splendid work of self-sacrificing scientists? Mrs. Home belonged, it appeared, she *must* belong, to that body of the feebly sentimental, the falsely humanitarian, whom David from her youth up had been taught to despise. In the doctor's household anti-vivisectionist was a term of contemptuous reproach; every member of it——

Stop! What was it that had been said, that evening at the dinner-table, the first time she had ever seen Cranley-Chance? She had been far away, dreaming, and had waked up just in time. What was it her mother had said? Oh, yes, about the serums. And what had she meant by saying it? To David it had never occurred till now to go below the fact that, for some unaccountable reason, Mrs. Lowther had audibly differed from the doctor. But now! What was the reason that had made her mother so bold as to—— She ran through the ensuing scene in the drawing-room—Mrs. Lowther's words. Something had possessed her, she said, a ghost of the past. That threw no light upon her action, seeing that David had not succeeded in identifying the ghost. Nor did those other words help, about the dropped stitches; nor those—— How suddenly passionate the usually calm voice had become, when her mother had adjured her to cling to her true beliefs! Back to the dinner-table went David's mind. "Your mother is fighting," Cranley-Chance had said, "the cause of the sentimentalists." Surely—oh, no! Yet—— To be sure, David had been disposed to look upon her mother's intelligence as no stronger than her character; but even so——

"Mademoiselle," said Victorine, "supper is ready, and Madame awaits the rice and milk which the doctor has ordered her."

CHAPTER XIII

I SHALL leave St. Anne's," said Hall, "as soon as I've done my time."

He and Burdon were walking down Oxford Street together, and Burdon turned his head with a quick movement of surprise.

"Why, I thought you said——" he began.

"So I did, but I've changed my mind. Only as to details, though—only as to that particular hospital. I shall attach myself to St. Giles's."

"That's where Uncle Bernard is."

"Precisely; that's why I'm going there."

"Just the reason why I should keep away; there's the difference between us."

"The difference between us is that you're an ass and I'm a wise man."

"He always gives me a sort of Tommy-make-room-for your-uncle sort of feeling. Never quite at my ease with him."

"That's your fault, I should say. Besides, what's the odds? If an uncle's supposed to lord it over you a bit, he's supposed also to give you tips. Well, I mean to get tips out of Lowther."

"*I* never did."

"I don't mean half-crowns."

"No, I didn't suppose you did. I'm not quite such an ass as you take me for, Hall. But when I did mean half-

crowns, it never came off—except once, and then it was a florin. *I*'ve changed since then, but I don't know that Uncle B. has."

"Yet he's a generous man. Look at his donation to the Cancer Research."

"Oh, yes, I know. Yes, in a big sort of way he'll do things now and again; but it's generally Funds. Now, I'm not a Fund, and what I like is a chap who'll stand me a dinner."

"What *I* like is a chap who'll tell me what I want to know; and if you don't choose to wear the shoes circumstances have put in your way, why, I mean to put 'em on."

"Oh, put 'em on, by all means; only hope they'll fit you better than they do me."

"I'll make 'em fit—till I get into boots."

"By which I suppose you mean an appointment. I don't know whether the uncle's good for much in that direction."

"He *has* helped men—when he sees they mean business—and why not me?"

"Oh, I dare say." Burdon spoke abstractedly. "I'm thinking of making a change, too," he announced presently.

"You? What?"

"Well, I doubt whether I shall do much good where I am."

Hall, in full agreement with the statement, was discreetly silent, and Percy went on.

"I've been thinking things over," he said, "and a G.P. beginning in London hasn't very much of a chance, you know."

"Always said so."

"Unless he's got interest or is a shining light. Now, I'm not one and haven't got t'other."

Again Hall mentally agreed. What he said was, "Not much interest, I suppose."

"Barring the uncle, and as he doesn't believe in me, it's not much good. Well, in the country, or a provincial town——"

"Lord!" said Hall to himself.

"—a chap's got more of a field. So many of those country chaps grow into out-of-date fogeys; and if you've got the modern ideas and keep abreast of the times, and all that, it seems to me you might make a deuced good thing of it."

"Yes," said Hall slowly, "yes. If you get the right manner, old chap."

"Oh, I'll pick it up," laughed Percy. "By the time I've distributed pills and draughts to all the old ladies, I'll have got it, you bet. Tell you what it is, old man, dramatic instinct's half the battle in our trade."

"Have you got dramatic instinct?"

"Enough to play the part, I fancy."

"The part of a country G.P.!" thought Hall contemptuously. "It don't take much."

"If I only had Gale's brains," Percy went on.

Hall was nettled; he thought himself much cleverer than Gale.

"If I had Sidney's brains, I'd stay in London and risk it."

"Gale's a rotter," said Hall testily. "I've said it to himself, and I say it to you. He'll never do any good."

"Don't agree. I believe in old Sidney."

"He's such a wild chap."

"Oh, he'll settle down; there's no harm in him."

"I don't mean rowdiness; I mean in his ideas. Sort of fellow who might take up a fad any day and stick to it."

"He'll settle down," said Burdon again.

"Well, we'll see; but I doubt it."

If the two young men could have seen into Gale's mind at this time, the triumph would have been with Burdon; for Gale, after a period of restless indecision, had determined to put away his doubts and follow his profession steadily, according to the canons which that profession laid down. The profession was a noble one, composed in the main of noble-minded men; its methods and practices, agreed upon by a consensus of opinion, must, in the main, be noble, too. So he reasoned; and that there were men in it who might fall below its standard of high aim and action, who might abuse its methods and possibly their own opportunities, seemed to him almost an argument in favour of his thesis, since it is an accepted axiom that the exception proves the rule. So he degraded certain men, Moreton Shand amongst them, from a share in his esteem, and welded the unknown units of the profession into a corporate and glorious body which he placed upon a throne of admiration.

This done, the chamber of his convictions swept and garnished, and the mind which cherished them at ease with itself, there remained but one other step between him and complete serenity; he must break off his intimacy with Cameron. The recognition of such a necessity cost him a pang and a qualm; a pang because the loosening of the tie would be a distress to himself; a qualm because he feared it might be a distress to Cameron. Yet it must be done, he felt, if he were not to be drawn aside from the path he had determined to walk in. Cameron's personality interested him; his ideas stimulated and appealed to him; after a talk in the ugly dining-room Gale would go away with flaming cheeks, tense mind, and a brain filled with suggestive thoughts. But the thoughts led along avenues which ran at right angles with the road he meant to tread. Speculative

philosophy and Utopian ideals opened out entrancing fields for the poet and the dreamer, but must be shut away from the vision of a man whose daily necessity was to earn his bread, and whose cherished aim was to help the world in a practical way. It did not occur to Gale that that very aim was a dream, so long as it remained unaccomplished; that all plans and hopes and ambitions are but dreams, and must be conceived as dreams, ere they can be born as realities; and that the only difference between the dreams men fashion is that some men have a loftier and so a wider vision, and, seeing upward and afar beyond the sight of the self-bound eye, declare the possibility and strive after the attainment of conditions unperceived by the bulk of the race.

But to do what Gale meant to do was not easy. To drop the friendship with Cameron altogether would be simple enough; but Gale could not brng himself so to hurt—as he knew such action would hurt—the man who had been kind to him. Yet to diminish the intimacy while maintaining the friendship seemed almost impossible. He tried leaving longer intervals between his visits, and then found himself, as soon as he was in Cameron's room, apologising for not having come before. At last he made up his mind that the only thing to do was, as he put it to himself, to tell Cameron straight.

The task seemed more difficult in the performance than it had appeared in contemplation. It was all very well to take his courage in both hands and go boldly to call on Cameron; but it was disconcerting to receive a hearty welcome; to detect no shadow of resentment at the length of time that had elapsed since his last visit, in either the word or the manner of his host; to be pushed into a chair and have a tobacco jar placed at his elbow.

Gale, in his embarrassment, began by saying he would

not smoke, and Cameron eyed him keenly. Something was coming; but what? He had not long to wait, for Gale, more straightforward than diplomatic, soon plunged into what he had to say.

The older man listened, at first puzzled and uncomprehending; but as soon as he saw the younger man's drift, he did his best to help him out.

"It comes to this, doesn't it, laddie," he said, when Gale paused, stumbling in speech and crimson in the face, "that the things I say jar with the views you want to hold, and you can't find room for both?"

"I—I suppose so," said Gale with a gulp.

"And so, as you've bound yourself to the one set of views, you must give up considering the others."

"Ye—yes—though it sounds deuced narrow."

"It's almost too naïve to be narrow."

"And so—ungrateful."

"No, I understand; and I'm glad you were honest with me."

"You see, it's really a compliment."

Gale's hair by this time was rampant; his eyes were wistful.

"To be honest? Yes, I know it is. I should have been hurt if you had slacked off without a word."

"No. I didn't mean that; meant the slacking off. It's because you have the power to affect me so, to—to disturb me that I—in fact, I can't stand it."

Cameron's only answer was a slow smile.

"All the time I don't agree with you, and if anybody else talked as you talk, I shouldn't care *that*." Gale snapped his fingers. "But with you it's different; it upsets my work, and—and——"

"Yes, yes; don't go into it again. I understand. You must just come in for a few minutes now and again and tell me how you're getting on."

Gale rose and held out his hand. "Thank you," he said; "thank you *awfully.*"

"It's all right. Smooth down your hair, laddie, before you go."

CHAPTER XIV

GALE walked away from Hinde Street upbraiding himself for his own instability. To be obliged to avoid a friend because that friend held views which conflicted with his own—could anything be more despicable? If Cameron's ideas were wild and absurd, why was he disturbed by them—he who in the ordinary way did not care a brass farthing what anybody thought? He refused to acknowledge that somewhere in the recesses of his mind was a corner in which those ideas of Cameron's met with secret agreement, and that in that corner, not in Cameron's arguments, lay the keystone to his position. It was wiser, safer, to go on reproaching himself; and it was a relief to have the reproaches broken in upon, even by a beggar's whine.

"Spare me a copper, sir," said a woman's voice; and Gale, glad of the diversion, stopped and put his hand in his pocket.

As he turned, the woman started. "Why, it's——" she said, and stopped.

He knew her at once. He had seen the face first, troubled and anxious, then brightening at his reassuring words, in the ward at St. Anne's; he had seen it later in the operating theatre, pale with fear, then tranquil in unconsciousness; and lastly he had seen it scarred and mutilated, full of upbraiding.

With that latest vision came the memory of reproachful words: "You didn't tell me the truth." He had not been

able to explain to her that he had spoken the truth, that the treachery lay not in his assurances, but in the surgeon's act; an unwritten law of loyalty compelled him to lame excuse, or to silence; and he had chosen the latter, veiling it with the words, "I made a mistake."

Of late he had put the face out of his thoughts; it was the label of Moreton Shand's descent in his esteem, and it lay, with the man who had marred it, on the shelf of those exceptions which proved the ruling nobility of medical men and methods. Now, as he saw it again, the whole incident came back to him; an incident in the life of the hospital, a drama in that of the woman who stood beside him.

"It's Mrs. Jennings, isn't it?" he said. "I'm sorry to see you——" "begging," he was going to say, but stopped and substituted "like this."

"It's what I've come to. I lost my job through being kep' so long in the 'orspital; and then this"—she touched her disfigured cheek—"has stood in the way of my getting another."

"But—but surely it doesn't interfere? If it was your hand, now—or if you couldn't walk——"

The woman gave a little laugh; it was almost amusing, the ignorance of these well-to-do people; and, to her, Sidney Gale belonged to the ranks of the rich. Almost amusing it was, but not altogether; and so there was more scorn than mirth in the laugh.

"When there's dozens after one job, it's not a face like mine as gets picked out to take it on," she said.

"But your husband——?" Gale remembered that there had been a gold ring on the woman's left hand.

"Killed on the railway."

"But then—you have a pension surely?"

Sarah Jennings shook her head.

"I thought they gave pensions," said Gale, who was as ignorant as are most people about the conditions of any class but his own.

"I dunno; they didn't give me no pension, any'ow. So it's a job or begging—more especial when there's children."

"You have children?"

"Two. The littlest didn't know me when I came 'ome like this. She screamed orful."

"Well, I must get back now." Gale put half a crown into the woman's hand. "Perhaps I—at any rate, I'll see what I can do." He took a letter from his pocket and tore off a blank scrap of paper. "Look here, I'm leaving St. Anne's very soon, my time's up there. This," he said, writing as he spoke, "after this month, this address will find me. Come and see me there some evening, after eight o'clock. I'll see if I can do anything. I'd like to help you if I can."

He walked away—quickly, because he was late, but also because the encounter with Sarah Jennings had upset him; for the more disturbed Gale was the faster he went.

Moreton Shand was an exception; but even with Moreton Shand definitely labelled and properly shelved, the encounter was disquieting, since it bore out some of those absurd contentions of Cameron's. For Cameron had asserted that it was impossible to judge of the effect and value of medical science without a wide knowledge of the world in which that science was a factor; that it was necessary to know, not only the developments of disease, but the conditions which bred it, the evils which rivalled it, before the part which medicine had to play could be accurately estimated. The idea had seemed to Gale far-fetched and exaggerated; the cure of existing disease was to him the primary means of

benefiting humanity; and he saw no reason for considering that cure in connection with social conditions or the problems arising out of poverty. Yet here was a woman who wanted for herself and her children, not medicine, but bread; who, even if she had been helped instead of hindered by the surgeon's knife, needed, besides health, the means of maintaining it, besides life, the possibility of earning a living. Could it be possible that there was some justice in Cameron's contention; that there was no one subject which could be entirely detached from all other subjects; and that it was impossible fully to understand, rightly to appreciate, any single problem apart from its relation to other problems? So entirely occupied was his mind with Sarah Jennings and the reflections to which she gave rise, that he reached the hospital without having once thought of Miss Lowther—an experience which, at this period of Gale's life, was almost unique.

CHAPTER XV

DAVID on her side was certainly not thinking of Gale. She did not think of him much at any time, and just now her mind was fully occupied by Judith Home, her illness and her delinquency. For David, tender to the invalid, was, at this time, hostile to the woman. It was unpardonable of Mrs. Home to have aired her narrow and ignorant ideas in the presence of a girl whose father held the views and position of Dr. Lowther; it was bad taste; and for David to pronounce a thing to be bad taste was to set upon it the hall-mark of disapproval. To be sure, at the end of her tirade, Mrs. Home had made a sort of apology: it was indeed through the apology that David had become aware of the fault; but she had shown no disposition to withdraw her charge, and so could hardly be forgiven. Yet, being ill, she must be treated with leniency; it was indeed well to show her what the people she so maligned were made of; so David nursed her offending friend assiduously.

Judith was not ill long; she had a healthy constitution, lived a healthy life, and, before many days were past, was up and about again. Then David, intending to be magnanimously superior, became, in fact, conspicuously stiff; and Judith, wondering, inquired what was the matter.

David was glad of the inquiry; she was bursting with arguments and rejoinders which she had accumulated during the last few days in imaginary conversations with Mrs.

Home, and she was longing to overwhelm her antagonist with their weight and point. But when it came to outward utterance, she found it difficult to marshal her forces; for Judith, speaking with fleshly tongue, did not say the things to which Judith, in the imaginary conversations, had given voice, nor lead up to the convincing replies with which David was equipped. Nevertheless, the preliminary barriers overcome, and once launched on the pathway of reproachful denunciation, David succeeded in expressing herself with considerable force.

Judith listened in silence to the tempestuous onslaught, tranquil after the first thrill of surprise; and when the girl paused, embarrassed by lack of contradiction—

"I wonder," said Judith, with her reflective air, "what you will think of it all ten years hence!"

"I may be in a lunatic asylum, of course; but if I'm sane——"

"I accept the implication," said Judy, with a quick smile; "still we may possibly find a common platform other than that of lunacy. You see," she went on, "you base your protestations all upon results, but, having a generous nature, there may come a time when results may clash with methods."

"They can't clash with reason."

"Reason is fallible in the region of partial comprehension. It needs imagination fully to understand many of the problems with which reason has to deal."

"I should have thought that experience was a much better guide than imagination."

"The experience of a vivisector is always partial. If, for instance, you cut my finger, you know certainly what it feels like to run a knife through flesh, but you don't know at all what my flesh feels like when the knife is di-

viding it. *That* requires imagination. And what vivisector ever exercises his imagination in the directon of the suffering he creates? ever thinks of anything except discovery? Well, we won't argue that point. I feel too deeply and you too strongly, to get any profit out of discussing it. But, taking it on the purely selfish ground, on the policy of results, I, personally, prefer to be carefully tended rather than skilfully carved."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I'll tell you. Vivisection, which claims to diminish the sufferings and further the interests of humanity, produces a callousness in its pupils which is a far greater danger to humanity than the ills it is supposed to overcome."

"I don't see that you have any right to say such a thing. Generalising——"

"I have a right, the right of my own experience. I'm not generalising, I assure you. England is advancing—I speak as a knave—advancing in vivisectional discovery and practice; every year the returns of experiments go up till they have reached thousands. But she is still, I understand, behind France. France and Germany are in the van of the movement, and here in Lapellière, one of the medical strongholds, the way that vivisection works can be pretty well tested. You agree?"

"I—yes, I suppose so."

"Well, last year I had an operation for appendicitis. It was very well done; I was, as I said, skilfully carved. And I'll tell you just how they did it. I went into a home—of course, a *clinique*. By the way, have you noticed, in England, with the increase of vivisection the increase of the surgical homes?" Judith left her seat and began to walk up and down the room, her hands behind her back; it was

a habit she had when talking of things which interested her; a habit with which David had become familiar.

"Surgery has advanced, they say," Judy went on. "It has, in many directions; notably in the number of operations performed. Formerly men were chary of cutting: 'Use your eyes before your hands' and 'Amputation is the reproach of surgery'; those were the axioms they used to go by. But now it's different; now it's all for 'lopping off.' I should like to know to how many patients the specialists who belong to the high priesthood of the profession *don't* say, 'An operation at once. You must go into my home.'"

"It's disgraceful——" began David.

Judy interrupted her by patting her on the hand. "I won't wander again," she said, "and please take it as proposed, seconded, and carried, that Dr. Lowther is considered to be a member of the present company, and therefore excepted from every vilification I bring forward. Well, to go back to my concrete instance. On the morning of the operation I was carried down to the operating-room and placed on a table. It was too short for me, and my head hung down over the edge. There were two or three doctors in the room, three or four students, the nurse who looked after me—the nurses are all men here in the *cliniques*—and a second nurse. I was stripped, practically; my arms and legs were bound so that I could not move, and I lay naked on the table covered with nothing but shame. Then the second nurse scrubbed me, over and around the part where the cut was to be made, scrubbed me with a scrubbing brush; and hard, as if I was a deal board and not a woman. The skin has to be absolutely clean, mind you; only in England they put an antiseptic dressing on you the night before the operation, to do the necessary cleansing; and the scrubbing in my case might, at any rate, have been done

after I was under the anæsthetic; I might have been spared both the shame and the pain. And the pain was horrible; if you have any idea what appendicitis is like, you will have some notion of what it means to be scrubbed violently over the appendix. Then, my head hanging down over the edge of the table caused awful pain in the neck and terrible sensations altogether. I shrieked with agony, I couldn't help it; I can't tell you how it all hurt; but neither the doctors nor the students, nor the man who was scrubbing me, attempted to soothe or help me in any way. Nobody took the slightest notice of me except my own nurse, who said once or twice, '*N'ayez pas peur!*' I don't know that I had *peur;* I was in too great agony to be afraid. The anæsthetic, when it came, seems to me now like a curtain descending on a sort of hideous nightmare. When the curtain went up again I was back in bed; and, as I say, the cutting was quite skilfully done. So was the nursing, so long as I was in the acute stage of illness. Afterwards, when my recovery was tiresomely slow, I was left almost entirely to myself, badly fed, inadequately tended in every way. Indeed, if Annie West, who came out as soon as she heard what had happened, had not removed me home again and looked after me herself, I don't know whether I should have got better at all. The very day I got back I began to improve. Humanity! nobody cared a pin's head about me as a human being. It was only the disease and the *case* that interested them. I tell you I would rather have a doctor, a physician in the true sense of the word, one who cares for the sufferings of his patients, who can help and soothe as well as operate upon them, than all the scientific dissectors in the world. And the two classes cannot live side by side; the one is elbowing out the other. By and by we

shall have a profession of medical scientists and no more doctors."

For the moment David, absorbed in contemplation of the picture Judy had called up, had almost forgotten her grievance.

"Awful it must have been!" she said. "However you endured it!"

"As for enduring it," said Judy, "I couldn't help myself. Do you suppose I'd have stayed there if I could have got away? But I couldn't move. If they'd gagged my mouth as well, so that I couldn't scream, no doubt they'd have said I didn't feel any pain—as they do of the animals who are dumb as well as helpless."

Her words recalled David from contemplation to discussion. "It's absurd to call them dumb in that sense," she answered. "An animal can show when it's in pain just as well as a human being."

"Yes, but it can't put its sufferings into words, it can't appeal to the public, it can't hold meetings or write letters to the papers. It is dumb in the bitterest sense of the word—shut into a world whence the history of its sufferings can never be issued." Judith paused, and something in her eyes kept the girl beside her silent. "If it could," she went on, "if that tale of pain, of terror, of trust betrayed——" She turned to David. "Did it ever occur to you," she asked, "that the little ones Christ forbade us to offend are not confined to the children of the human race? that they include all beings who are immature, whether human, or struggling in some other species through the successive stages of development? and that to the more advanced the less advanced must be always 'little ones'; to be helped forward; never ill-used or exploited? I don't accept all Annie

West's views, but that one of the wider evolution seems to me both intelligent and just."

David did not answer; the idea presented by Judy's words was novel, so novel that she did not fully grasp it; it conveyed to her merely a sudden widening of horizon which carried with it bewilderment rather than illumination. Presently she said—

"I should rather like to hear a conversation between you and father."

Then Judith laughed.[1]

[1]App. 3.

CHAPTER XVI

AFTER that conversation David returned to her allegiance. It was not that she was any more in agreement with Judith than before, not that she had consciously altered the mental attitude in which she had been brought up; but she ceased to resent the fact that her friend differed from her. For David was not without a sense of justice; and after the first annoyance was past, she was fain to allow that Judith Home had as much right to her opinion as had David Lowther; and to acknowledge, moreover, that what Judy had said about vivisection and its adherents was no stronger than the abuse of its opponents which she was accustomed to listen to.

The vexed question was not again fully discussed between David and her hostess; neither was it completely ignored. To mention it not at all would have meant limiting conversation to trivialities, since the vital interests of life are so interwoven that it is impossible frankly to discuss one without trenching on the others. And Judith's talk was often of the things that matter; she was a woman who lived more fully as the years grew high about her, not suffering them to press upon her eyes and dim her sight, but treading them beneatht her feet and rising, as they rose, to a higher survey of the life through which they led her. Much that she said was incomprehensible to David at the time she said it; much seemed to the girl delightfully fan-

tastic or impossibly absurd; yet because Judy, when she talked, was always intensely interested in what she was saying, David was interested, too; and was fascinated by many of the ideas, impressed by many of the statements, which she could neither accept nor contravene.

But she had not a great deal of leisure in which to listen to Judy or to reflect upon Judy's words. As time went on, as she made some progress in the art she had set herself to study, the interest of the study absorbed the greater part of her thoughts as well as the larger portion of the day, and she dreamed dreams of fame which were far removed from Judy's interests and philosophy. Through the hot summer the dreams developed; anything seemed possible beneath the brilliancy of the southern sky; fame was imminent in the atmosphere. To be sure, there were days, and always in each day, hours, when the glare and heat stifled ambition, energy, almost life itself; days and hours when the inhabitants of the villa, human and canine, panted and languished behind drawn blinds, in darkened rooms, and thought in quite a friendly spirit of east wind in England; but with the evening cool or the morning freshness, the glamour of the south was astir again.

Then came the cooler days of steady work, and then the winter, when working hours were few. David had to be back at the villa before the early fall of the night, for the lonely road outside the town was hardly safe after dark. But though she could not paint, she could draw, and she drew diligently through the long evenings. She did not want the spring; for the spring meant a return to England, and to the life which, though it held more variety than that which she led at the villa, held also less liberty. And David loved liberty. Had she but known it, it was freedom she desired, rather than artistic accomplishment; and as the

time to return home drew nearer, the thought of the limitations of home became more oppressive.

At first it would be all right; she honestly looked forward to seeing her father and mother, honestly thought it would be delightful to be with them again—for a time; her honesty was genuine enough to admit the qualification. And at first there would be friends to see, and she would be made much of, and would enjoy the parties and the theatres, the stir of London and the stimulus born of that stir. But the little excitements and interests of daily life in her father's house would soon lose their colour and sparkle, and the old chafing conditions would chafe her once again. For her father would never allow her to set up a studio of her own, or even to study, she feared, in the studio of a teacher. The doctor had given way before a sudden assault, but he would not daily forego his prejudices. To be sure, there was that money of Aunt Emily's; but to use that little private purse would mean daily defiance, and would be impossible. No, she would have to take the back seat of which she had spoken to Sidney Gale, and be obliged to hide her light under the bushel of the doctor's despotism. Yet she would make an effort to get her way; she had won it once; why not again? She wrote to her father asking if she might arrange, after a visit home, to return for another autumn and winter to Lapellière.

CHAPTER XVII

DAVID'S letter reached the doctor in the grey light of a January morning. He read it without outward comment, and put it into his pocket to be considered in the privacy of his study.

Mrs. Lowther was left sitting in emptiness at the breakfast table. The emptiness, as far as her stomach was concerned, was of her own choosing; but she could not eat, because her heart, too, felt empty, of sympathy almost, of hope nearly, of courage quite. Last night's talk with her husband had exhausted the courage; that little fount of it which had sprung up, she hardly knew whence, and had caused her to speak plainly after eighteen years' silence.

It was Cranley-Chance who had been the means of initiating a conversation between the husband and wife who spoke to each other daily, but never talked.

The evening before, the professor had given a dinner party at which Lowther was a guest; and, staying on after the rest of the company had gone, he had had a cigar, a whisky and seltzer, and a talk, alone with his host. In the course of the talk, Chance had expressed his admiration of Miss Lowther; had hinted at more than admiration; had indeed, indirectly but certainly, asked, and in the same way obtained, the doctor's approval and support of his intended suit.

Lowther had come home elated. Cranley-Chance was more than a rising man; he had risen; his position was

secure and prominent, and Lowther could not desire a more satisfactory son-in-law. There was a difference in age of course, but Chance was a good ten years younger than himself, and David was the sort of girl who would be all the better with a husband who would take the upper hand. The doctor, with all his investigations into the function of the brain in psychology, had not yet arrived at the discovery that age does not inevitably constitute authority. And David would settle down, too, when married to a clever, capital fellow like Chance, would give up those immature girlish ideas about being an artist, and take up the desirable position of an eminent man's wife. She might have married some long-haired chap—Lowther's short-cropped head grew bristly as he thought of it—who would have been a constant thorn in his side; whereas Cranley-Chance would add laurels to the crown of his reputation. It was splendid; he did not know when he had been so pleased; and he reached home in spirits which only required an outlet to become exuberant.

Mrs. Lowther was hardly an outlet; but she had ears; and she was still sitting knitting by the drawing-room fire when Lowther, seeing a light beneath the door, looked in on his way upstairs. Besides, she was David's mother, a fact which somehow only occasionally occurred to David's father; and—well, all women were match-makers, and it would be a novel sensation to discuss a common interest with her, and see her face light up, perhaps—as it used to do long ago—when she heard what he had to say.

But Bertha Lowther's face, far from lighting up, fell with consternation; and her words, jerked out with the effort of uttering them, fell upon the doctor's ears with the shock of an unexpected explosion.

"I will never give my consent," said David's mother.

Surprise held the doctor dumb; for a moment or two he simply stood and stared at the little woman in the dowdy dress, with hands that trembled as they clasped each other across a mass of brown yarn.

"Not give your consent?" was all he found to say at the end of the pause. Then, "What the deuce——" he began, and paused again.

"Bernard," said Mrs. Lowther. She kept her voice even; she tried to go on knitting, but David, if she had been present, would have had the satisfaction of noting that she dropped more stitches than she caught up. "Bernard, you may think that I've changed, that because I'm passive I've given way in my own mind, or forgotten. It isn't so; I—I think just the same; and I will never allow David to run the risk of suffering as I have suffered."

Lowther looked down at his wife with a half-puzzled expression on his face. His surprise had given way to contempt, but with the contempt went a certain flavouring of curiosity. What was it in the little fool, he was thinking, that made her so persistent in regard to this one idea? Ah, one idea; that was just it; a sort of *idée fixe* that distorted her vision and absorbed the whole force of her mentality. Lowther shrugged his shoulders; she was hysterical of course, must be treated as a patient rather than an opponent; he caressed his clean-shaven chin with his left hand, a trick he had when thinking out a diagnosis.

"David," said he, "is made of different stuff from you; she takes after me, and her views are no more morbid than mine are."

"A girl has no views; she thinks as she's been brought up. It's when you run up against things you haven't understood that you begin to have views."

"As for understanding! Ever since she could think at all, I have explained and she has agreed——"

"It's different when you argue; but arguments don't make you understand, especially your kinds of arguments; they only stand in the way of your understanding. David's my only child, and I won't let her run any risks."

"Pooh!" said Lowther. "Isn't she mine, too? and more mine than yours, because she's got more of my nature in her." He was losing sight of the patient in the tiresome woman.

"She does take after you in many ways—which might make it worse. She has your courage, Bernard, and she couldn't be quiet as I've been."

"And my common sense, thank God! There's no fear of her taking up with your ridiculous notions. You're wasting time over a thing that couldn't happen."

"That's as it may be." Mrs. Lowther gave up her attempt at knitting. "But I—I'll never agree to her marrying Cranley-Chance, Bernard. I couldn't."

Then the doctor's temper went altogether, and he had no further thought of diagnosis. "And a damned lot of good may it do you!" he cried. "Do you suppose you've any chance against David and me?"

He flung out of the room, and Mrs. Lowther, after a few minutes, during which she sat white and trembling by the fire, rose up and carried her knitting over to the blue work-basket in the corner. The knitting was no longer a stocking, but a mass of confusion, yet the fact hardly disturbed her. Within her was a thought that cheered her down-trodden self-respect. "I spoke up," she said to herself, "I did speak up."

There was comfort, too, in another thought, one which apparently had not occurred to her husband: it was possible

that David herself might not wish to marry Cranley-Chance.

But the next morning came reaction and emptied her heart of hope. Bernard was so masterful, and David, with all her spirit and love of her own way, was, after all, a woman; therefore, as Mrs. Lowther argued, weak; and therefore, according to her experience of the world, destined to be sacrificed to the strong. She had seen her daughter's handwriting beside the doctor's plate and had hungered for a message; but Lowther had read the letter in silence and left the table without breaking it. So she felt very desolate as she sat looking forlornly at the tea-pot, and suffering, in addition to her anxiety, from that super self-consciousness known only to the reserved after their reserve has been, ever so slightly, broken through.

Lowther, meanwhile, was in his study, re-reading David's letter. If his wife were going to make a fuss, the plan which David suggested was worthy of consideration. Bertha was longing, he knew, for the girl's return; her presence was the chief joy in her mother's life; and the possibility of her renewed absence would be a weapon in his hand. But then, he thought, what, after all, did his wife's opposition matter? it would be too easily brushed aside to count as a factor in the situation. Besides, David must be on the spot, conveniently located for courtship; he decided that all idea of going back to Lapellière must be stamped out of her mind. That mind must be left quite free to receive the idea of becoming Cranley-Chance's wife.

David, when she got her father's reply, was hardly disappointed; it was of the kind she had expected. Nevertheless, she would still fight against the back seat. She returned home determined to win her way, at least to the extent of becoming a student at the Slade School.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT certainly was rather nice to be back in London. "And perhaps," said David to herself, "a complete change of mental atmosphere is good for one's work."

Certainly the atmosphere of Harley Street was different from that of the villa; but what David really found exhilarating was the admiration of certain young men, whose attentions, she had told herself at Lapellière, she could well dispense with, but whose allegiance, when renewed, was not other than welcome. That Cranley-Chance had joined the ranks of her suitors was not at first apparent to her; he was too old to enter such lists; and it was because she was her father's daughter that he sought her out and took so much trouble to put amusement and pleasure in her way.

As regarded Sidney Gale, whom she found to be a frequent visitor in her mother's drawing-room on Sunday afternoons, the case was different. It was natural that he should admire her; it would indeed have argued an inability to appreciate his opportunities had he failed to do so, since most young men who came in David's way rendered her a certain measure of homage. More than a measure she neither demanded nor desired; but Gale showed signs of exceeding the necessary meed, and David could not be said to discourage him. The young man interested her; a combination of boldess and diffidence in him appealed to her woman's craving to be both worshipped and

upheld; and he impressed her, in that she could not take him up and lay him down at will, as was the case with most of those who knelt at her shrine. Gale, indeed, held her in such high esteem as to count her incapable of caprice, and so overrode the methods of minor flirtation as to lift his courtship of her to a level above coquetry. For his courtship now was definite and purposeful, not an unrealisable dream, as it had seemed when he had seen her last. She was still to him as a star, but he was no longer disposed to play moth; he would rise on wings stronger than those of any moth, not indeed to her level, but high enough to make her his own. It was characteristic of him that it was the worth and charm of her nature, the purity and romance of her young womanhood, which caused him to set her on so high a throne; the superiority of her worldly position to his own offered no formidable bar to his daring. For he would win both fame and fortune; of that he did not doubt; diffident of himself as a man, he was confident as a doctor; he would make his way.

He had started in practice in timorous uncertainty as to how far his untried wings would bear him, but already, in the first nine months, he had learned that he need not be afraid. One or two sudden calls in urgent cases had brought him permanent clients and a widening circle of reputation. Cameron was right; he felt that he would succeed; and later on, when he had gained experience, he would specialise and set his face toward eminence. But all the time the thoughts of fame were veiled by the young man's dreams of love. Fame would be the portion of his middle age; but love was the glory of his youth and made the world wonderful.

Chance, on the other hand, counted his fame as a valuable asset in his suit. His conception of women and his expe-

rience of them led him to the conclusion that money and position were amongst the most important lures of love; and it was in the eminent scientist that he placed his hopes of winning the girl who had charmed him.

Certainly David was flattered by his evident interest. She ranked him according to the standard of that particular world in which, save the year at Lapellière, she had always lived; and in that world Cranley-Chance was a peer. Flattered she was, even while she imagined that he sought her out for her father's sake; and increasingly so when it became obvious that the attraction she possessed for him was entirely her own. Even then she did not look upon him in the light of a lover; it did not seem to her that it was as a woman she pleased him; but she was gratified that amongst eminent men who cared, according to her experience, to converse only with other eminent men, there was one who counted her so intelligent as to wish to talk to her whenever he was in her company. And he talked, not of scientific theories or progress, but of things in which she was interested; of pictures, of foreign countries, sometimes of theatres even; a fogey in standing and in age, David admitted that he was, nevertheless, a pleasant companion. She was quite at her ease with him, as indeed she was with most people, and treated him with a frank friendliness which both he and the doctor interpreted as a tacit acceptance of his suit. Lowther was in high feather; Bertha was anxious; Chance was radiant with hope.

It was a joyful moment for the doctor when one morning David entered his study with a letter in her hand, a letter on the envelope of which his quick eyes recognised the writing of Cranley-Chance. The crisis had arrived; he rubbed his hands and tried to appear unconscious of it.

"What on earth do you think has happened, father?" said David.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Lowther, his eyes sparkling at the thought of the knowledge he denied.

"Well, you'd never guess, so I may as well tell you at once. Professor Cranley-Chance"—David blushed a little; it really was so absurd as to be embarrassing—"has asked me to marry him. To *marry* him!"

"Indeed, my dear."

"Indeed? Aren't you surprised? Aren't you—astounded?"

"Well, hardly, considering that he has eyes for nobody else when you are in the room."

"Oh, father!" David's tone was one of distressed enlightenment. "I—I thought he thought me intelligent," she said ruefully. "I was rather pleased."

"And aren't you pleased now?" Lowther's tone and face were almost arch.

"Not at all. It's most—most tiresome."

"Tiresome? I don't understand you."

"Well, it makes things so awkward. You don't suppose I'm going to accept him?"

"I should certainly never suppose anything else after the way you've behaved." The doctor was no longer arch.

"How absurd! I've behaved—well, as if he were an uncle."

"You behaved as if he were a favoured suitor. You astonish me, David."

What David called the "take-a-back-seat" expression was on her father's face, but she was resolved not to sit on the seat.

"We appear to be astonishing each other all round," she said, with an effort after lightness. "The professor

astonishes me, I astonish you, and I suppose, from what you say, I shall astonish the professor."

"Don't be ridiculous! Your conduct is——" Lowther could not find a word which seemed to him adequate, and ended with "reprehensible."

"You surely don't want me to marry a man old enough to be my—to be yourself, father?"

"He's ever so many years younger than I am. And he's done you an immense honour. A man in that position! You'll never have such a chance again."

"I've had them before," said David, with the mock meekness with which she often cloaked defiance.

"Not a man like Chance. Why shouldn't you marry him?"

"I could never feel at home with him."

"Pooh! you don't know what you're talking about. Once you begin to call him by his Christian name——"

"Oh, I couldn't," said David. "By the way, what *is* his Christian name?"

"It's—er—it's Sampson."

"That settles it. I *couldn't* address my husband as Samson."

"It's—it isn't—he spells it with a 'p'." The doctor was almost pleading. "I believe it's a—a family name."

"That's worse. There's something noble about the Bible Samson, but Sampson with a 'p'!—it sounds like a shifty solicitor."

"Go!" said Lowther, "and don't let me see you again until you are prepared to behave decently."

David went, to an anxiously waiting mother. "He's very angry," she said. "He—could you believe it?—he expected me to do it."

"And you won't?"

"Of course not."

"You're quite decided, darling?"

"Of course I am."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Lowther.

CHAPTER XIX

GALE, meanwhile, was planning a tea-party; bold in idea, magnificent as to execution. It was bold to invite Miss Lowther and her mother to come to his poky rooms, for so, as he thought of David, they seemed to him; but should they deign to accept his hospitality, splendour, so far as flowers and cakes could compass it, should be their portion. Covent Garden should be ransacked of its choicest treasures, and the confectioners of Bond Street contribute their supreme creations.

In fear and trembling he penned the invitation; his heart was in the drawing-room of Harley Street, when, according to careful calculation, Mrs. Lowther received it. Mrs. Lowther might be pleased, he thought; she was his friend, and seldom, he believed, went out to tea; she might care to come. But David? She might be affronted or amused or—he couldn't tell how she might take it. He continued to picture various ways in which David might receive his offer of hospitality, till—— Was that the postman's knock? That girl was always such a devil of a time in going to the door! Gale was downstairs, leaping half the flight, and back in his room with a letter in his hand before panting 'Melia had reached the hall.

Wonder of wonders! "My daughter and I have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation," wrote Mrs. Lowther. Oh, how kind of them! how friendly! how—how encouraging!

He looked round the room. Flowers on the mantelpiece; flowers on the chiffonier; flowers on the three-cornered stand in the corner; flowers—brilliant idea!—on the tea-table. Mrs. Crouch must put up clean white curtains. If she wouldn't, he would go to Maple's—or Hampton's—or was Waring the tip-top shop now?—and buy curtains of his own. He had given a week's invitation; there was no time to be lost: he rang the bell and asked to see Mrs. Crouch.

Mrs. Crouch came, expectant and slightly anxious; she hoped it wasn't fleas; but if ever a bed had been disinfected careful, that bed on the first floor—— But Gale's first words reassurred her.

"Mrs. Crouch," said he, with an attempt at indifference, "I'm going to give a tea-party."

Mrs. Crouch was instantly affable. "Certainly, sir. How many guests might you be expecting?"

"We shall be, I expect, six. I want everything very—in fact, exceedingly nice."

"Which I couldn't allow it otherwise, sir."

"I should like clean curtains up, the day before."

"Anything to oblige, sir, if you don't mind a trifle extry for the washing."

"Not at all. And—er—I wonder if you have any other teacups than the ones you usually give me. Very nice, of course, for ordinary wear; but—I'm expecting some ladies."

"Have no fear, sir," said Mrs. Crouch. "Mr. Crouch was in service with the aristocracy, and when we married, me being cook in a county family, he received a tea-service—Dresding."

"If I can have that, I'll be quite satisfied."

"*My* trousseau was a dozen teaspoons, which, though my mistress was plain Mrs., they were solid. And I shall be pleased for you to have the loan of them."

"Thank you!" said Gale. "That's splendid."

"No ladies couldn't drink their tea more refined in their own houses," said Mrs. Crouch, "nor stir it, than what they'll do here."

More notes to write. Miss Barker, whose acquaintance he had made during his Sunday visits to Harley Street, must be invited to meet her friend; and then—what men should he honour with the opportunity of being introduced to Miss Lowther? He did not want young men, because young men would want to monopolise David. Hall, to be sure, might like to talk to David's mother by way of making up to the doctor; but no, Hall was too astute not to realise that the byway marked "Mrs. Lowther" would not conduct him to the main street, her husband. It was a nuisance that Percy was no longer in London; a girl's cousin was generally harmless; and he knew Miss Barker. By Jove! though, hadn't Percy written that he was coming up next week, bringing a patient for consultation, and would stay in town a couple of nights?

He ransacked his writing-table for Burdon's letter. Hooray! splendid! Percy was coming on Wednesday. He would write at once and secure him for the important Thursday. And for the last guest? "By George!" said Gale to himself, "I've a good mind to ask old Cameron. It'll show him that—in fact, that I want to be civil; and he's such a generous old cock that he's sure to come if he can."

Gale was right; Cameron accepted his invitation; and now there was nothing more to think of, except how to do honour to his guests.

On the morning of the important day Gale rose with the dawn, and returned before 'Melia was well awake, in a cab filled within and laden without with flowers and fruit.

Later on another cab, from which Gale's person, hemmed in by sweets and confectionery, had some difficulty in extracting itself, brought the final materials of preparation. To the work of preparation Gale devoted the greater part of the day; the two cases which really required his attendance were visited early in the morning; the rest must wait till to-morrow.

A considerable work it was. It occupied Gale and Mrs. Crouch till well on in the afternoon. When it was completed Mrs. Crouch's "first floor" looked like something between a conservatory and a confectioner's shop.

"I hope there'll be enough to eat," said Gale anxiously, when all at last was ready.

"Lor', sir!" was Mrs. Crouch's only reply. Her smile and tone amply made up for her paucity of words: with her mental eye she saw the little Crouches feasting to sickness for days ahead.

She retreated downstairs, and Gale, left alone, looked round with critical eye. Such common food as bread and butter was sparse, and, cut by Mrs. Crouch herself and reminiscent of county families, extremely thin; Percy would make away with the whole of it in a couple of mouthfuls, thought the anxious host. But cakes and sweetmeats lay in abundance on every available space, and his lavish spirit could not fear that David would depart empty.

He walked up and down the room, pausing now and again to listen. It was hardly the time yet, and they would probably not be quite punctual. Stay! was that not a ring? and—yes, a pause, a closing door, and 'Melia's unmistakable footstep on the stair.

"Percy, probably come early," thought Gale; but when 'Melia opened the door she was alone.

"The person called Jennings wish to see you, sir."

"Sarah Jennings! Come now! What a bore! Confound her! Tell her I can't see her," was Gale's first thought.

'Melia perhaps saw it written in his face. "She says it's very pertick'ler," she said.

Gale glanced at his watch. "Oh, well, show her up—quick; I haven't much time. Say," he called after 'Melia's retreating figure, "say that I've only five minutes."

The woman had been to his rooms several times, and he had done his best to help her, both by giving her such small sums of money as he could afford, and by trying to find her employment. The first method was inadequate, the second proved unsuccessful; there were such numbers of women wanting work, and Sarah Jennings, with her scarred face, presented no very attractive appearance. Unluckily, too, she was of those who are not improved by adversity; misfortune, far from bracing, depressed her. A well-meaning woman, content to earn her livelihood by hard work so long as work could be secured, but nervous in temperament and not too strong in body, privation and anxiety weakened both her moral fibre and her physical frame; months of vain endeavour had produced in her a tendency to lose heart; perhaps also a tendency to seek hope or hide from despair in the only way that seemed open to her. Once lately when she had come to his lodgings Gale had fancied that he detected in her a slight confusion of ideas, a slight unsteadiness of speech; and his sympathy received a shock: for he had not yet thought deeply enough to have escaped from the widespread idea that those who are touched by trial must immediately rise to heroism.

According to this idea, a tramp, doing his ten or

fifteen or twenty miles a day, must never enter a public-house, however thirsty he may be, however weary or depressed, however weak from the starvation diet of the casual ward; if he does, if he fails to display unfailing fortitude, he is an undeserving case, worthy neither of aid nor sympathy. His neighbour, travelling on a bicycle, may go in and out, beheld and uncondemned of all men; nay, even those who walk from choice may with impunity do the same; but as soon as it is necessity which limits the means of locomotion to the feet, a man must rise above the common needs of men. According to this idea, those dismissed from one kind of employment must become instantly capable of taking up any other; a man who has been a clerk must be able to do a day's work in the dockyard without turning a hair. If the hair, like the trodden worm, does turn, if aching muscles and trembling limbs compel cessation of the unwonted task, he is an idle beggar who won't work when work is offered him. According to this idea, men and women, struggling for bare subsistence, crushed by anxiety or hopeless in destitution, must be cast in so perfect a mould as to depart no whit from the path of honesty, sobriety, cleanliness, industry, and resignation.

Nevertheless, it is a fact, plain and actual, that misery does not stamp out all human weaknesses; that industry is not the inevitable result of being thrown out of work; that empty bellies do not directly inculcate sobriety. It is possible to be wretched, yet faulty; and possible to sink below the level of heroic endurance, and yet to be not altogether an undeserving case.

But these facts, patent, it would seem, elude the observation of the majority of those who need take no

thought for to-morrow's breakfast; and to that majority Sidney Gale, in the first year of his medical practice, belonged. So that when Sarah Jennings showed signs of having borrowed courage from that usurer whose terms lead frequently to insolvency of will-power and of nerves, his sympathy cooled. Now, when for the second time she presented herself in the condition best described as muddled, disgust laid hold on him. The disgust no doubt was deepened by the fact that his own mood was one of nervous expectation; a mood which was far from fitting him to enter into the woes, or indeed joys, of any of his fellows, save only those of the one particular expected guest; and that he was in a fever of impatience to get rid of this unlooked-for skeleton before his feast should begin.

Matilda Jennings, aged three, was sickening, it would appear, for measles. Very distressing, of course; but he would have listened to the recital of her symptoms with more active pity had that recital not been interrupted by an occasional hiccough, and had not his mind been dominated by the thought that even now a hansom was probably bearing David towards his door.

"I'll come round—to-morrow morning." (Was that wheels? Turning into Hart Street?) "Or to-night——" (Yes, by Jove!) "In an hour or two——" (Powers that be! stopping! stopping just outside!) "And—and here's half a crown. I can't stop. I mean you can't stop—I'm engaged——"

A knock at the front door! In a minute she'll be here, in the room!

"Go, Mrs. Jennings," cried Gale, "please go!" Then quickly, "No, don't!"

David must not be shocked by meeting such a figure on

the stairs, with sideward tilted hat, and such an ugly, disfigured face.

"Come in here," he said, "and wait—till I come for you."

In a trice he had whisked Mrs. Jennings out on to the landing and into his bedroom at the back, had banged the door on her beery astonishment, and was once more in the sitting-room, panting but relieved. It would be easy to excuse himself presently and conduct the uninvited guest to the street.

He had barely time to assume an outward calm when the door flew open and Percy bounded in.

Gale wiped his forehead. "God bless you, Percy, old chap," he said. "I thought you were the Lowthers."

CHAPTER XX

BURDON looked at his friend with raised eyebrows. "And if I had been the Lowthers?" he inquired. "Don't you expect them? I thought I was asked to meet them."

Gale began to laugh. Percy's face conveyed to him for the first time a hint of comedy in the situation. "Yes, of course," he said, "but the fact is—— Just wait a minute, though; there's a woman in my bedroom, and——"

He dashed out on to the landing without seeing Burdon's expression of astonished consternation; but on the landing was brought up short; there was a rustle of skirts on the staircase, and a voice that he knew said—

"I hope we're not too prosaically punctual."

Gale, his cheeks aflame and his hair like an opaque halo, went forward to receive his guests.

He conducted them with mingled pride and diffidence to his flower-filled room; he was glad Burdon was there to help him through the first difficult moments. Shy in the presence of the girl whose visit he had so ardently looked forward to, he devoted his attention exclusively at first to her mother; while Percy recovered sufficiently from the puzzled uneasiness into which Gale's words had thrown him to remark to his cousin, with a glance at the laden tables, "What a blow-out!"

Miss Barker followed quickly upon her friends, and soon after came John Cameron. Cameron had to be introduced

to Mrs. Lowther and Miss Barker, to shake hands with Percy and David, and then to ask the former how he was getting on; and thus David was left free to express her admiration of the wealth of flowers collected for her pleasure.

Then came 'Melia, laden with tea and coffee, with hot milk and steaming kettle; and in the delight and excitement of it all; in the pride of watching Miss Lowther pour out tea in this, *his* room; in the passing of cups, cakes, and fruit; and in the constant necessity of smoothing down his rampant hair, Sarah Jennings, her delinquencies, her ailing child, and her near neighbourhood were forgotten.

There could be no doubt that David was enjoying herself. The coffee, to be sure, was too weak, and the tea was too strong; but the cakes were a triumph of art, and the fruit was perfection. And then the flowers! A critic might have said there were too many, but what woman ever quarrelled with profusion, planned to do her honour? Certainly not David Lowther. She was well aware that the wealth of blossoms was incense offered at her shrine, and was pleased by the magnificence of the tribute; not more than pleased; since the mating of liking and interest with which she regarded Gale had not yet formed and cradled in her heart the offspring, love.

Having seen to the needs of his guests, Gale approached her. "You've been so busy pouring out that you've had no time to eat. What will you have?"

David, cloyed with sweets, longed for a piece of plain bread and butter, but a kindly appreciation of Gale's preparations caused her to curb her desire for simplicity to the extent of asking for some grapes. She ate them daintily, stripping each one of its skin before putting it

into her mouth, and Gale stood by in charmed admiration; it was like her, he said to himself, to avoid the vileness of spitting out the skins. Miss Barker, as it happened, was eating grapes in precisely the same way, but the method did not strike him as characteristic of Miss Barker.

Miss Barker, however, proved to be a valuable guest, not only because she held Percy captive during tea, but because she was a musician, and, tea over, played upon the piano which belonged to Mrs. Crouch's aunt, and which Gale, with alert foresight, had had tuned for the occasion. It took some time to disembarrass it from its burden of flowers; but, that being done, how delightful to inveigle Miss Lowther on to the balcony, to listen there to the strains of Grieg, and to feel that, not being actually in the room with the player, it was not impolite to make occasional remarks in low and confidential tones!

Miss Lowther found it pleasant, too. Gale's voice had always made appeal to her; his chest notes lent interest to even trivial remarks; and to-day there was a thrill in the tones and a personal tendency in the remarks which deepened the interest and created in her little thrills of new emotion.

Mrs. Lowther, seated within, in a black silk cloak and a mud-coloured alpaca, was thinking far more of the couple on the balcony than of her friend's music. Heart and soul, she was in favour of Gale's suit, and that less because she liked Gale than because she feared his rival. She knew the doctor, and she knew, or thought she knew, the weakness of youth; so long as David was fancy free, so long was there the chance of Cranley-Chance becoming her husband. But love once roused—by another, of course, than Chance—David would stand firm, and her mother

was ready to welcome Gale, both as a son-in-law and a saviour. To be sure, she knew but little of him, of his views of life, his opinions, his prospects; but he had won her heart; and she desired ardently to give David into his keeping.

It is proverbial that lookers-on see most of the game, and Cameron, not being deficient in perception, was well aware of what Mrs. Lowther had in her mind when, Miss Barker having ceased playing, and Percy being engaged at the piano in trying to find a song he could sing amongst her music, the little pale woman began to talk about Gale.

"I suppose you know Mr. Gale very well?" she asked in her timid tones.

Cameron, Scotch, had the Scotch wariness, and the Scotch faculty of parrying question with question. "Can an old man know a young one very well?" he answered.

Mrs. Lowther reflected. "I think so; if he remembers what he felt like when he was young."

"You would feel, then, that the young cannot know the old, having no experience of the outlook of age?"

"Very likely not," said Mrs. Lowther; she was in no mood for abstract discussion. "But about Mr. Gale. I think very well of him; and I—I hope you agree with me?"

"Yes, I like Gale, and I think"—Cameron spoke slowly —"he will make his mark."

The very last thing he desired for Sidney was to be Lowther's son-in-law, a position which would ensure his being penned within the orthodox fold; yet he could not put a spoke in the wheel of the young man's success, no matter in what direction that wheel was turning. It was not for him to mould Gale's destiny.

"I don't mind about that," Mrs. Lowther answered; "I

mind only about character. I think he would be kind." The remark, assertive in form, held an interrogative note.

"I am sure of it."

"Some men think that if women don't agree with all their views they are silly or sentimental; and I——" Mrs. Lowther stopped. Unused to the expression of any but the simplest thoughts, the diplomatic acquiring of information was hopelessly beyond her.

But Cameron had in him enough of the diplomat to perceive, as was indeed not difficult, what his companion wanted to know.

"I don't think our young friend would think it necessary to impose his views on anybody—man or woman," he said.

"No? So I think." Mrs. Lowther gave a little sigh. "I wish I knew what his views *are*."

Cameron laughed. "That would be a difficult thing for anybody to say, I fancy—himself included."

"You don't think he's very——"

"Dogmatic?"

"Yes; I couldn't find the word. Or scientific?"

Again Cameron laughed. "Perhaps you think the terms synonymous. At present," he went on, "I should be inclined to describe Gale's condition as one of fluid enthusiasm. It remains to be seen into what channel it will pour itself, or whether it will, perhaps, hew out one of its own."

"Scientific men are often hard, I think."

"Sometimes; some of them."

"I mean, of course, in the profession—my husband's profession. Astronomers and botanists—well, of course, it wouldn't be the same——" She stopped, for just then Burdon began to sing in a very deep bass voice.

"I always wonder," said David on the balcony, "if Percy takes off his voice when he takes off his boots."

Gale laughed, and was half ashamed of himself for doing so. "He's a dear old chap," he said.

"Yes, I know; but that doesn't prevent his voice coming from very low down. Let us go in and hear him growl. It's quite fitting that Doggie—I call Miss Barker Doggie—should be playing his accompaniment."

So they came back into the room, both somewhat elated, Gale by hope, David by the vague delightful sensations which herald the advent of love.

When Percy's song was over, Mrs. Lowther rose to go. "I've enjoyed myself so much," she said, as she shook Sidney's hand. "We both have."

"Are you coming with us, Doggie?" David asked. "It's no good asking you, Percy. You'll stay with Mr. Gale, I suppose, and smoke?"

"Yes, I think so, unless you want me."

"Oh, not at all. Don't let that trouble you."

"We shall see you at dinner, Percy?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha, certainly. Thanks very much."

Percy, in truth, was longing for an explanation of the disturbing words with which Gale had greeted him. It was all very well. Sidney was a wild chap, and had done many mad things; but when he had asked a fellow's aunt and cousin to tea, it was indecent—positively indecent—— The unexplained woman had sat on Percy's chest all through the entertainment, and dimmed even the pleasure of singing *"I fear no foe in shining armour,"* to Miss Barker's very delightful accompaniment. Gale, on the contrary, had forgotten her very existence. But he was soon to be reminded of it.

Coming out on to the landing to see his guests down-

stairs, his speech, his progress, and his elation were suddenly brought to a dead and horrified standstill by the sight of a figure which, at the same instant, emerged from his bedroom door. When David had first arrived Gale had thought that figure unfit for her eyes to rest upon; but the Sarah Jennings of an hour and a half ago was pleasing and presentable compared with the Sarah Jennings of the moment. For Gale had left upon his dressing-table a flask of brandy destined for the use of one of his poorer patients. It had been nearly full when his untimely visitor had entered the room; it was now nearly empty.

Dismay was on every face as Sidney Gale stopped short —except upon the face of Sarah Jennings. She, slightly lurching, made her way to the head of the stairs, and, grasping the banisters, stood with a vacant and contented smile, repeating feebly, "After you, ma'am, after you."

CHAPTER XXI

"I SHOULD wait," said Lowther. "Girls never know their own minds."

"Your daughter writes as if she knew hers," Cranley-Chance answered.

"She thinks she does." Lowther's tone was contemptuous. "If you'd done as much clinical work as I have, you'd know that girls are either hysterically romantic or hysterically disturbed. David is the romantic kind, and her romance has taken the form of imagining she wants to be an artist. She'll get over it, and if you've got the patience to wait, you can catch her at the psychological moment. Lucky for you you haven't got a more serious rival."

"Don't know that I haven't. What about young Gale?"

"Who's young Gale?"

"You ought to know, as it was at your house I met him. A friend of Burdon's—and of your wife's."

"Don't remember anything about him. What is he? What's he do?"

"Beginning practice—G.P."

"Phew! Suppose I'm going to give my daughter to a beggar?"

"She may not look on him as a beggar."

"What does that matter? Ain't I her father?"

"It's a wise father can manage his own daughter," paraphrased Chance gloomily.

"What do you know about him?"

"Oh, not much. Better ask Moreton Shand. He was at St. Anne's. They say," added Chance, seeking after generous utterance, but arriving only at what sounded like a sneer, "he's clever."

"A friend of Percy's! Not likely."

"Hall's a friend of Burdon's, too."

"Hall's certainly got his head screwed on right. But that's a chance. Percy's not likely to have another friend of that calibre."

"A friend of Percy's—probably an ass; a friend of Bertha's—bound to be a milksop," thought the doctor on his way home. It occurred to him, thinking over what Chance had said, that he would go and find Moreton Shand; it was just the hour when he would be likely to catch him.

Shand was at home, and Lowther came away from the interview triumphant. Not only an ass, but an arrogant ass, with leanings towards anti-vivisectionist ideas, and a not too good reputation for steadiness; he would probably find himself in a position to forbid Gale the house, and check any budding ideas as to falling in love on the part of David.

David's announcement at dinner that she and her mother had had tea with Gale that very afternoon caused Lowther to prick up his ears; there was perhaps something more than a rival's fears in what Chance had said. Well, he would soon put a stop to it all; especially as David's tendency to silence during the meal did not escape his aroused observation.

After dinner, port wine and cigars were preliminaries to questioning Percy about his friend.

Percy was loyal, but he was also, this evening, disgusted. His interview with Gale, after the scene which

ended the tea-party, had changed suspicion to certainty, and he was in that state of affronted indignation commonly called righteous. For Gale, quite unconscious of what was in Percy's mind, had submitted to the latter's strictures with unquestioning meekness. To him his offence seemed so black that he did not occupy himself in thinking how it could have been blacker. That he should so far have forgotten himself as to forget Sarah Jennings, and so subject David to the risk of what had actually occurred, appeared to him unpardonable; and he was in no wise astonished that Percy should take the same view. He longed, it is true, for sympathy, for a drop of balm to soothe the soreness of his discomfiture, but was too humbly contrite to resent either the absence of consolation or the violence of the epithets with which Burdon characterised his conduct.

When questioned by the doctor, therefore, Percy's answers lacked the whole-hearted conviction they would have displayed had the questions been put to him a few hours earlier. He did not want to betray his friend, but he stammered and hesitated; his replies were unwilling and evasive.

Lowther understood that Gale had a reputation for rowdiness. Was this rowdiness at all connected with women?

Percy reddened. He was not sufficiently in Gale's confidence to——

No, but what did he think?

Percy, with the scene of the afternoon vivid before him, said he—he could hardly say; it—it might be so. Not more perhaps than many another, but—— He was vexed with himself at what he was saying, and furious with Gale in that he could not avoid saying it. It was all

very well, but he saw, of course, what Uncle Bernard was after, and he was damned if he did think Sidney was good enough for David.

Uncle Bernard, for his part, had rarely been so pleased with his nephew: he had held a good hand to begin with, he thought, but Percy had given him trump cards which made the game he was about to play exceedingly simple.

That very night the game began: Lowther would be glad if his wife would give him a few minutes before going up to bed. Bertha, intuitive by nature and fearful by habit, guessed what was coming; and the forces which but a short time before she could have brought to the encounter, weak in themselves, were now considerably disabled. Bernard, of course, would rebel against accepting Gale as a son-in-law; the terrible thing was that she was torn with doubts as to whether, for reasons quite other than her husband's, she did not agree with him. She was disposed to be charitable, and poor Sarah Jennings' appearance was not such as she had been accustomed to associate with a world about which she preferred not to think; but the circumstances of her intrusion on the scene were uncomfortably suspicious, and Gale had been covered with what appeared like guilty confusion.

Lowther, in playing his game, was astute. He argued that his wife was an ignorant as well as an innocent woman; he credited her with the harsh judgment and the shrinking dismay to which ignorant innocence is prone; and, making no mention of Gale's financial or professional prospects, he based his disapproval entirely on the young man's immoral character, which he represented as being recognised and notorious.

Mrs. Lowther had put away her knitting for the night, and her unoccupied hands moved nervously.

"You are quite sure what you say is true?" she said.

"Ask Percy. I've been questioning him on the subject. You can do the same."

Bertha looked down in distressed silence. Could anything be more conclusive? There was this rumour, founded, doubtless, on fact of some kind, or it could not have reached Bernard's ears; there was the picture of that disreputable woman on the landing; and there was Percy's evidence which gave the picture a shameful explanation. She was less ignorant and also less conventional than her husband supposed, but she shrank, as he expected her to shrink, from the coarseness of sexual excesses; and she had not sufficient mental independence to weigh character against circumstantial evidence. She judged less hardly in the abstract than many women of limited observation; but where her own daughter was concerned, her code became rigid.

"You will see," Lowther went on, "that we should be wrong in encouraging Mr. Gale to come to the house. He evidently admires David, and it would never do to run the risk of her taking a fancy to such a man as I know him to be."

"No," said Mrs. Lowther, "no. But I've always liked him; and it's hard to believe——"

"No woman can tell what a man's like from seeing him in a drawing-room," said the doctor decisively.

"That's true," assented Mrs. Lowther.

She went to bed sorrowfully, all the more sorrowfully because to her was deputed the task of informing David that Gale must come no more to Harley Street. And the statement of the doctor's decision would not, she was well aware, complete that task. David would never consent to give up a friend simply because she was told to, espe-

cially if, as might well be the case, her feeling for Gale had gone further than friendship; and her mother would be obliged to tell or hint to her the reason why he was forbidden the house. She hardly slept that night, in her distress; while Lowther lay awake calculating the added chances in his friend's courtship.

David's rest was troubled by the thought of the sordid ugliness which for the first time had come close within her vision; Percy was disturbed by a mingling of anger with Gale and a sense that he had betrayed him; and Gale himself did not go to bed at all till well after dawn.

Sarah Jennings, meanwhile, snored comfortably, sunk in the deep sleep which is the portion of the just and the drunk.

CHAPTER XXII

THE fact that Sidney Gale saw Matilda Jennings through the measles and forgave Matilda's mother proves perhaps less generosity on his part than might at first appear; for he did not in the least realise the extent to which the unfortunate woman had injured him.

Sarah, sober, was overwhelmed by the proceedings of Sarah drunk; she had disgraced herself, she felt, in the eyes of her constant and almost her only friend; she longed to make reparation, and begged to be allowed to pay for the brandy which had so fatally relieved the tedium of her detention. The taking of the brandy seemed to her the worst feature of her offence, for she had been drunk more than once, and custom had dimmed the fervour of her contrition; but she had never taken anything that did not belong to her, and the idea that she had thieved added weight to her shame. Gale was touched by its depth, and had no inclination except to forgive her.

He was able in a day or two to look back with calmness on the catastrophe which had closed his party. He came to the conclusion that he had exaggerated its importance, but decided that in his vexation and embarrassment he had not offered adequate apologies for what had happened. Percy evidently was of that opinion, or he would never have slated him in the unmeasured terms in which he had indulged. On reflection it seemed to Gale that Percy had

been unwarrantably abusive; for, after all, what had happened had been mischance, and not studied insult, which was what one might have deduced from Burdon's criticisms. Well, he would put the matter right, and then inform Percy by letter that he was an ass.

He longed to set out for Harley Street forthwith, the necessary apology furnishing a good excuse for an immediate visit; but decided to wait till Sunday, a day on which Mrs. Lowther was invariably at home. His heart lightened. Mrs. Lowther—and David—would be sure to forgive him when they understood how the scene on the landing had come about, and would perhaps be induced to take an interest in Sarah Jennings.

On Sunday morning he cleaned his boots with extra care. 'Melia was not good at polishing, and Gale was accustomed to putting a shine on the cloudy surface of her hastily applied blacking. To-day that surface gleamed unusually smooth and bright, and he forgot the aching muscles of his arm in the satisfaction evoked by the aspect of his feet.

At a quarter to four he sallied forth, tempted to take a hansom to shorten the time of transit, but finally deciding to walk, for fear he should arrive too soon. How would Miss Lowther greet him? She had not, perhaps, been so disgusted as he had thought, and she was so sensible and so generous that she would surely not have taken offence. When it was all explained, then—— Here he was, at the very door.

He rang the bell; his right-hand glove was off before the man answered its summons. He prepared to step inside as soon as the door was opened.

"Mrs. Lowther——?"

But the man barred his way. Mrs. Lowther was not at home.

Every man who has been young and in love and has gone with joyful expectancy to call at the house of the beloved, will know what Gale felt like. Mrs. Lowther, when his card was brought to her, endured a sympathetic pang, and had to concentrate her thoughts on that unknown disreputable woman before she could regain a properly severe attitude of mind.

David, sitting by the window, saw Gale cross the street; saw, too, the dejection of his bearing; but David felt no pang. She had, as Mrs. Lowther had foreseen, insisted upon being told the reason of Gale's intended dismissal, and the reason, vaguely explained to her, had killed all pity for the culprit. Naturally pure in mind and devoid of curiosity, living a sheltered and limited life, she hardly knew of, and certainly did not realise, the existence of that which Mrs. Lowther's explanation indicated. Judy, indeed, for whom impropriety did not exist, and who held that young people of both sexes should be given sufficient knowledge to protect themselves against evils which ignorance could not annihilate, had sometimes spoken frankly in the course of the diatribes of which she delivered herself; but the key to comprehension had been lacking, and David, hearing, had not understood. Now knowledge and understanding burst suddenly and together upon her consciousness, and presented themselves not in connection with a general disorder, but as exponents of a particular case. She knew Gale, had talked with him, danced with him; nay, had stood with him on a balcony, and listened to words and tones which had thrilled her to new and exquisite sensation, investing the commonplace street below with magical glamour. In the shock

caused by her mother's words, she revolted in disgust from the thought of the man who had so nearly charmed her; and the love which was about to enter into being was strangled at the birth. Perhaps because of that dawning love, the bitterness of her feeling was keener; perhaps because her heart was secretly attracted to Gale, her soul was more ardent in revolt.

In the pain which she suffered, and which pride refused to acknowledge, she became more than ever determined to follow the artist's career. She abjured marriage and made up her mind to avoid men; art should absorb her interest, her efforts, and her profoundest affection. So much did Gale's supposed conduct strengthen the resolution which his personality had threatened to destroy, that she found courage during the following week to inform Lowther of the lines on which her life was to be lived.

He listened at first in incredulous contempt and with a secret satisfaction that he had been able to interfere in what he called Gale's designs before they had made further progress. It was evident that David had been disgusted, as he had meant her to be; but he meant also that the result of her disgust was to lead her, not to the following up of a ridiculous fancy, but to the arms of Cranley-Chance. To begin with, of course, he must humour her; which he did by refusing to treat the matter seriously. But David, a few days later, returned again to the attack; and yet again, till her father's patience and his sense of amusement were alike exhausted. Then, abandoning the sword of ridicule, he took up the sledge-hammer of authority, and brought it down so heavily on her hopes as entirely to crush them.

On a close and sultry day David sat alone in the drawing-room. It was some five weeks after Gale's tea-party,

and David and her mother had returned the day before from a three weeks' stay at Folkestone. Lowther had thought that sea breezes would blow tiresome fancies from his daughter's brain, and Mrs. Lowther had hailed with gladness the possibility of leaving London. Her tender heart shrank from the enforcement of Gale's banishment. He had shown himself unworthy of her liking; but he had been kind to her during the long months of David's absence, and she liked him still in spite of his unworthiness. To wound him, as she felt he must be wounded, was pain to her, and it was a relief to have "absence from town" as a true and sufficient excuse for not seeing him.

The seaside had given a respite to Mrs. Lowther's qualms, but it had not altered David's ideas. That very morning she had again given them utterance, and was met by the sledge-hammer retort of her father's final refusal. She felt very unhappy, very lonely, as she sat in the darkened room—for the windows looked west and the outside blinds were down; she missed Gale more than she knew, and, confronted with the blank of his absence, she sought desperately to fill it. An artist's life, originally her ambition, had now become her refuge, though she was unaware of the transmutation, and imagined that ambition had remained steadfast. Less than ever could she bear now to abandon it. Yet to take her own way, to rebel, using her own little income to procure her independence, meant a defiance of duty and a wounding of affections which, though not completely absorbing, were strong by nature and binding by habit. It seemed to David that her father's unreasonableness was patent and inexcusable; yet she continued to love him; as much, perhaps, because, as in spite of the dominating nature which allowed no disputing of his will. To be cut off from him altogether, to be forbidden

the house which was both dull and dear, to be separated completely from her mother's adoring and dependent affection, made a prospect which she could not face; while, on the other hand, she found submission, the abandonment of all her hopes and plans, impossible. She would never marry; of that she was sure, since men were horrid; but to be all her life nothing more individual than her father's daughter, sitting in the back seat which he had bidden her take, was an alternative to defiance which she felt almost incapable of accepting.

She had sat for an hour quite still, thinking and battling; she was tired now and wanted to stop thinking, to forget all that was troubling her. She began to long for her mother's return from Miss Barker's, to long for a caller, a letter, for anything that would take her mind away from its perplexities. So that even Cranley-Chance, coming in almost immediately after the tea-tray, was welcome as a diversion.

CHAPTER XXIII

"I HEAR Mrs. Lowther is out," said the professor, "but I thought I might venture, perhaps, to ask you for a cup of tea."

"Of course," said David. He bore her no ill-well, then, she reflected, for having refused his offer. That was nice of him.

"I've had a hard day's work," Cranley-Chance added, as if in justification of his desire for tea.

"Lucky person! I wish I had."

The professor smiled. "The charm of the unknown?"

"I suppose you think women are incapable of doing anything but amuse themselves."

"I'm ready to be corrected—and instructed."

"Instruction is not my *forte,* I'm afraid. What have you been working at?"

"My book. I think I told you I was writing another."

"Yes, of course." The telling her about this book had been one of the things that had flattered and pleased David most. She had forgotten all about it during the last few weeks, but now her interest revived. She remembered that the professor considered her intelligent, and in her crushed and baffled mood it was comforting to be with a person who thought her clever. "How is it getting on?" she asked.

"Pretty well." Chance's smile said "splendidly."

"I wish I'd been born a man," said David.

The remark sounded irrelevant, but so intent was

Cranley-Chance on trying to please this inconsequent girl that he abandoned his book without a qualm. "May I ask why?"

"I should have thought the reason was obvious. Because men can always do as they like."

"You think so? I know one who can't, at any rate."

"I mean," said David, quick to perceive his drift, "that if they can't do one thing, they can do another. A man can always work."

"Can't a woman?"

"Not unless she's an orphan or a charwoman."

"Your mother's neither, and she seems to me never to stop working all day. I have sometimes wondered——" "whether she works all night," Chance had been going to say, but stopped himself.

"Knitting! That's not my idea of work; *that* is employment."

"What is your idea of work?"

"Something that's of use to the world."

"The world wants stockings, you know."

"Machinery makes stockings." David's glance was a reproof to his flippancy. "What I mean is to make great discoveries, write great books, paint great pictures."

"One can do a good deal in that way, you know, without it turning out great."

"If you're sufficiently in earnest, you *must* do something good. *I am.*"

The youthful self-confidence of the remark, the implied capacity, appealed to Cranley-Chance's sense of humour; but he was careful not to let his amusement appear.

"Do you still want to be an artist?" he asked gravely.

"Of course. Do you suppose one changes from week to week? I want it more than ever."

"It seems a pity not to follow your bent." He looked at David across the table. "Such a pity!"

She was craving for sympathy, craving too for an outlet for her sense of injury and injustice, of baffled will and energy.

"You think so?" she said eagerly. "You agree with me?"

"Most certainly."

"Oh!" David clasped her hands beneath the tea-table. "Then I wish you'd speak to father."

Lowther, as it happened, had dropped in to lunch with the professor that very day, and the two had discussed David, her desires and the situation generally.

"If I let her go off wild-goose chasing in studios," the doctor had said, "she'll never tame down." His advice to Chance had been to wait, to leave her alone for a time, and then recommence his courtship. "If she gets a bit moped, she'll be all the more likely to listen to you," he said.

But Chance, listening to the doctor's account of his interview with his daughter, thought he saw a better way than waiting. He said nothing, but he had come this afternoon to see if his idea had value. Now, in answer to David's pleading, he shook his head.

"You know what your father is! If *you* can't move him, I'm afraid I couldn't. Does he absolutely discourage you, then?"

"Discourage! He forbids me to think of anything of the kind."

"Poor David!" Cranley-Chance had never called her anything but Miss Lowther, but his voice was so soft and so kind that she did not notice the use of her Christian name. He waited a moment, and then said, "I'm sure he's mistaken."

"Not to let me be an artist?"

How charming she looked with her flushed cheeks and her eyes alight with eagerness!

"Yes," said Chance.

"You think so? I'm so glad."

"Perhaps you haven't talked to him as you've talked to me—about art, I mean."

"No, I haven't. I couldn't, of course. Father hates art and artists, you know."

"And *I* care so much for both."

"I know. I remember seeing your collection, and admiring it. Though I don't think," added David, with the air of an accomplished connoisseur, "that I care for the Dutch school as much as for the early Italian."

"My taste is entirely untrained. If I'd had more sympathetic companionship in those days, I might have cultivated it."

"Oh, I don't mean to decry the Dutch school, and I don't mean to set up as a critic. Only, if you compare it with the early Italian, the significance——" She was beginning to enjoy herself, and she stopped only because her ideas about art were so unformulated that she did not quite know what she wanted to say.

Cranley-Chance, however, came to the rescue. "The significance," said he, "makes all the difference."

He was really very understanding, and it was pleasant to talk to him again, more especially when, in her home, she was starved of conversation of the kind.

"How did you propose to start in your career?" he asked presently.

"I *have* started. I studied hard at Lapellière. And now"—her voice slightly faltered—"it's all no use."

"Don't say that. Nothing is ever lost," said Chance

profoundly. "You never know when your opportunity may come. But if you could have your way, how would you—not start, but go on?"

The question cut away the last barrier from David's reserve. Her dreams rushed to her lips; the lessons from the eminent artists, the studio all her own, the Bohemian life, the successful achievement; the last only hinted at.

Cranley-Chance listened with his eyes upon her face; she was very sweet and fresh, very ingenuous and delightful; and by and by, in a home and with interests of her own, these girlish dreams would die. But to begin with, she should have such toys as she chose to play with; she would tire of them in time, and find her husband's name and fame sufficient to satisfy her ambition—if she would let him be her husband! He advanced warily. He longed to take her in his arms, but all he said was, "I wish it might be. I wish you could have your chance."

"And you can't help me? You think father——"

He shook his head. "No, he wouldn't listen to me; there's no chance *that* way."

"You wouldn't advise me to defy him? And that's the only alternative."

"Not the only one. There's another way, a sure one—if you'd take it."

David looked at him. "Oh, no, I couldn't," she said quickly.

But Cranley-Chance meant to go on. "If you were my wife," he said, "you should have a studio of your own and study under any artists you chose. The studio should be in the house; I would have one built on, or outside it, in an artists' quarter. You should lead your own life, choose your own friends, follow your own career, without any interference from me, except to help you."

She couldn't, no, she couldn't; she didn't like him enough—though she *liked* him; and he was sympathetic, understood her. But—a studio of her own—lead her own life—follow her career! It would hardly be like being married at all. She wasn't the least in love with him—never could be. But love! What did love matter? She had abjured it. He was kind, and—and clean. To her innocence the fact of the professor's having remained unmarried till he was forty-six proved that he was superior to the failings of Gale and his kind.

She hesitated, taking a mental view of herself as David Lowther, the well-known specialist's daughter who did nothing; and again as—as Mrs. Cranley-Chance, the artist, famous, gifted, painting pictures of renown. It all went through her mind in flashes. She could not——; but if she could! He would not interfere with her, he said; she should do as she liked, consort with whom she liked. She wondered——

Cranley-Chance waited, noting her hesitation, patient and hopeful; waited, but not too long. Her dreams were repeated—but in his words: her career was sketched in brilliant colours—of his painting.

She thought of Gale (not wanting then to think of him), and hated him; she thought of her daily life at home, and shrank from the monotony of it. There was but one way to freedom and to art, and Chance tempted her towards it with admirable tact.

In the end she took that way; on condition that she should address Chance as Cranley and never be expected to call him Sampson.

Lowther, when he heard the news, was jubilant. "I told you I knew how to manage her," he said.

His approval was expressed in an extensive trousseau

and in the settlement on his daughter of five thousand pounds.

David, herself, was hardly happy, yet not unhappy; she was vehemently active. There was so much to do; for there was nothing to wait for, said Cranley-Chance; nothing in the world, echoed the doctor; and David was absorbed in studio-hunting. She decided on one on Campden Hill. It was far enough away from her own neighbourhood to satisfy her desire for remoteness, yet easily accessible from the house in Manchester Square which was to be her home.

Cranley-Chance, whose love gave him insight, and whose insight endowed him with discretion, humoured her to the top of her bent. To Lowther, who remonstrated with him for encouraging David's vagaries, he said, "I have taken the studio by the quarter only"; and Lowther understood that the studio was to be a temporary toy, and remonstrated no more.

Mrs. Lowther was silently miserable. Once, when the engagement was but a few hours old, she had gone to David's room and pleaded with her daughter to break it. David kept in her memory the picture of her mother in her shabby dressing-gown, with quivering hands, a face strangely unlike the face that bent over her knitting, and a voice that faltered. But Mrs. Lowther's arguments carried no conviction to her daughter's ears. David soothed her mother, but did not heed her; she found in Bertha's words no reason for turning back from the course on which she had started.

Bertha's thoughts went often to Gale during the short period of David's engagement; with all his faults, she would have preferred him to Cranley-Chance. She had her own code of morality—not a lax one; and the younger

man had transgressed, as she believed, one of its laws; but the older had violated the principles on which it was based.

In the church, on David's wedding day, holding back tears which threatened to fall on her purple silk dress, Mrs. Lowther happened to glance upwards and saw Gale sitting in a corner of the gallery. Her heart went out to him;—they were together in suffering.

Gale, catching her upward glance, drew back. He was passionately miserable; but young enough, fresh enough, innocent enough, to be capable of appreciating what has been termed the luxury of woe. His dream was dead, but there was a romantic, exquisite torment in watching its entombment; in draining his cup of suffering to its last and bitterest dregs. He had put on his shabbiest clothes; there was a sort of grim comfort in the congruity of 'Melia's unaided blacking of his boots; his hair stood out, defiant of restraint, a mass of tawny untidiness.

CHAPTER XXIV

JOHN CAMERON glanced at the clock. "The laddie's late," he said half aloud.

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and Sidney Gale came in. Eight years had taken away the colt-like aspect of the medical student and given to his bearing the equilibrium of the man steadied down to his calling. That Gale had a definite calling was apparent; the nature of it was less patent. He had acquired neither the suavity of the physician nor the dogmatie inscrutability of the surgeon; obviously a busy man, his individuality was too strong to be submerged in the characteristics of a type.

"I was afraid I was late," he said.

"Later than I expected you."

"Later than I intended to be, but I had a case I couldn't leave."

"A bad one?"

"No; it'll go all right, I think, now that I've got a free hand. I've had a tussle. They wanted a second opinion, and nobody would do but Moreton Shand."

"Ah!"

"We didn't agree."

"I'm not surprised."

"You're thinking of my hospital days."

"No, I should date the disagreement between you further back than that. I should call it ante-natal."

Gale laughed. "A matter of æons?"

Cameron laughed too. "We'll call it innate. Well, and you didn't agree?"

Gale shook his head. "He wanted to operate. I—didn't."

"Just so. And you won?"

"In the end. The father of the girl wanted to kick me out; but his wife believes in me, and kicked against the kicking."

"What was it—is it, I mean?"

"Congestion of the ovary, wtih slight intestinal disturbance. Shand diagnosed it appendicitis—of course."

"A stomach-ache is appendicitis now, eh?"

"It almost comes to that. And if the appendix is even under suspicion, poor thing, out it comes. Lord, how the mortality in intestinal operations has gone up since Treves —with the most merciful intentions—invented his operation!"

"Treves' operation is not the only one on the increase."

"No," said Gale gloomily, "it's in everything."

"If you exercise your logic, you'll see why."

"Oh, come, that's taboo!"

"Logic? I think it is."

"No, Cameron's entire." It was the name Gale had given to the older man's opinions and philosophy.

Cameron laughed quietly. "You can't taboo a trend, my boy."

"No, you must fight it."

"It's waste of time to fight your own convictions."

"Wasn't thinking of my convictions. I was thinking of the operation craze."

"It's not much good fighting *that;* it's only a branch. You must go to the root. And your trend," Cameron added, "is rootwards."

"It may be." Gale stretched himself and yawned slight-

ly. "It may be. Have you known Mrs. Home long?" he asked.

"No; but I have known her great friend, Mrs. West, for some years; and I knew Judith Home's mother—slightly." Cameron took a long whiff at his pipe, and let the smoke out slowly. "She was a kind of connection of my wife's."

"I never knew——" began Gale, and stopped.

"That I had been married? Yes. It was a good long time ago—in Edinburgh, when I was quite a young man—younger than you are now, Sidney."

"I don't consider myself young at all," said Gale. His hair was still much thicker than that of the ordinary man, especially the ordinary professional man, and it still retained its tendency to stand out from his head. Cameron, looking at him and at his clear, alert eyes, smiled. Presently he went on speaking.

"In those days," he said, "my views were the general views; vivisection was little practised, little countenanced. Men, my contemporaries, who are not only vivisectionists, but vivisectors now, wrote against it then. Bradshaw was one of them; Lowther was another. Then came the change. It was thought that vivisection opened up a field of boundless discovery, boundless knowledge. The end had a glamour that glorified the means; and selfishness in the guise of sentiment extolled those means; it was for the good of humanity." Cameron laid down his pipe. "Poor humanity!"

"It *is* for the good of humanity."

"Ay? Even if it could help the bodies, diseased with self-indulgence, or feeble from starvation and foul air; if sera and vaccines could restore what want and misery and vice had destroyed; even, if it would do all that—and it can't, lad, it can't—it wouldn't be worth while. It's better

for men to be pitiful than even to be free from pain, better to be merciful than immune from disease. It wouldn't profit humanity, in the long run, to gain the whole world, if it lost its own soul."

"You take a—the view of a transcendentalist," said Gale.

"I take the only view possible to a man who thinks and is not a materialist. I don't blame a materialist for taking another one, it's only logical. Cruelty is a sin of the spirit, and for him cannot, as sin, exist. It's just a means, as much as any other means, to attain his end."

"And do you mean to say that a vivisector is always and necessarily cruel?"

"I mean to say that pity is a thing that can't be laid down and taken up again like a hat a man wears on his head; that you can't continually lose it within the walls of a laboratory and find it again as soon as you get outside."

"I know men, all the same——"

"Yes, yes, so do I—or did know them; men with an excellent bedside manner, men with a reputation for gentleness. Yet it dulls their humanity. Such men—honourable men, mind you, according to their own standard, and honourable, too, in many ways, according to mine—grow callous in the matter of inflicting pain. If there's a ghost of an excuse for operating on a poorer patient, and sometimes even on a richer one——"

"No, no, no," said Gale, "that's scandalous."

"What do you know of Moreton Shand? and do you know no others like him? And look here: I knew a surgeon—a great surgeon—and to show he had an open mind as to the treatment of tumours by electricity, he had an installation put up in his own consulting rooms. But when one of his patients chose to have electrical treat-

ment instead of being operated upon, he was supremely disgusted; because, as he himself told me, she was well able to pay for the operation."[1]

Gale burst into a laugh. "I should say that patient didn't get much result from the electrical treatment," he said.

"When pity dies and kindliness, there's not much chance for honour. And you may say what you like, laddie, but the spirit of the laboratory is spreading through the profession. I often wish the humane men, the really humane—and there are plenty of them—could have first-hand knowledge of what goes on in some of these places."

"Is your knowledge"—Gale hesitated—"first-hand?"

"Ay." Cameron made one of his long pauses, but Gale knew him well now, and waited.

"In my young days," he said by and by, "I was an assistant for a time in the laboratory of an experimental physiologist. For a time; for I couldn't stand it. You either get used to it, get not to care, or you can't stand it at all. I was one of those who can't stand it. I came out of it, and then—I'd married what folks would call foolishly young, and I had a wife and bairn. I had something of my own, but not enough to be idle on. It was hard to get on in Edinburgh in those days if you didn't do what they called moving with the times. I didn't risk it. I became an Army surgeon, and we went out to India; not to a good station. The climate was—well, deadly, and did its deadly work. I came back alone." Cameron took up the pipe he had laid down. "Judith Home reminds me a little of my wife."

Gale showed his sympathy in the Englishman's usual way; that is to say, he was silent.

[1]App. 4.

"I found the vivisection craze in full force," Cameron went on. "I remembered the laboratory, and I knew that an anti had a poor chance. I'd found in India other lines of research than the physiological; and when I left the Army, I just settled here in London and followed them up."

"Gave up the profession altogether?"

"As far as a profession, yes. I've just kept my hand in by looking after a few poor bodies who can't afford fees."

"You know, of course, that Mrs. Home is a rabid A.-V.?"

Cameron nodded. "Ay, and a militant one. By the way, where did you meet her?"

"At the Lowthers'—before Lowther discovered her identity."

"You and Lowther are quite chummy now."

Gale shook his head and laughed. "Hardly that. Since I got my head above water, he gives me his countenance."

"And will, so long as you swim with the stream. Do you like him?"

Gale shrugged his shoulders. "He's clever, and I like his brains. Besides, I'm sorry for his wife."

"Why?"

Again the shoulders went up. "I don't know—except that she's always sitting still and always looks as if she were sat upon."

"Do you know how Mrs. Cranley-Chance is?"

"Well, I believe."

"The child's a great trouble to her."

"Must be."

"You don't go there?"

"No. Cranley-Chance has never cottoned to me. Well, good-night."

"Good-night, laddie." Cameron's eyes were full of affection.

When Gale had gone he went back to his chair with a troubled look on his face. "I wonder!" he said once in the half-audible tone in which he sometimes spoke when he was alone. Presently he closed his eyes, and, his body upright, his hands resting on his knees, sat motionless. When he opened his eyes again, his face was set in a mould of peace.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Percy Burdon discovered, as he did the first time he and Gale met after Gale's unfortunate tea-party, the true explanation of its climax, he was filled with abject contrition. He went first to Lowther, who laughed; then to Mrs. Lowther, who cried. To David he could not go, as she was on her wedding trip at the time; and it was Mrs. Lowther who told her daughter of the mistake that had been made.

"You had better ask him to come and see you again," was all David said. "I can't, because Cranley doesn't like him."

"Why doesn't he like him?"

"I suppose because he credits him with all the faults and failings that make people unlikable."

"Oh, but, David, now that he is cleared——"

"The clearing would not make any difference with Cranley." She did not add, "He is jealous"; but she knew in her heart the reason for her husband's dislike of Gale, and recognised, with a slight contempt, that she must not seek to renew even her acquaintanceship with the young man.

Bertha, on David's advice, entered into no sort of explanation with Gale; she simply asked him to tea, and, when he came, said she was sorry that it was so long since she had seen him. He did not know till many years after why, on two consecutive Sundays, Mrs. Lowther had been "not at home."

After the second abortive visit, David's engagement had been announced, and he had not again sought admission to the house in Harley Street.

He had sent Miss Lowther a wedding present—four silver salt-cellars in a case lined with blue velvet; and then had gone about his work in a dazed, determined way, eating his heart out in his acute disappointment.

The pain was keen, but there was no bitterness in it. It was humiliating to think that her liking for him had been dominated all the time by love for Chance; for she had liked him; he had even hoped—that afternoon on the balcony, especially—— But she had not treated him badly, had not flirted, as a lighter woman might have done. He did not blame her; having placed her high in his esteem, he saw no cause, just because she could not care for him, to give her a lower place. So he kept his high thought of her, and a reverent adoration, cherished in the realm of romance and forbidden the plane of sense. On that plane, in the years that followed David's marriage, it could not be said that he lived spotlessly; but, if he sinned in the flesh, in his imagination the woman he had loved reigned undefiled.

He and David met from time to time; at her father's house; later on, as Gale's practice grew, and his name became a known one, at the houses of common friends. Her manner to him was always the same; unembarrassed, gently gay. He thought she seemed happy, and was glad; it was certain that as her womanhood matured her beauty gained.

Cranley-Chance's prediction as to David's studio had been fulfilled, but not in the way predicted by Cranley-Chance. For David had not tired of painting, of studying, of giving tea-parties in that domain at Campden Hill which was all her own.

After the first six months, it was, in very fact, her own. At first her husband had paid the rent; it was the toy wherewith he had lured her to his home; but when David did not tire of the toy, when she made the game of painting the chief occupation of her life, Chance showed a tentative unwillingness to provide her with the means of playing it.

David was quick of perception; in the bud of demur she saw the blossom of denial, and with the straightforward boldness which was tactically characteristic of her, at once opposed and foiled her husband's manœuvres. Her private purse, she said, the income derived from her aunt's legacy and her marriage settlement, was quite sufficient to cover the rent of the studio as well as her personal expenses, and she could not allow Cranley to continue to pay it.

Cranley perceived his mistake; there should have been no marriage settlement; his bird had too wide a cage. But he was prudent, since his desire was rather to tame the bird than to clip its wings; and he solaced himself with the hope that her dress and amusements (she dressed charmingly and amused herself considerably) would absorb so large a proportion of her time and money, that the studio would go to the wall.

But David liked the studio, liked the idea of it even better than the studio itself. She assembled within its walls those friends of old standing or recent acquisition who, instinct told her, would not be welcome at Manchester Square (John Cameron was amongst them; Sidney Gale was not); and lived to a certain extent the life she had dreamed of. Perhaps the celebrities and oddities that she gathered about her hardly thought her a great artist; not even, it may be, potentially great; but they all agreed that

she was a charming woman; and David's parties were a success.

Sometimes her husband was a guest; but always a guest; the chief guest, and treated with honour, but never approaching to the position of host; and it was perhaps well for the popularity of David's studio that Cranley-Chance was not often in it. A busy man, occupied all day either in his laboratory or in the writing of his books, he could not declare himself aggrieved if David also was all day occupied and absent. She could not be said to neglect her housekeeping, and in the evening she was always ready to sit with him at home or go with him whithersoever he wanted to take her. In scientific circles Cranley-Chance's wife was a well-known and popular figure; and her popularity spread through the wider and more fashionable world to which the professor's achievements gave him access.

Chance was proud of her, and, in that he possessed her, happy; yet in his cup of happiness there was always the poisoned drop. She was his, and in all that she did, save in that matter of the studio, he approved her; but—just because he loved her—he felt she was more loyal than loving. The bird he had snared so deftly was secure in its cage, and fluttered not at all against the bars; but he was haunted by the idea that Sidney Gale had, so to speak, once put salt upon its tail, and claimed from his captive a secret but abiding allegiance.

Yet David thought very little of Sidney Gale. She was glad when she met him, for, the slur wiped from his reputation, her liking for him had revived. Her interest had never died, and increased as the years strengthened his personality, brought him experience and skill, set him on the ladder of renown. She was glad to meet him, but she never talked to him much; she was aware of the tail and

salt myth in her husband's mind; she could not dispel it, but would not torment him by giving it countenance. For David's somewhat restrained up-bringing, and the unuttered philosophy of her mother's daily life, had given her a very simple code. Marriage was sacred to her, a definite sphere, defined by duty, pervaded, on the woman's side at least, by courtesy; she would have thought it as unfitting to excite her husband's jealousy as to flirt for her own amusement.

After two years there came an interruption to her painting and her parties in the shape of a baby son. The professor hoped that he would break the studio spell; but the child lived only a few days, and Campden Hill became more of a refuge than ever.

Nevertheless, Campden Hill was doomed.

Fifteen months later came another baby, a girl, beautifully strong and healthy, and in the first joyful months of motherhood David's painting went to the wall. She kept on the studio, for the child and her art could exist, she declared, side by side; and by and by, as Vi grew out of babyhood, the painting and the parties began again. But the parties now were in excess of the painting.

Then, in David's sky, a cloud formed, small at first and thin as vapour, but growing in size and density till it covered her eyes and changed the focus of her gaze on life.

The nurse, in pure carelessness, or by inevitable accident, had let the child fall in lifting it from its perambulator; and though at first Vi showed no sign of any but passing injuries, the course of the years proved that the fall had left an abiding hurt. David hardly knew when she began to notice the lack of power in the child's legs, the drag and the feebleness, and at first she was persuaded that they arose only from too rapid growth. Vi's father and grand-

father, examining her in David's absence, shook their heads as they noted the loss of the knee reflexes, and were prepared for the decline of functional control, the muscular atrophy that increased and persisted; till at last it was no longer possible for David to hide from herself the fact that Vi was a cripple, suffering and helpless.

After that there was no more thought of studio parties or artistic fame in David's mind. For the case was hopeless, said Lowther, said Moreton Shand, said Bell and Barkworth and Stoughton-Lee; said all the leading men. It was myelites, and recovery was impossible. David knew no emotion save passionate pity, no ambition save to soothe the child's suffering.

In her agony she turned to her husband. "Can you do nothing—with all your cleverness and discoveries, nothing?"

He shook his head. "Not immediately; but I never know. Each time I enter my laboratory there is always the chance of new knowledge, the chance of finding out the way to help. I need hardly tell you that all that can be done to save the child shall be done; every line of investigation that promises the slightest hope followed to the very end."

She thought of nothing but Vi; the whole world was Vi; the pain, the fear, the anguish of all creation was as nothing compared with the suffering of Vi. She was drawn nearer to her husband than she had ever thought to be; and Cranley-Chance, grieving for his child, yet blessed the child, and blessed the work which, together with the child, had made a bridge from David's heart to his own.

CHAPTER XXVI

DAVID sat in her drawing-room and waited. It was late spring, a warm and sunny day, and she wore a white dress and made a pretty picture as she sat by the long window, looking out into the Square.

Judith Home had been in England nearly two months, and she and David had not yet met. This was partly due to the fact that Judith's headquarters were at Camp Willow with her friend Mrs. West, and that her visits to London were of the kind termed flying, but partly also to an absence of eagerness on David's side to bring about a meeting. To herself David hardly admitted this absence; her surface self, indeed, maintained that she longed to see her friend of the old Lapellière days; and there was something in her heart that genuinely echoed the longing. But between inmost heart and surface self was a layer of consciousness which shrank from seeing Judy, which was antagonistic to her, almost bitter against her; and it was in this part of David that the various obstacles which had hitherto stood in the way of a meeting had really, though not apparently, even to David's self, found their origin.

And now, at last, the meeting was to take place. Judith had written a week ago and suggested coming to Manchester Square on one of two afternoons; and the one part of David's consciousness had found no adequate excuse wherewith to deceive the other part and her friend.

Now, as she sat waiting, the pleasure of Judy's coming cast into the background the disturbing possibilities of her presence. David thought of the face she had admired, the ways that had appealed to her, the character and mind that had impressed her girlish admiration. Ah! but there came in the doubt, the holding back, the strain of aloofness. She had been but a girl at Lapellière, with——

Was that Judy, now, turning the corner from Duke Street? Yes, with her old walk and her old confident air. All the doubts rushed away from David's mind, and love grew warm in her heart: she opened the French window and stepped out on to the balcony.

"Mrs. Home!" she called, and Judith stopped and looked up and smiled at her and waved a grey-gloved hand.

David did not go downstairs to receive her guest; she waited by the window and only moved forward when Judy was ushered in. The two women met half way across the room.

"I'm so, so glad," David said, and she was; in that first moment of meeting, gladness alone possessed her.

"You are a married woman now," said Judith presently, "and so we are peers, and there must be no more 'Mrs. Home.'"

David was pleased; the old charm was upon her, the old adoration was stirring anew. Yet in her pleasure she was not wholly comfortable, wholly at peace. To her direct nature, complete friendship seemed impossible without complete understanding, and she knew that between herself and Judith there was fixed a great gulf of conviction. Judith, remembering, probably, the gulf, would be unaware how much it had widened and deepened; unaware that what had been in the girl a tacit acceptance

of her father's creed, had become in the woman an article of living and passionate faith. Would it be better at once to inform her, to make her own position quite clear? For the moment Judith took the decision out of her hands. She was in no mood for discussing any topics other than those directly personal; and she must hear about David's painting and her daily life, and be shown over the house, and—see little Vi.

As she bent over the child, David's heart went out to her; she was so tender, so tactful, and so free from embarrassed commisseration. Frankly she admitted the tragedy of the child's condition; frankly, too, yet unostentatiously, she showed her sympathy. And David, feeling the sympathy, almost forgot the gulf between them; and remembering it, was half persuaded that, confronted with the morsel of suffering that was Vi, Judy would leap its depths and take up the same position as her own. But the persuasion was hardly strong enough to find its way to her lips; and downstairs there was no opportunity of uttering it, for in the drawing-room Cranley-Chance was waiting for his tea.

David introduced her friend, and was instantly conscious that friend and husband were mutually antagonistic. Cranley was pompous, superior, and distant; and Judith's manner took on a mockery of meekness which David, knowing her of old, recognised as a danger signal.

When she had gone the professor turned to his wife. "That's the woman you were with at Lapellière, isn't it?"

"Yes. She's come to live in England."

"In London?"

"I don't know. Probably."

"I hope not."

The colour deepened in David's cheeks. "Why?" she

asked, but the question was rhetorical, since instinctively she knew the answer to it.

"Because, being your friend, I don't want to forbid her the house; but frankly, though I am too contemptuous of her and her kind to care whether I see her or not, I dislike to receive, or that my wife should receive, a person of her views."

"She is my friend," said David.

"Sorry for it. And your child's friend?"

Again David coloured. "Whatever she may think or do, her motives are of the purest," she said.

"A woman who thinks more of a few cats and dogs and guinea-pigs than of a child's salvation!"

"Oh, Cranley, it's because she's never been brought face to face with an actual concrete instance of what her views would lead to. Believe me, if she once sees and understands, she will take the right, the logical view."

"Women, my dear, have no logic. They are sentimentalists, and the sentimentalist has no sense of reason."

"I also am a woman; yet you have repeatedly called me reasonable."

"Your mind has been trained by men," answered the professor, and went downstairs to his study.

"I wonder by what men my mind has been trained," David reflected when she was left alone. "I accepted father's ideas when they had to do with things I knew nothing about; but when it came to things I did know anything about——! I should think perhaps Doggie and Judith Home have had more to do with influencing my mind than most people. But nobody knows anything, can judge of anything, till they come into contact with actual facts, till they experience things."

Her thoughts ran on, setting forth her progress from

theories to convictions. She saw herself shaken in spite of herself by Judy's aims and arguments, saw herself intellectually interested, emotionally indifferent; then saw emotion leap flame-like at the touch of experience, kindling a very furnace of convinced enthusiasm. No more philosophical dalliance with theories; fact had ranged feeling and reason side by side in fervent activity. The suffering of her child, the bare possibility of its physical salvation had swept aside all speculation, all questioning, and set in their place unhesitating certainty. She was a mother; she had a suffering child; and so she had knowledge of, could authoritatively pronounce upon, all problems in which maternity, childhood, and suffering were concerned. So David reasoned.

If she had been told that there is no problem of all life's problems which can be entirely dissociated from the rest, none that is not affected by or has not some bearing on the others, that all are intertwined and all must be studied ere one can be mastered, she would have protested with the vehement protest of limited observation. For at this time her ignorance of life was great in proportion to the narrowness of her experience; and her experience was as narrow as is that of most people who lead the kind of life that David led, who meet only the kind of people whom David met, whose imagination is either not sufficiently keen or sufficiently awakened to enable them to realise conditions, emotions, and points of view differing from their own and those of their immediate neighbours.

To her the martyrdom of disease was the only martyrdom that mattered. Tending Vi, she knew nothing of the mothers who must leave their children for ten hours a day to earn half a crown a week; nothing of the children

who begin, as infants of four, a daily toil; nothing of the tideless sea of suffering in which millions of sentient beings, human and animal, day after day and year after year, struggle and agonise and die. If David had been told that this sea is fed by love that is selfish as well as by selfishness that knows no love, she would have cried out in angry incredulity. All love for another was unselfish, and a mother's love supremely free from the taint of self: her love for Vi was a holy thing, and all impulses and views which sprang from that love must be holy, too.

Cranley-Chance, satisfied with his wife's attitude, was not concerned to find out whether she had reached it by means of sentiment or logic. He assumed that it was the outcome of association with his own scientific mind.

CHAPTER XXVII

IT was not possible that David and Judith should avoid, for any length of time, the open recognition of the gulf which lay between them, and ten days after their first meeting they found themselves face to face with it.

They were in the nursery at the time, and David turned to the elder woman a face of passionate reproach.

"How you can look at that little white face and think as you profess to think, I can't imagine," she cried.

"I have looked at so many white faces," Judy said, "so very many, of quite little children, who, added to illness, had hunger to bear, and cold, and neglect, and dirt. I have seen them with nothing to look forward to but death, merciful to such, or life, merciless; life with starved, degenerate bodies, perverted instincts, stunted brains. I have asked what science, what the system you extol, offers for their aid. It gives them, I find, vaccination, anti-toxin and serums, in experimental profusion. They need bread, and science offers them serums!"

"Bread is the province of charity," said David. "Science has nothing to do with philanthropy."

"Nothing," Judith agreed, "nothing."

"I mean," amended David, "as far as feeding goes. Science—medical science, I should say—is concerned solely with the curing of disease."

"And not at all with the maintaining and procuring of health."

"How can you maintain health in the case of—of this little child?" said David, with quivering lips. "To procure it—is not that what we are trying to do? And am I not justified, is science not justified, in using every available means to find out how it is to be done?"

"If the death of another child could restore Vi to what she was, would you use that means?"

"The question is absurd. Of course I would not."

"That's what I wanted to know; where you draw the line between honour and dishonour."

"I draw the line between right and wrong. As for honour—science has nothing to do with honour or dishonour. Its one aim is to know, to find out, to discover. In the patient, strenuous work of science, all means become honourable." David spoke glibly; the pronouncement she made was one of her husband's favourite aphorisms.

As she spoke she moved across the room to the door, and Judy followed her.

Together and in silence the two women descended the stairs, David's face showing triumphant indignation, Judith's a gentle inscrutability; but when they reached David's sitting-room, Judith turned and faced her friend.

"If——" she began; but David interrupted her.

"We had better not discuss this any more," she said. "Better leave it alone."

"Not at all," Judy answered; "we will discuss it fully, once and for all, and then for ever hereafter hold our peace."

"You had better sit down then."

"*You* had better. As for me, when I am on the war-path I like to keep moving. And I'm on the war-path now."

Her words brought to David a quick vision of the Lapellière villa, and Judith pacing up and down the

flagged floor, giving forth from the store-house of her experience and conviction things both new and old; all of them, well-nigh, in those days, new, strange, and original to the girl who watched, admired, and loved her. She loved her still, and still—yes—admired her; but—— She who had been a girl at the villa was a woman now, with her own observation of life to guide her, her own experience; an experience fuller, profounder than had fallen to Judith's lot; and there were certain things, she felt, upon which Judith was incompetent to pronounce an opinion. A woman who had never had a child, to argue with a mother upon the ethics of motherhood! The thing was absurd.

She sat down with something of irritation in her mind. The great gulf fixed between her and Judith was, as she now recognised, not to be crossed; Judith had refused the firm plank offered for her transit; and to throw out twigs of argument which could never bridge the depths was a waste of time—and temper.

"If," said Judith, standing at first before the fireplace, "the one purpose of science is knowledge; if it considers nothing but its own advancement; if its end sanctifies any and every means; why, in the name of all that is logical, should it not experiment upon the human body?"

"Because to do such a thing would be against the general sense of humanity."

"And what has the general sense of humanity got to do with it? Science recognises no sentiments—and humanity's sense of humaneness is undoubtedly a sentiment. The aim of science is to know, to find out, to discover. In its patient, strenuous work, all means become honourable."

"It's all very well to quote my own words against me, but you strain their sense. Science has nothing to do with false sentiment, but it is not inhumane."

"Indeed? That's quite another contention; and a shifting of your position. Science is limited now. Working towards its end, it must, in its methods, draw the line at those which are inhumane. So the question now is, What is inhumane?"

"Anything that causes or increases human suffering; and humaneness, true humaneness, is all that mitigates or conquers it."

"It's a poor humanity," said Judith, "that sees nothing but itself; nothing around it—save prey; nothing beyond." She began to move up and down the room, slowly at first. "But your two definitions, those of humaneness and inhumaneness, are sometimes conflicting. Put it like this, for instance. In a London slum, there is—no, I won't shock your imagination; I'll protect it with the fence of time. Things that have happened long ago—or far away, matter so little," said Judy, with the half-mocking smile with which David was familiar.

"The time of a thing's happening doesn't make any real difference."

"No; but we'll put it back fifty years nevertheless. Fifty years ago, then, there was born, in poverty and wretchedness, a child whose fate it was to suffer as your little Vi is suffering. No, sit still; and remember, it was fifty years ago. The child was born of parents who were drunken, poor, and callous; there was no chance of recovery for it, no hope of comfort or care; its apparently inevitable fate was pain and a speedy death. A student attending a maternity case in a neighbouring room came across it, and it presently came about that the child was removed to the hospital to which the student belonged. One of the visiting physicians had been studying the child's disease for many years. He had given to the

study time, thought, patience, and some hundreds of rabbits and guinea-pigs, cats, monkeys, and dogs. Yet he had never quite arrived at finding out what he wanted to know. His labour was almost wasted, his theories received no positive support, because the animals he sacrified, instead of playing a proper part in the proceedings, failed to back him up. The experiments yielded varying results. That the effect of certain processes, certain drugs, should be different in a guinea-pig from what it is in a dog, may not appear surprising; that it might be different, again, in a human being would seem presumable. It may, in theory, have seemed so to this doctor; I can't say. I can only tell you that his practice proclaimed the doctrine, as does the practice of experimenters in the present day, that though you can't argue from one animal to another, you can argue from any animal to man. So that if in all guinea-pigs the results had been the same, though differing from those obtained from rabbits; if all rabbits had responded to the experiments in an identical way, though the way was not the way of the monkeys, cats, and dogs, I suppose the doctor would have been as well satisfied as is any vivisector of the present day, until he has actually tested his discovery on a human patient. But even different rabbits yielded varying results, as did also different dogs, cats, and so on; and the doctor, patient still, was puzzled. It may seem unreasonable to treat as an exact science a science like physiology, which is not and never can exist; but that is what this doctor did. Because in chemistry two pars of hydrogen to one of oxygen inevitably produce water, he persisted in hoping that if he only went on repeating the same experiment in animal substance long enough, in the end it would produce, every time he did it, the same results. Having vivisected some hundreds

of animals in vain, he did not reason that no certain result was in that way to be attained, but only—as do the scientific leaders of the present day—that the less satisfactory the results you obtain, the more persistently you must go on sacrificing animals to what is called *scientific* research."

Judy was moving quickly now, backwards and forwards, her hands behind her back. She paused in her walk, and waved a declamatory hand. "You see it," she said, "or rather, you don't see it—don't realise, that is to say, the wasteful folly of it—in this cancer research business. But it is a fact that, after all these years, after thousands of pounds have been spent, thousands of animals sacrificed, no cure has been discovered; nothing that has been worked out through animals has proved to be of any use in the disease in man. And yet the cry of the scientists is still and always the same; after each fallacious hope has been hailed, each failure slowly acknowledged, the cry is still 'More money, more animals! If we go on long enough, we *must* find out something in the end.' "

Judy paused once more in her walk. "Yet these are the men who pride themselves on their logic, their balanced judgment, their scientific minds!" She shrugged her shoulders and moved on again.

"Well, to go back to our physiologist. At the time that the little slum child was brought into the hospital, the physiologist was growing downhearted. He had a theory, a remedy, which would save hundreds, thousands, millions perhaps, of human beings from suffering, and he was unable to perfect it because his material could not be relied upon. But now into his hands was given material as reliable as, in a science which is not exact, material can possibly be. And the doctor was confronted with a problem. On the one hand was the whole of the human race,

around him now, stretching ahead in generations yet unborn; on the other was a little weakly child, with nothing before it but pain and death. Was he justified, in the interests of science (in whose service nothing is dishonourable) and for the benefit of humanity (in whose service all is justifiable), in using as material for his experiment this one, already doomed child?"

"Of course not." David was thinking of the child upstairs. "No, certainly no."

"He had on his side, on the side of science, that is, all the arguments of the vivisectionists; he had the two conflicting or complementary contentions—as you choose to view them; first, that the child would feel no pain; and secondly, that if it suffered, pain was an unimportant factor where progress is concerned."

"I said at the beginning," David said quickly, "that the line must be drawn, *is* drawn, at experiments on human beings. And I stick to it."

"Yet if the experiment had been carried out, if Vi had been benefited by it, and not Vi alone, but hundreds like her, would the doctor not have been justified?"

David did not answer the question. "Are you inventing?" she asked, "or was there such a doctor and such a case?"

"That particular doctor and that particular child are fictitious. The problem is an actual one."

"No; because nobody dreams of experimenting on human subjects."

"To that statement there are two replies; one is a question, 'Why not?' The other is the fact that many people not only dream of it, but do it."

"No," said David. "It's shameful to repeat these

groundless anti-vivisectional calumnies. What authority have you for such a statement?"

"We'll leave my authority and the anti-vivisectional calumnies for the moment, and take the question first. I say, Why not? I know of no argument in favour of vivisection which logically cannot be extended to the inclusion of human beings. Limit those human beings even only to the degenerate, the criminal, the outcast; limit them to those who are the terror and the curse of society. If men are to be puinshed, why not punish them in a way that will conduce to the well-being of their fellows? Why not inoculate them with the germs of disease? The orthodox medical world assures us that such inoculations cause no more pain than a pin-prick. Why not send them to places such as the research farms at Stansted in Essex, instead of to a penal settlement? If there is no immediate pain, no after suffering, what is the objection? They would really, if all that the vivisectors tell us is true, have a high old time compared with what they go through on Dartmoor."

"The objection is that one revolts from any sort of experimenting on one's fellow-creatures."

"Yes; that's it; yes. There is no reason in your objection; it's pure emotional feeling. Emotion, sentiment, should have nothing to do with the search for knowledge (I speak as a scientist); yet you cannot eliminate them (I speak now as an ordinary human being), because they enter into all we do and think—even into the attitude of vivisectionists. Also they are amongst the factors which prevent physiology from being or ever becoming an exact science. For fear may vitiate experiments as sure as does pain, and psychology affects physical function as well as

moral conduct. But your feeling? Why do you have such a feeling?"

"It's a natural feeling—to object to experiments on fellow human beings."

"I don't see why, if it's an experiment which you believe would cause them no pain and much less discomfort than they endure in a prison. The truth is that in your heart of hearts you *don't* believe it. You really believe that the experiments performed on animals do cause pain; in spite of the physiologists' assurances to the contrary, you have an inward conviction as to the suffering entailed, and you shelter yourself—where animals are concerned—behind what is nothing more or less than a comfortable fiction."

"In any case, whether what you say is true or not, there's a difference between giving pain to a fellow-creature and pain to an animal."

"The animal is dumb, and even more defenceless than that large contingent of fellow-beings whom society, in the form of sweating and in other ways, ruthlessly and constantly oppresses. But the step from animal experimentation to human experimentation is as small as that between the sublime and the ridiculous. Which brings us back to what you call anti-vivisectional calumnies."

"Calumnies," put in David, "which have been so often repeated that they have become traditional, and are accepted unquestionably by anti-vivisectionists as part of their stock-in-trade."

"Excuse me a moment," Judy said.

She left the room, and David heard the frou-frou of her skirts rustling down the stairs. Presently she returned, carrying a handbag.

"I happen to have these extracts with me," she an-

nounced. "Part of *my* stock-in-trade is direct evidence; part of my business is to collect it."

She sat down by David's writing-table and placed upon it a sheaf of newspaper cuttings which she took from the handbag. "Do you challenge me as to the truth of my statements?" she asked.

David nodded her head.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"THIS is from the *Morning Leader*," prefaced Judy. Then she began to read. "'It has been discovered that the physicians in the free hospitals of Vienna systematically experiment upon their patients, especially new-born children, women who are *enceinte*, and persons who are dying. In one case the doctor injected the bacilli of an infectious disease from a decomposing corpse into thirty-five women and their new-born children. In another case a youth, who was on the high road to recovery, was inoculated, and he died within twenty-four hours. One doctor who had received an unlimited number of healthy children from a foundling hospital for experimental purposes excused himself on the ground that they were cheaper than animals.'"[1] Judith laid down the piece of newspaper. "In Austria there are no restrictions on vivisection," she said.

"It's a falsehood," exclaimed David, "a newspaper fabrication. I don't believe it."

"It's always open to you to take that view about any evidence; and it certainly simplifies one's point of view. I don't know whether you carry it to the extent of disbelieving a man's own words?"

"Even a man's words may be twisted and turned so as to distort their meaning."

"Even when the man has written them down himself?"

[1]App. 5.

Judy took from her bag a periodical. "This," she said, "is the *Bulletin* of the Johns Hopkins Hospital for July, 1897. The first article in it is one of a series of studies on the lesions induced by the action of certain poisons on the cortical nerve cell. This one is Study VII: *Poisoning with Preparations of the Thyroid Gland,* and it is written by Henry J. Berkeley, M.D., Associate in Neuro-Pathology, the Johns Hopkins University. His opening paragraph, by the way, is rather remarkable. He says that, with very few exceptions, only the favourable results of the thyroid gland extract are written about in the medical press, and that, reviewing some of those results, it is safe to say that they would have been as brilliant *had no medicament been administered.* The italics," said Judy, looking up, and referring to the emphasis she had placed on the last words, "are my own. 'The first portion of the investigation was made upon eight patients at the City Asylum.' I think you can hardly call that a newspaper fabrication?" Judy held up the paper. "You can come and read for yourself if you like."

"Of course I don't want to read it for myself. You are absurd."

"You don't want the details of each experiment, I suppose? I had better summarise."

"Yes."

"Out of the eight experiments, one was successful; in all the others the patients suffered to no purpose (except, of course, to prove that the treatment was fallacious). One died; one became 'absolutely demented and degraded,' to use the experimenter's words; all lost weight and became mentally worse.[1] In America, also," remarked Judy, "vivisection is free from restriction."

[1]App. 6.

"You may find isolated instances of anything," said David.

"This"—Judy took up another paper—"hardly supports that theory. It is the copy of a Bill, introduced by Mr. Gallinger in the Senate of the United States, and is called a Bill for the Regulation of Scientific Experiments upon Human Beings in the District of Columbia.[1] I have been told that when there is no restriction on vivisection, the temptation to experiment on human beings is minimised. What really happens is that callousness as to animal suffering leads to callousness as to human suffering, too."

"Such things could never happen in England."

"Why not Is English human nature different from all other human nature? I will send you round Dr. Sydney Ringer's *Therapeutics,* and ask you to read the passages I mark. For the moment, however, we will assume that English scientists are made of different stuff from the scientists of any other nation; and I will only draw your attention to what unrestricted vivisection has led to in other countries. This is an account of experiments in connection with the spinal canal, performed and described by Dr. A. H. Wentworth, senior Assistant-Physician to the Infants' Hospital, Boston. They were performed on children in that hospital, babies varying from four months to three and a half years.[2] Many of them ended in death. I have any number of things of the kind I could read you. I have an account of experiments on six leper girls under twelve years of age, who were inoculated with the virus of a loathsome disease.[3] I have an account of Sanarelli's yellow fever experiments, written by himself.[4] But I won't ask you to listen to them, or to other instances, as bad or worse. I will only ask you to listen to this one extract

[1]App. 7. [2]App. 8. [3]App. 9. [4]App. 10.

from an account written by Professor Schreiber, of Königsberg. 'I am sorry to say,' he says, 'that it is very difficult to obtain subjects for such experiments. There are, of course, plenty of healthy children in consumptive families, but the parents are not always willing to give them up. Finally I got a little boy for the purpose. My patient was very susceptible to the poison. After I had given him an injection of one milligramme, the most intense fever seized him. It lasted three or four days; one of the glands of the jaw swelled up enormously. I could discover no other changes in the boy, who otherwise appeared healthy.' "[1]

"The man was a brute," David said, as Judy paused. "There are brutes everywhere, in everything. You can't judge the honourable members of a profession by such atrocities as these."

"Nor do I. There are hundreds—thousands of men, in the profession as well as out of it, who would condemn such doings. Nor do I associate the bulk of medical men in *any* country with the methods of the more famous (or notorious) few. I don't suppose that any one can think more highly than I do of the men who pass their lives in what is considered the drudgery of the profession, whose talents receive, perhaps, no recognition, their work no reward, and who go on steadily, helping with their strength and sympathy, their practical experience and knowledge, to stem the tide of disease. But these men—the vast bulk of them—know no more of vivisectionist practices and reasoning than—than you do. They accept vivisection dogma with a faith which would be touching, were it not at the same time criminal. Ignorance makes their bliss, and few have the time, fewer the inclination, fewest, perhaps, the enterprise to disturb that bliss by personal in-

[1] App. 11.

vestigation. But now I want you to note something besides what you term the atrocity of Schreiber's experiment; I want you to note that an injection is not the momentary and painless operation that we are assured by scientists that it is. They talk of a pin-prick, soon over. So it is; but the pin-prick itself is only the prelude to suffering which lasts for days or weeks."

David did not answer; her thoughts were again with Vi; her imagination, undeveloped in many directions, was quick where the child was concerned, and she saw that child in the hands of the Königsberg professor.

Judy, divining the cause of her abstraction, was silent for a while; but presently she turned to her papers again.

"Before we close this—I don't know what to call it—discussion? conference?—I want to—I *must* point out to you that though in America these cases I have instanced were condemned by lay opinion, no single *scientific* society has protested against such experiments. On the contrary, some scientists have positively upheld them. One, writing in the New York *Independent*, declares that 'A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science. . . . The aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life. . . . If cats and guinea-pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science, we do not know what it is. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to.'[1] There's another writer who excuses human vivisections on the ground that they are made for the good of suffering humanity. That excuse has a very familiar ring about it."

"It could never happen in England," David said again.

When Judith had gone, she fled to the nursery.

"It could never be in England, it could never be,"

[1] App. 12.

she repeated, as she held Vi in her arms. "And the rest——"

All the animal suffering in the world seemed to her as nothing compared to the well-being, nay, the possibility of well-being, of her own little child. She hugged the little one close. "It's because she doesn't know," she whispered. "She doesn't know. She doesn't *know.*"

CHAPTER XXIX

"AND now, Sidney, old chap," said Percy Burdon, "I've got a piece of news for you."

The two men had dined, and had gone into Gale's study—consulting-room (it was sometimes called by the one name, sometimes by the other)—to smoke. A pleasant, cosy little room it was, looking on to one of those tiny back gardens in which London abounds. Dens of desolation they often are, but may be spots where restfulness hovers, and where beauty, in its lighter form of prettiness, may be enticed to lodge. Gale's garden was pretty; and restful, too. Very simple it was; just a space of gravel, hedged round by shrubs; and down the centre, great green tubs in which, in their season, bloomed crocuses, daffodils, and that unfailing friend of the London gardener, scarlet geranium. It was trim and neat, for Gale rose early to keep it so; and it was dear to him as the product of his own hands' toil.

This evening the window overlooking the garden was open, and by the open window a round brass tray, with coffee and a tobacco jar, stood on a little table. For Gale stuck to his pipe. Cigars, he maintained, were for specialists.

"And I ain't a specialist, not yet, not by a long chalk," he said, as he crammed the tobacco into his briarwood. "Besides, a pipe's more companionable. Cigars? cigarettes?

Here to-day and gone to—to-morrow? They're gone, by Jove, just as you're getting on intimate terms with 'em. But a pipe stands by you. And now, what's on your mind, Percy?"

It was then that Percy made his announcement: "I've got a piece of news for you."

Gale looked across at him, a smile in his yellow-brown eyes. "*I* know. You're going to get married."

"How the dickens——" cried Burdon.

"A piece of news—when a man's single—always means a marriage. The wonder to me is how you managed to keep it in all dinner."

"Made up my mind I would."

"And Percy's mind," put in Gale, "is a devilish tough thing."

"But I confess it was a struggle."

"I saw the struggle, but could not be sure whether you'd poisoned an elderly patient or proposed to a young one."

"She's not a patient," said Burdon, with indignant pride.

"Keep your hair on, old chap! I didn't mean to suggest a chronic invalid."

"I do know people down there who aren't patients, you know."

"Course you do; all the *élite* of the neighbourhood, I'll be bound. Well, and what's her name?"

"Her name is Miss Mary Thompson. They—they call her Polly."

"They? And what do you call her?"

"Well, I—call her Polly, too—now. It seemed so strange at first," said Burdon, with a sort of dreamy shamefacedness.

"If I was going to get engaged to a girl called Polly, Jove! I'd get a parrot and practise on it," said Gale.

"Oh, Sidney, you're just the same old rotter that you always were!"

"Am I?" Gale looked at his friend with a glance half-laughing, half-rueful; then shook his head—ever so slightly. "Anyhow, I wish you luck," he said, "real, downright, thundering luck. And there's my hand on it."

He stretched out his hand, and Burdon took it, and held it a moment, in a way that was almost a caress, in a way that was typical of his attitude towards his friend.

"Have some more coffee," said Gale, edging away from anything approaching to sentiment.

"No, thanks. I say, Sidney——"

"Say on!"

"I wish *you'd* marry."

Burdon had not glanced upwards in the church that day of David's marriage, as Mrs. Lowther had done, and had not therefore seen Gale hugging his misery in the gallery. He knew nothing of the extra shabby clothes which Gale had donned, nothing of the very unkempt appearance of his head, was uncertain, indeed, as to how far his cousin's marriage had affected his friend. But conscious of the false impression he had conveyed to Lowther, he had never escaped from a sense of self-reproach, and was haunted by an uneasy suspicion that his mistake had cost Gale dear. If only Gale would marry his self-reproach would die down, his uneasiness cease; and now perhaps, in this confidential hour, Gale would give him a hint that his heart was healed of its boyish hurt by a love of more recent growth. But Gale shook his head; and so forcibly that his hair rebelled successfully against the bondage imposed on it, by wet brushes. He smoothed it into place again as he spoke.

"Not my line," he said briefly.

"Nonsense. Why, you're cut out to make some woman happy."

"If that's so, the woman and I haven't managed to get introduced. But never mind me, old chap. Tell me about Miss Polly Thompson. Why, man, you haven't mentioned the colour of her eyes."

It was not difficult to get Percy to talk of his own affairs. Polly's eyes were blue, he said, and her hair quite fair—and curling; in natural curls. "No tongs there," said Burdon with chuckling pride.

"Tongs?" questioned Gale. His eyes turned towards the fender.

"Curling tongs, you innocent; not fire-irons." Percy laughed; then went on with a condescension born of superior knowledge. "Most of the curls and waves you see are done with tongs. Haven't you noticed when it's damp they come out?"

"Lord!" said Gale, "so they do! In slums," he added gravely, "they do it with curl papers. By the way," he went on presently, "coming back from a slum to-day, I passed Hall's old diggings. Heard anything about him lately?"

"Oh, yes. Truth to tell, I'm rather fed up with Hall. Every time I come up to London Uncle Bernard stuffs him down my throat. He's this, that, and the other, going to make a name and a career, and I don't know what all. Well, he's clever, of course—I suppose——"

"Yes; much cleverer than you, old chap. Never mind; I like you best. Well, what's he doing? Still in Germany? He hasn't written me even the ghost of a letter for I don't know how long."

"No; he's in Paris, at the Pasteur. Got a post there."

"I didn't know; but it's quite his line. Suit him to a T."

"David tells me Cranley saw him when he was over in Paris in February."

"Ah! Do he and Chance hit it off?"

"Rather. Quite pally, I think. Hard lines about the child, isn't it?"

"Very. She feels it terribly—your cousin, I mean."

"She says very little about it to me."

"And nothing at all to me. Indeed, we very rarely meet. But you can see it in her face."

"Can you? She looks very well, I think."

"Glad to hear it. I haven't seen her for some time."

"I suppose one gets used to everything."

"Possibly; or one stops kicking against it."

In Burdon's mind the uneasiness stirred anew. Had Sidney gone through a kicking process at the time of David's marriage? and had he ceased, not to feel, but just to kick? He stole a glance at his friend's face, but the face was impenetrable. Gale's eyes were on the patch of garden; he was smoking steadily, leaning back slightly in his chair, his legs crossed, and his right hand resting on the uppermost knee. It was an attitude Percy knew of old, and generally meant that Gale was thinking. He, in his turn, leaned back, and for a time both men were silent. Percy was disturbed at first by self-reproachful qualms as to the condition of Gale's heart; but his chair was a very comfortable one, conducive to reflection of a pleasing and tranquil nature, and soon his thoughts passed from that untoward interference of his (after all, it was ten years ago, and Sidney must have got over it by this time, even if there had been anything to get over) to Polly, her blue eyes, and her hair that curled without the aid of tongs.

Gale's thoughts were, as Burdon's unquiet conscience had at first suggested, with David, but not with the David of

ten years ago. He was thinking of her as he had seen her last. To Burdon he had said that her face showed how much she felt her child's illness: his thought to himself was that she bore on her brow the crown of motherhood, and held within her eyes the shadow of its cross. He longed to comfort her; but it was characteristic of him and the feeling he had for her that he shaped that longing into a desire to help the child. Perhaps from the present his thougths wended their way back to the past; perhaps, thinking of her as she was now, he contrasted her with the girl he first had known; and from thoughts of that girl and the scenes in which she figured, passed to less pleasant memories. His first words, breaking a ten minutes' silence, were—

"Remember Sarah Jennings?"

"Remember Sarah Jennings? Rather!" It was but a few minutes since she had been uncomfortably prominent in Percy's mind.

"I saw her the other day. I've always seen her, poor soul, from time to time, but it was a good six months since we'd come across one another, and I was beginning to think she'd gone under——"

"I should have thought she'd have done that long ago, drinking as she did."

"She didn't drink; that's the answer. She got drunk more than once at one time; but that's a different thing, and I—she stopped it in time."

"Good for Sarah. Well, what about her?"

"Oh, nothing much. She's married again, that's all. A swagger marriage from her point of view."

"Not from yours?"

"Oh, I don't say that. And it's a great thing for her to be provided for—and the children. But, by God! Percy,

there are some dirty sides to this scientific vivisection business."

"What on earth has scientific vivisection got to do with Sarah Jennings?"

"Binney, she is now. She's married one of the men in Bellows and Parr's,—you know, the wholesale chemists; and the husband—I went down to pay a state wedding call—took me through the show, and I saw cocks with their combs black with gangrene, and other pleasing sights; the anti-toxin horses amongst them. Poor brutes!"

"You can't help it, you know. The stuff's got to be got, and for the good of humanity——"

"Oh, damn humanity!" burst in Gale. "Rhetorically speaking, I say damn humanity!"

"Oh, I say!" cried Burdon, with round eyes.

"It seems to me that every blessed beastliness I come across is said to be for the good of humanity. I sometimes wonder"—Gale was speaking more slowly now, and his keen eyes grew a shade dreamy—"if we shouldn't do more for humanity, by trying to make it just simply clean. It's precious dirty now, whichever way you look at it."

"The mass of people, all the lower classes, for instance, *are* dirty, I suppose; but——"

"Lord, man, I'm not talking about the lower classes; nor about the dirt that can be cured by soap and water. What I mean is dirty blood, foul with all sorts of bad habits and bad air and bad food."

"I don't know how you are going to clean it."

"I begin to doubt if we shall ever do it by pouring in animal nastinesses. I begin to wonder whether, if we preached clean living and clean feeding, we shouldn't do a power more good."

"Good God, Sidney!" said Burdon, with a face of genu-

ine consternation, "you're not going to turn into a crank or a—an A.-V.?"

Gale laughed. "Not to-night, anyhow. But look here, Percy, I was talking, not long ago, to Herbert Snow, and he told me that in all the years he has studied cancer he has learned nothing, except from his clinical experience; that any treatment which he has found to be of the slightest use, palliative or ameliorative, has been the result of his clinical experience. And more than that. Every theory advanced by the Cancer Research people he has found to be misleading, every remedy brought forward has been futile or worse.[1] These things make a man think. Especially when you consider all the time and money and animals that have gone to the making of the mistakes."

"Well, I shouldn't advise you to talk to David like that. Any argument against research drives her wild."

"Why?"

"Because of little Vi. All her hopes are set on something being found out that will do her good."

"Poor thing!" said Gale.

Presently he began to talk about the old student days, and for the rest of the evening Percy's soul delighted itself in laughter.

[1]App. 13.

CHAPTER XXX

SIDNEY GALE had a mind which was not made in watertight compartments, but was constructed, so to speak, in the form of one undivided tank. Disposed to question, therefore, he could not limit inquiry; could not shut off the probing faculty from certain subjects, while he exercised it freely in others. But, looking round at the men with whom he chiefly mingled, he found that what was impossible to him was easy to them. Sceptical in certain directions, his professional comrades maintained in others a blind faith. Questioning religion, morality, social relations, even, occasionally, political institutions, they remained, where conventional science was concerned, completely credulous. For Gale such mental reservations did not exist; nevertheless, in the region of his profession he held investigation in check; not complacently, as did his fellows, but deliberately, half scorning the motives which set shackles on his mind.

The motives were those of ambition; for at the age of thirty-five ambition was the chief factor in Gale's life, following on that love which had come almost as a religion to his turbulent youth. That love still in a sense companioned him, but was no longer dominant; on the throne of his being sat ambition, and imposed upon him the restrictions of expediency. He must restrain his scepticism, stay his search for truth, lest, finding truth, he should find himself at odds with all that makes for success, be compelled to join the ranks of the rebels, the unorthodox. He

knew well that, joining those ranks, he would run the risk of substituting for success ignominy; of losing his growing reputation for ability, and finding that of a fool, a knave, and probably a traitor; and knew that, eligible ostensibly for every post of honour, he would, in fact, be debarred from all.[1]

Knowing all this, he was disposed to tread the safe way that ambition pointed out: the way of limited logic, of partial observation, of restricted inference; yet still was haunted by an importunate spirit which suggested doubts and propounded problems.

Hitherto he had been, so far as his profession was concerned, what is called lucky. The little turns and chances of life fell out to his advantage, and he had outdistanced in the race for success many men who had started with better prospects than his. Though to the circle of men who divide the honours of the medical world he was almost unknown, since his practice was general, and he had not attempted to qualify for the prizes of the profession by vivisectional experiments, amongst the men of his own standing his reputation was spreading, and his opinion was constantly asked for when the faith of patients or patients' friends was not pinned to a prominent name.

It was, indeed, chiefly as a consultant that he was making way, and the way widened, almost from month to month. He lived now in Montagu Street; he had a man-servant and a brougham; and though he had not for his wife the woman who was his ideal of womanhood (and he would have no other), ambition and the fighting instinct which loves contest for its own sake made work and striving and success seem well worth while.

Yet, like all those who, with highly strung organisations,

[1]App. 14.

have not reached the supremacy of balance which controls or conquers moods, he had his days of darkness; days when the ordinary inducements to work had lost their compelling strength; days when success seemed unattainable, or, if attained, worthless.

One of these days followed an evening on which he had dined with Judith Home. His fellow guests were few in number; Judith's great friend Mrs. West was there, and Miss Barker, and John Cameron; and besides these and himself, only one other, a philosopher and scientist, well known in Europe and beyond it.

The talk had been unlike most dinner-party talk. Beginning with a certain measure of formality, resulting from the fact that some of the guests were strangers to the others, it had seemed to leap suddenly from the beaten track of ordinary conversation into byways unusual and—to Gale—entirely unexplored; byways which led to a region of such strange experience, such vast suggestiveness, that Gale's mind, used to the cramped speculation of a single science, panted, as it were, in the rarer and radiant atmosphere. Then, as he listened, his mind attuned itself, and passed from bewilderment to elation, to understanding, to acute interest. Suddenly it seemed to him that theories which in days gone by Cameron had hinted at or propounded, and which he intellectually had glanced at and dismissed, had become not only brilliant hypotheses but probable explanations of actual facts. In his work-a-day life he had relegated his inherent idealism to the background of his consciousness; but now he was on a plane where ideals became living possibilities; where heroism, self-sacrifice, love, in their highest forms, were not poets' dreams but practical duties; where the touchstone of morality was unselfishness, and knowledge was not an acquirement but a gift. Gale,

with something in himself that answered to the ideas put forward, was roused to enthusiasm; it seemed to him that his mind, his whole being expanded, and life was higher, finer, more splendid than he had ever conceived it.

He went home in a state of exaltation, lifted out of his ordinary self, raised above the ordinary world; and awoke the next morning to a cold and blank reaction. All day it held him, casting scorn upon the fervour of the night before, and robbing the daily outlook of interest. Walking home about six o'clock, its grip was upon him still. His soul that had soared high on the wings of its potentialities, lay low in the grasp of its limitations; he was weary and dissatisfied; oppressed by a sense of emptiness and unreality.

Then into his world of gloomy, half-formed thought there broke a sound; the sound of a voice that he heard but seldom, but always loved to hear.

"Are you quite determined to cut me?" it said.

Gale started, and life and life's interests rushed back upon him in a flood. "Mrs. Chance!" he exclaimed. "I never saw you."

"You were up in the clouds, I think."

"No, down in the—in the drains, rather."

"What an unsavoury simile! You live in this street, don't you?"

"Yes, just there, over the way."

"I'll walk with you to the door. I wanted to ask—to know if you had seen my mother lately."

"No, not quite lately. I've been—I was going to say busy, and that's true—but I've been remiss, too."

"I wish you would look in sometimes. You're one of the people she cares to see, and it cheers her."

They had reached Gale's door now and stopped before it.

"You won't come in?" he said.

He expected an instant and decided negative, but it seemed to him that David hesitated.

"Do," he begged, "do come in!"

Standing on his doorstep, he realised that the rooms within the house were lonely, and saw in a flash that were David to enter them, they would be sanctified for ever after by the memory of her presence. Just here she had stood; had sat in that chair; had turned her eyes on that book or picture. The vision was compelling.

"Do come in!" he said again.

"Well—for five minutes."

There was still a faint hesitation in David's voice, but her words were a permission to turn the latchkey in the door, and in a moment the door was open.

It was Gale's turn to hesitate now. Should he take her to the sitting-room upstairs? or—he wanted so much to feel that she had been in the room where he did most of his work. But, after all, the study was to some extent a public room, the room where he saw his patients, and into the room upstairs few went except himself. He stood aside, and made a sign for David to precede him up the staircase.

When she entered the sitting-room she stopped and said, "Oh, how charming!"

"You like it?"

"Who could help liking it?"

The walls of the room, except those which were broken by the windows and the fire-places, were lined with book-shelves, beginning about four feet from the ground and reaching to the ceiling; and below the book-shelves ran seats, wide, low, and cushioned. On the red-painted floor one or two rugs were spread; in the front part of the room stood a couple of comfortable arm-chairs and a good-sized

table; in the back part, before the window, was a smaller table; over each mantelpiece hung a picture.

"Come and sit down," said Gale, "and I'll ring for tea."

"No, no tea, please. I—mustn't stay. I think I should like to sit on that seat. May I?"

She seated herself on the divan, near the window, and Gale brought a chair to the other side of the window and sat facing her.

"Yes, it's all delightful," she said, looking round, but to Gale's quick perception it was apparent that her thoughts were not in her words; her eyes, momentarily meeting his, seemed to carry an appeal.

Diffident in thought, he was bold in speech. "Is anything troubling you?" he said, with a directness which had always pleased her.

David coloured slightly. "Yes; a foolish thing, perhaps, but it does trouble me." She smiled. "I believe that's why I came in."

"Because I can help you?" An eager light sprang into Gale's eyes.

"I—when I saw you coming along the street, I fancied you might. I think," said David, with some inconsequence, "if one doesn't speak of things, they grow inside one into importance—when perhaps they are not important at all."

"I think they do."

"I've been seeing a good deal of Mrs. Home," David went on. "I think you've met her?"

"Yes." Gale's thoughts went back to the previous evening. "An interesting woman."

"Ye—yes. Yes, she is interesting. And intelligent?" Interrogation was but half developed in David's voice, which divided statement with inquiry.

"Unusually intelligent."

"Cranley doesn't like her."

"No?"

"That's why I can't speak about it to him."

"I see."

"You see she's a faddist; and Cranley can't bear fads. No more can father. That is to say, certain fads. Of course they have their own."

"Most people have."

"Now Mrs. Home's fad is just the fad that drives them both mad."

"I see."

"I wish you'd—you'd say something—longer," said David.

"I'll make a regular speech when I know what's the matter."

David looked out of the window, then at Gale, then out of the window again; and then she began to speak, rapidly, her words tumbling one upon the other as though she had suddenly opened a door against which they had been striving for utterance.

"She's been talking to me, Judy has, and telling me horrible things—things than can't be true. And yet she has proofs I can't sweep away. But they can't be true, because they go against other truths—things that I *know,* things that are noble and pure, and that come before everything else. I know I'm on the right side, the side that's fighting against disease and suffering and death; and yet the things she says haunt me. I can't get rid of them, I can't answer them. I know there must be an answer, but I can't find it."

David stopped speaking; her eyes were still upon the street; she sat waiting; waiting, as Gale knew, for an answer. That she should have come to him for that answer

touched him almost to pain; the longing to give it was intense. But the desire that filled his heart found in his mind no adequate support. All the arguments which he had used and had heard used in support of practices which he instinctively disliked and deliberately condoned were ready to his mental handling; but they seemed to him, in the face of David's prayer for a solid ground of righteousness, and in the faint reflection of the light which he had glimpsed last night, sophistical and poor. What availed it to speak of the good of humanity, when he knew, and she, too, must know, or she would not be held by her present distress, that humanity's chief gain lay not in the direction of bodily ease, but in the perfecting of its spiritual nature? What use to urge the paramount claims of material science, when they both sensed, however dimly, that there were higher laws which overrode those claims?

David seemed to know what was in his mind. "Don't tell me the ordinary things," she said, turning her face towards him. "I've heard them all so often, from Cranley —and father. There must be something"—she sought for a word—"something—fundamental which reconciles right with right."

"Or right with wrong," said Gale, and then wished he had not said it, for the distress in David's eyes seemed to deepen.

"It's Vi, you see," she said. (As if he did not know the source of her trouble!) "There's nothing, there can be nothing, purer, holier than a mother's love. Am I to deny that love, am I to let my little helpless child go on suffering for the sake of—of brute beasts?"

Should he merely soothe her; just say "No," and soothe both himself and her? To his sense of logic it was abundantly apparent that if the dictates of a mother's love, or

any human love, were to be the test of morality, every crime or cruelty, every meanness or treachery, would be permissible in the service of that love. But was it worth while to talk logic? Would he not merely add to her perplexity by speaking his thought? Then, looking at her, he realised that though she had fenced with herself, she did not desire to be fenced with by him; and he told her what was in his mind.

She listened with her eyes upon his face; the interest in them grew, but the trouble did not die. How should it, when he gave her, not comfort, but sincerity?

"You must just come back to what you call the ordinary things," he ended; "there's nothing else. You must just come back to the argument that man is higher than the brutes, and that you must sacrifice the lower for the good of the higher."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I say that to myself every night—after my prayers. And yet——" David sat silent for a moment, then rose. "I see you have nothing more to say," she said. Her tone was almost resentful.

"Nothing that will be any good to you. I don't know that there's anything that *can* be said in justification of these things, except expediency. It's expedient, of course, that people should suffer as little as possible—and know as much——"

She held out her hand. "Thank you for letting me come in, and for letting me bother you."

When she had gone Gale said to himself, "She asked me for bread, and I have given her a stone. And it's the only time she has ever asked me for anything; the only time she ever will."

David, on her way to Manchester Square, was much of Gale's opinion. She was regretting her visit; regretting

that she had let this man, whom, after all, she knew so little, look into the secret places of her heart. She had acted on impulse. "And impulse," she said to herself, "is sure to lead one wrong." If he had said anything that would give her a surer foundation for her faith, it would have been different; but he had given her nothing—nothing! He had, indeed, but added to her uncertainty. Well, one thing was sure: at home, in the nursery, Vi was waiting for her, looking for her.

She hastened her steps.

CHAPTER XXXI[1]

IT was soon after David's incursion into Gale's house and life that Cranley-Chance brought out his great book, *The Future of Man.* The Press fell down and, in glowing reviews, worshipped it; the scientific world patted it on the back; the semi-scientific public read it with an admiration evoked partly by the gifts of the author, and partly by the readers' consciousness that they were capable of appreciating the profundity of his thought, the brilliance of his theories, the width of his knowledge.

The book, indeed, was written to kindle the popular imagination; it was an appeal to the public spirit to support with the public funds the work, practical and speculative, of science. Cranley-Chance was, in science, a cosmopolitan; he was acquainted with it in all its branches, was an expert in more than one; and he summed up the achievements of its different activities in able pages. On questions of ascertained facts he was an authority; in the theories by which he accounted for those facts, in the deductions which he drew from them, he was not, great man though he was, quite great enough to be, in all respects, entirely logical. Starting with the assumption that man's knowledge has become so complete that it is possible to establish a theory of evolution of the cosmos, with special detail in regard to the history of the earth and the development of man from animal ancestry, he was nevertheless unable to lift that

[1]App. 15.

theory altogether above the level of contradictory statements.

To Cameron, to whom the period assigned for the course of evolution by Chance and his peers was but as a day in the æons of sublime unfoldment, the contradictions seemed as inevitable as they were obvious. To Gale, reading the book without opposing theories of his own, but with a mind equally keen in connecting the links of an argument and detecting its flaws, they were disturbingly apparent. To the mental observation of Percy Burdon they were not visible. So long as he remained at Langborough in the company of his Polly, he discoursed on the interest, the ability, and the acute reasoning of the book to his and her unblemished satisfaction; for Polly was one of the women who take "an intelligent interest" in the pursuits of the men with whom they are associated.

But it happened that Polly and Polly's mother came to London on a week's trousseau campaign; and during that week Percy twice made an excuse to come up by the afternoon train and remain in town till the next morning. On the first of these occasions he took Polly and Mrs. Thompson to the theatre; on the second, Polly being engaged with a godfather, he dined with Cameron and Gale at Gale's house.

It was there that his enthusiasm over the book written by David's husband was, if not dauted, somewhat damped. Old Cameron was a crank, of course, and would be ready to find fault with every mortal thing from a theory to an institution. But Gale, well——

"We think so much alike on most things, you know," said Percy, "that I—I'm staggered to find you don't agree with me about this."

"But I do agree with you, old chap, up to a certain

point. The book's clever, and interesting, and plausible. But it ain't logic—in its main contention."

"Well, of course, you're a cleverer man than I am——"

"Don't mention it," said Gale.

"But I'm blowed if I see what you mean."

"Well, he begins by saying that the modern scientific definition of Nature includes the whole cosmos, and man as part of it."

"So it does."

"Yes, so it does. I don't suppose even Mr. Cameron wants to dispute that."

"When you deal with the cosmos," said Cameron, "you can't very well leave anything outside."

"Good. But if man is a being resulting from and driven by what Chance describes as the one great nexus of mechanism which we call Nature, how can he defy the laws of that mechanism? Even if he forms a new departure in Nature's scheme, he is nevertheless still not rebellious, but obedient, to that scheme."

"What I want to know," broke in Cameron, "is what he means by spiritual emancipation. I know what I mean by it myself, but seeing that he admits no factor other than matter as he understands matter, what does *he* mean?"

"Oh, come," said Percy. "I didn't write the book, you know."

"No," said Gale, "but you sort of went sponsor for its logic; and I don't think the reasoning is satisfactory. He says that the law of Natural Selection favoured the increase of brain in a large ape and so man was formed. Well, take it or leave it; it's a theory, and the accepted scientific one. But I object to the assumption that man, as soon as he becomes man, ceases to be part of Nature, is a rebel to Nature. If he is the product of an orderly process how can he, at

any point in that process, dissociate himself from it and start a revolutionary process of his own? The notions don't seem to me to hang together."

"Unless," said Cameron, "you postulate in what Chance calls the living matter which has given rise to man, an inherent factor, originally latent, and developing in the course of his evolution; a factor either opposed or superior to Nature—or both; a factor in any case necessarily *super*-natural."

"He doesn't admit the supernatural," said Burdon. "He distinctly says so."

"Precisely," agreed Gale, "which is why——"

"Well, leave that for a moment," broke in Burdon. "His main point is—however he gets to it—that the future of man means the conquest of Nature, and that therefore to return to Nature, as is advocated by certain schools of to-day, to be her slave again instead of her master, is unreasonable. I must say," said Percy, raising his wine-glass between his eye and the light, "I think there's something in it."

"If you assume that anarchy is to supplant evolution, and that the future of the universe is to be worked out by the frustration of Nature's laws, there's a deal more in it," said Cameron, "than is seen by you, Mr. Burdon, or even by Professor Cranley-Chance."

"There are people who seem to think," observed Gale, "that going back to nature means living in a cave without your clothes on. You might as well say it meant going back to the Miocene period. Nature to-day has other counsels than primitive Nature gave to primitive man, and to go back to Nature means to go to the Nature of to-day."

"Well, I should say that civilisation is against Nature,"

said Burdon, "and it would be absurd to abandon civilisation."

"And I should say," answered Cameron, "that it is one of Nature's processes, as relentless, in its superficial aspect, as the process of natural selection."

"And what about disease?"

"It is the first result of man's rebellion against Nature."

"You admit, then, that he rebels."

"Certainly, but I deny that rebellion is the way of progress."

"All the same," said Burdon, "I feel sure that Chance is right. Having rebelled against Nature, we must master her secrets and—and resources, and progress by means of science."

"All disease cured by sera," said Gale. "I don't know that I'm prepared to swallow the serum doctrine whole."

"You can't test it properly, as things are. You can't really test any scientific theory or pursue any discovery. Chance says——"

"I know," Gale broke in. "He advocates the support of scientific research by the community—that is to say, the public funds."

"And I'm with him," said Cameron, "so long as the research is strictly scientific, so long, that is to say, as the means employed are legitimate."

"I don't know what you mean by legitimate," said Percy.

"I mean such means as, while advancing his material knowledge, do not delay his ethical development."

"I don't see what ethical development has to do with science."

"Maybe not. You are not the only one who seeks to put asunder things which are fundamentally joined. But

I tell you it can't be done. The two must grow together, or man falls back and loses ground. If you look back——"

Cameron's manner, dry hitherto, became, as he went on speaking, more and more animated; into his voice came the Scotch intonation, into his speech the Scotch accent; his eyes grew keener. Gale, looking at him, smiled.

"If you could look back," Cameron said, "you would see that nation after nation, race after race, has risen to a certain pinnacle of knowledge, attained a certain power, and then—perished. Certain evidences of this past greatness remain; more and more are being discovered."

"By scientific exploration," put in Burdon.

"Quite so; by legitimate and praiseworthy scientific work. There was a civilisation before our own, immensely greater than our own; the men of that civilisation knew, in some directions, immensely more than the men of ours; they had under their control forces of Nature which we have not yet discovered, and forces which, having discovered, we do not fully understand how to use. But we stand on the brink of a vaster knowledge, and we shall know what they knew; for the knowledge that they had is the heritage of all races. But we shall perish, too, as they perished, if that knowledge is used for selfishness; if our leaders seek, as their did, to get power and knowledge at the expense of morality; above all, if they succeed, as the past leaders succeeded, in creating a dominant hierarchy, mighty in knowledge, exploiting the weak and the many in the service of the powerful and the few. Cranley-Chance speaks of spiritual emancipation. I don't know how he defines spirit. I define it as that component part of man's being which determines his place in Nature. The races have perished because their leaders have put that spirit in thrall, because their love of knowledge has turned to lust, because, ceasing to woo

Nature, they have outraged her. It is in the ethical sense that the spirit of man is made manifest: man's progress is measured by his ethical development. I think, even, you will find that it is by that standard that the world estimates the nations."

"I don't know whether it is so absolutely," said Gale. "You see, intellectual and ethical development generally go together."

"Always, up to a point. Then, if they are separated, if ethics are sacrificed to the desire for knowledge, to intellectual curiosity—for intellectual aspiration, divorced from ethics, loses the element of reverence, of humility, becomes curiosity;—if ethics are sacrificed, I say, then comes degeneracy; the decline, brilliant in achievement always in its first stages, of the nation or the race. The cosmic law is immutable; and those who seek to break it, who seek by violence, cruelty, by the dark path instead of the path of light, to gain knowledge, power, things good in themselves and desirable, will be by that law inevitably broken."

There was a short silence; then Percy, who did not feel at home in the atmosphere which Cameron had created, filled up his glass, sipped its contents, and, recovering himself with the sip, said, "I suppose what you're chiefly down upon is the vivisection business?"

"Ethically, yes; scientifically I object to arguing from animals to man, and to the whole system of attempting to destroy the poisons of disease by pouring in more poison. Of course, we all know you can render yourself immune or partially immune to almost anything. The morphia maniac can take doses of morphia that would kill the ordinary man, and the drunkard can take at a sitting an amount of alcohol that would poison the sober man outright. But the drunkard and the drug-taker are ruining—quite apart from their

individual bodies—the health and strength of their descendants; and the sera and the vaccines are lowering the vitality of the race."

Burdon shook his head. "Well, I don't know. I have great faith in science, and all the foremost men of the day are in favour of these methods."

"The foremost men of many other days," said Cameron, "have made mistakes."

CHAPTER XXXII

THROUGHOUT the summer David and Gale met but once again. Gale was calling on Mrs. Lowther, who was Lady Lowther now, the doctor's baronetcy having been amongst the last Birthday Honours. He went oftener to see her since David had asked him to go, and during one of his calls David came in.

She greeted him pleasantly, in what he called her Mrs. Cranley-Chance manner, the manner she had assumed to him since her marriage; the intimate note which had crept into her relations with Gale previous to the ill-fated tea-party, and which had shown itself again during the interview in Montagu Street, had altogether disappeared. She mad no reference to that interview; nearly two months ago it was now; and Gale received the impression that she did not wish him to speak of it before her mother.

When he took his leave she followed him out of the room on to the landing.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, "that I've made up my mind, and that I've chosen—Vi."

The look in her eyes was almost a challenge, but Gale was in no way disposed to take it up. Was he not of her way of thinking? and was he not glad to know that she was no longer disturbed by doubts?

"I'm glad your mind is at rest," he said, and answered her look gravely.

He was very glad, he told himself as he went down the

street. The memory of her face as she had asked him for help had been with him often, and he had been distressed to think that he had had no help to give. Now it was all right; yes, all right, in spite of Cameron. "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" quoted Gale to himself; forgetting—or ignoring—that the teaching of the parable is not that the sparrows should be sacrificed to man, but that man should learn of the sparrows to be less eager in the pursuit of his own material welfare.

He, like David, had made up his mind. Ambition pointed to the orthodox path; and as for thinking things out—well, he had very little time to think. It may be that that time was purposely, though perhaps not consciously, curtailed; that he worked, that summer, unusually hard because thought was unwelcome. In any case, he was unremittingly busy, utilising what might have been his leisure in studying the diseases of childhood as childhood exists in the slums.

He learned much; more than he was, at the time, aware of. He learned much in those swift work-laden days, because he studied, side by side with children's diseases, childhood; side by side with childhood, environment; side by side with both, the effects of individual temperament. Unconsciously but surely, his physiological conclusions, his diagnostic observation, were tempered, broadened, modified, by consideration of the psychological element which, constantly ignored by physiologists, is inseparably connected with physiology.

He became cognisant, too, not by direct investigation, but by the unanalysed daily experience, the casual observation, by means of which the facts of life are borne in upon most of us, of many of the causes of disease; of the seeds of those evils which the leaders of his profession were attempting to combat by studying the rottenness of the full-formed

fruit. He saw the monster Want, hydra-headed, each head a vice or a disease, sucking away the future of the race; he saw dry-breasted women, half-starved and over-worked, feeding white babies, flabby or thin, on food unfitted, even if pure, for infant stomachs, and largely made up, moreover, of that adulteration which a great statesman has declared to be one of the factors in the competitive system; he saw—and smelt—rooms, alleys, districts whose foul atmosphere was charged with death rather than vitality. And seeing all this, not of set purpose, but inevitably, thought refused to be stifled, waxed clamorous, potent, argumentative, sequential.

What was medical science, to which the vast bulk of the public bowed in unquestioning faith and reverent admiration, doing for all these people? One or two of its prominent men, to be sure, had lately pronounced against alcohol and urged the necessity for hygiene, had sat on boards and presided at committees: but were there any who had gone to the root of the matter, so deep down as not to mistake results for causes; to whom medical inspection was not more important than improved conditions; the coping with disease not more interesting than the destruction of its genesis? He thought of the laboratories and their work; laboratories all over the world—in America, France, Austria, Russia, England—where men toiled, immensely patient, indefatigably keen, thinking out, concocting, perfecting, sera and sera and still more sera, till immunity should be procured against all disease. Was it that way salvation lay? Was it so those tired women were to rest? those children, tubercular, rickety, anæmic, syphilitic, to capture health? Immunity! "Great God!" cried the driven mind of Sidney Gale, "have they not acquired immunity from much that would kill the average healthy man? and does it profit

them? Immunity from semi-starvation—many of them living on when a normal man would die; immunity from foul air, in which, for more than a few minutes, I could not breathe; immunity from dirt. And what do they gain? Immunity in their case is paid for by degeneracy."

His mind, tentative still, but persistent, questioned: "Is immunity, such as modern methods aim at, ever purchased at a lower price?"

He turned to surer ground. "Thank goodness!" he thought, "for the rank and file of the profession, who harm neither man nor beast; who go on steadily, day by day, doing what good they can, bringing the help and hope that a doctor who is worth his salt—and hasn't mistaken his calling—always brings. Thank goodness!" he had almost added, "that I am still of the rank and file!" But ambition, slumbering awhile, roused herself now and spoke. In the rank and file, she told Gale, he could not remain. Did he not aspire, intend, to be a leader? And those who rise, rise not by rebellion, by independence of thought and action, but by obedience to the tactics and the policy of the men in the front ranks. Nay, even where he stood now he was not on neutral ground; for he could not get away from the new treatment, the fashionable remedies, the modern methods; could not get away from serumtherapy and organotherapy; and must either accept or refuse them. Deep within him lurked doubt of the animal drugs, the animal poisons; but he would not recognise the doubt; and when it took vehement shape, ambition pointed to the diplomatic path. Win your way and make your name, she counselled, ere you, hardly a deacon yet, dare to attack the priesthood. Climb, she urged, by the ladder you don't believe in, in order from a commanding height to proclaim the truth.

Gale frowned mentally, stopped his ears to the contend-

ing voices, consigned doubt to the devil, and plunged deeper into work than ever; exercising his brain so persistently with the immediate problems of his cases, that he was too tired to consider the deeper ones which underlay cases and treatment alike. The summer was an unusually hot one, and in the slums where Gale piled the Ossa of almost honorary labour on the Pelion of his now heavy consulting practice, smells were rife. His splendid health was proof against heat, smells, and fatigue; he toiled on, proud of his own strength, immersed in the interest of professional experience. Nevertheless, when August drew to a close, he became aware that his strength was flagging, his interest less keen, that he needed respite, leisure, rest; and, with the practical wisdom which ran side by side with his imaginative capacity, he decided to strike work and take a three weeks' holiday in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXXIII

UP amongst the mountains Gale put his perplexities far from him. He found it comparatively easy, in new surroundings, to escape from the problems which pursued him at home. Ordinary life seemed far away, half unreal, hardly important. After the fashion of the true holiday maker, he threw himself with zest into matters of the moment. He walked, he played tennis, he danced, he even flirted; or it would be truer, perhaps, to say, allowed himself to be flirted with. The girls and women who, by way of a change, were amusing themselves abroad instead of amusing themselves at home, were all disposed to be kind to Gale, some divining the chivalry which was inherent in his nature, others realising that, though quick to respond, he was difficult to win, and finding attraction in the difficulty.

He enjoyed it all; the dancing—and Gale's dancing, it must be owned, was more vigorous than artistic—the playing at love, the games, at which he always wanted to win; not least, the long climbing walks with Percy Burdon. For after he had been a few days at Caux, he saw, on coming down to dinner, Percy and his bride seated at a table not far from his own. Gale was afraid at first that his presence in the hotel would seem to Percy like an intrusion on the privacy of the honeymoon; but Percy soon reassured him. He was a man who liked an audience, and his happiness was enhanced by the fact that he could parade it, together with his Polly's excellences and beauty, before his friend.

"I feel rather a brute, you know," he remarked to his wife, "flaunting our good fortune before old Sidney's eyes. I'm afraid I rub it in sometimes too much; and being—well, as he is, you know, he's bound to feel rather envious and forlorn."

"I dare say Mr. Gale could have had a wife if he'd wanted one," answered Polly. "I'm not sure he couldn't find one here."

"Ah, but the right one?" said Percy. In his mind was the old doubt as to whether he had cheated Gale of his happiness.

"I can't say I think he looks like a disappointed man," observed Polly.

"You don't?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, no, perhaps not; perhaps you're right."

"Everybody doesn't want to be married, you know."

"Poor, poor fools!" said Percy.

The walks that the two friends took sometimes kept the husband longer away from his wife than he cared to be; but Sidney had never lost his charm for Burdon, who was too glad of the chance of his companionship to forego the expeditions they made together. Mrs. Polly was good-natured, too, and urged him to go; she was popular in the hotel, and managed to amuse herself pretty well in his absence.

Gale, on his side, was well suited with Percy as a companion. For Percy was a man you could talk with if you wanted to, and if you didn't, all you had to say was, "Hang it, old chap, stop jawing for a bit. I want to be quiet."

Gale often wanted to be quiet when he got high up, into the snow region; to be quiet, and let the white stillness sink into him. No weary questions came to vex him in those

pauses; the world and its complexities were too far away; in the keen, pure air, with the snow peaks all about him, success and failure seemed not to matter. But sometimes, in his spaces of silence, Gale thought of David Cranley-Chance; of her troubled face, of her suffering motherhood, of her defiant eyes that last time he had seen her. He wondered where she was; in England, of course, for she never went anywhere, he knew, where she could not take Vi. The professor, so Burdon had stated, was abroad; but Gale was hardly interested in the professor and his movements; only in so far as Percy's statement caused him, in his thought of David, to picture her alone, always alone, with the child whose pain she could not ease.

When the picture grew too clear, "Percy, man," he would say, "why on earth don't you say something?" and Percy, only too pleased to be released from the bondage of silence, would hold forth again.

Burdon, looking back upon these walks, remembered them as being amongst the many joys of his honeymoon; Gale remembered them as a white rest, apart somehow from the light-hearted holiday-making at the hotel; a rest which braced and fortified him in his after struggle in the wilderness.

Sometimes the friends spoke of that other friend who, on the waves of circumstance, as it seemed, had drifted away from them—Edgar Hall. Gale was going to see him on his way back.

"I thought of it, too," said Burdon; "but my wife was at school in Paris and doesn't care for the place; so we shall go right through from Basle to Boulogne."

It was generally dusk when the two men got back to the hotel; Percy filled with delight at the sight of his Polly and the warmth of her welcome; Gale not disinclined for fe-

male society, more numerous, though less devoted, than a single Polly.

Little self-contained worlds are soon formed, separate centres of joint life and common interests. Gale, like most of his companions, was, after a few days, immersed in the life of the Caux Hotel, in its politics, its projects, its news. During his walks he went sometimes so far afield as to meet David; and sometimes, when he was alone in his room, David came to him; otherwise he lived altogether in the little merry-making world about him. That world had its great events, such as the private theatricals, stage-managed and coached by a noted professional; its tragedies, as when Miss Bonar-Brown, pre-eminent at tennis, hurt her right hand the day before the great match with the Vevey Club; its *Daily Mail,* not printed on paper, but circulated by word of mouth. The *Mail* told the news and the scandal, not only of Caux, but of Territet, Montreux, of all places in the neighbourhood where news could be generated and scandal manufactured. Usually this intangible publication was flippantly scandalous or suavely censorious; occasionally it was malevolent; now and again, melodramatic, as when it thrilled its supporters by an account of the dog, reputed mad, who had bitten two Englishmen at Les Avants. One had been bitten in the leg, through trousers of tolerable thickness; the other, on his bare hand; and one had started off at once for Paris to undergo the Pasteur treatment, while the other had sucked his wound and remained at Les Avants.

"How difficult to suck a wound in your leg," said somebody.

"Especially if you're stout," said another.

"But he didn't," corrected the Special Correspondent.

"It's the leg one that's gone to Paris. The one who did the sucking business is the one who was bitten in the hand."

"Oh!" This was in chorus, and then came solos, treble and bass: "How rash!" "How foolish!" "How foolhardy!" "Tempting Providence!"

"He didn't believe the dog was mad, you see," said the Special Correspondent.

"And was it?"

"It's been killed," said another member of the staff, a lady who contributed paragraphs.

"And opinions are divided," said the Special Correspondent.

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Miss Bonar-Brown, looking at her finger-stall, and reflecting that there was nothing so bad but that it might have been worse. "Supposing it had come up here."

And then there was another chorus, the *leit-motif* of which was, "How dreadful!"

Two days later Gale left the heights—and depths—of the Grand Hotel world, and was whirled through the darkness to Paris.

He had come to Paris for the express purpose of seeing Edgar Hall; he had looked forward to meeting him again; yet, as he puzzled out his way to the Pasteur Institute, something that was almost like nervousness began to creep in upon him.

It was some years now since he and Hall had met, and previously to their last interview their meetings had been only occasional and short; and "Chaps change," thought Gale. Besides—— They had been intimate, of course, he and Hall, in the old student days, and in the days when they had first paddled, so to speak, in the ocean of professional practice; he and Hall and Percy had formed a trio

in friendship which had caused them to be commonly spoken of amongst their comrades as "the triangle." But had the intimacy been more than a surface one? or had they been, he and Hall, not so much portions of a single chain, inevitably adhering one to the other, as two chains of different metals, joined by the connecting link of Percy Burdon? And besides, after all these years of separation——

"Rot!" said Gale to himself. "Percy and I are different, yet we're still pals, though we don't see much of each other; and why shouldn't it be the same with Hall?" Yet, at the same time, he could not help wishing he had written to Hall to say he was coming.

His acquaintance with Paris was but slight, the acquaintance, that is to say, of the passing tourist, so that he had to ask his way many times in order to reach his destination; but finally he found himself in the Boulevard Pasteur, and then soon came to the Rue Dutot. The street is in itself small and insignificant, but is distinguished in that it contains two monuments, or two divisions of one monument—the original *Institut Pasteur* and the opposite building of the *Chimie Biologique*—to the memory of a Frenchman, who is one of the most revered and admired, the most famous and widely known of his nation.

Pasteur, meeting at the beginning of his career with a measure of opposition, incredulity, and contempt, was yet, while he still lived, a prophet in his own country. He was born, not out of due time, but in the very era when the work that he did appealed most forcibly to the minds and emotions of his fellow-men. The modern fear of death and shrinking from pain were on the increase; the modern spirit of exhaustive inquiry was awake and keen; the modern attitude towards physiology, an attitude which admits no

difference, in the pursuit of knowledge, between insensible matter and sentient organisms, was stiffening itself into a principle. Pasteur, sigle-hearted, with ideals which were of his age and not beyond it; with a mind acute and powerful, but of the kind which views particular pursuits apart from, and not in relation to, the universe as a whole, achieved in his work results which invited and received the homage of his time. In his generation he was supremely wise; in his lifetime he received his reward; he still sits upon a throne. Yet that part of human nature ignored of physical science may ultimately condemn the morality of his methods; the growing experience of humanity may contravene his conclusions; science itself may happen upon that principle of unity which forbids in the service of one portion of the whole the violation of another. Throned idols have not always a lasting divinity; it is the stoned prophets whose words sound on through the ages.

A building of dark red brick, with plaster grown yellow; four windows on either side of the centre door, and a high steep roof broken by another row of windows; such is the *Institut Pasteur*. It stands back from the street, divided from it by a strip of garden wide enough to admit of a carriage drive.

Up the drive went Sidney Gale, reverently; for to him, as to so many, the Institute was a temple dedicated to the salvation of humanity.

Yes, Monsieur Ahl was there, in the Institue. If Monsieur would wait a minute or two——

"Certainement," said Monsieur, thinking how lucky it was that there were some French words not so very far removed from English ones. He had not long to wait in the light and lofty room: presently Hall came in; Edgar

Hall,—Gale knew him at once—and yet a stranger. The man who entered was small, below the middle height; broad, but not lofty, of brow; with a pale face tapering towards the chin. The nose was pinched, with suddenly widening nostrils; the lips were thin, the eyes observant. The expression was that somewhat absorbed one common to men the force of whose intellect, the current of whose interests, is compressed into a channel narrow and deep. It was the expression perhaps that had changed in Gale's student friend, for the features were the same, as was also the figure, alert and spare; but it seemed to Sidney that the whole personality had altered, and also that that personality had become more French than English.

"Gale! I could hardly believe my eyes when your card was brought me. Sit down, please, my dear fellow. But why didn't you write to say you were coming? I would have contrived, or done my best to contrive, to have a spare hour. And now I have but a few minutes."

"So busy, eh? Jove! you look as if you were working."

"I'm working very hard. This is the place to give a man ideas; and the place to work them out in."

"All sorts of facilities, I suppose."

"The French are much more logical than the English. If they found an institution, they provide everything to carry on the work for which the institution was founded."

"Well, are you going to settle down here altogether?"

Gale was half joking, but Hall's answer came with complete seriousness: "I hope so."

"Altogether? Be an exile?"

"Exile!" Hall's lip curled in the old way. "A cosmopolitan is never an exile."

"Always seems to me like a sort of Wandering Jew."

"Just the contrary. The Wandering Jew was never at home; the cosmopolitan always is."

"I'll take your word for it. And so you're a cosmopolitan?"

"Science is cosmopolitan, and I'm a scientist."

"I see. Well, look here, you're busy now, you say——"

"So sorry," murmured Hall.

"Come and dine with me this evening and we'll have a regular good old gossip."

"Excuse me; in Paris, *I* am host. Meet me at Frederic's, Quai de la Monnaie, at seven-thirty. I'll ask one or two men you'll be interested to meet."

"Awfully good of you, but look here, don't trouble to ask a lot of other fellows. What I'd like——"

"Not at all, not at all; no trouble. I should like you to meet them."

Then, in a twinkling, as it seemed, Gale found himself in the street again. "Because I'm on a holiday, I can't expect all the other chaps not to be busy," he thought, as he went back towards his hotel. "All the same, I'd like to have seen through the place." Disappointed he was not, he told himself, since he had two or three days to spend in Paris, and he could see through the Institute to-morrow or next day. But Hall was changed certainly. Changed had he, though—or simply developed? "He was always a rum, cool sort of chap, even in the days when I used to sit upon him," reflected Gale. "Now, by Jove! he's inclined to sit upon me. Wonder how he and Percy would hit it off? Percy was always thicker with him than I was. Wish he hadn't asked those Frenchies. Such a bore talking their jabber."

Yet he was dimly conscious that a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Hall might not be altogether so enjoyable as he had pictured

it in the train from Geneva; there were threads dropped in the past, not to be picked up by the present Edgar; perhaps, after all, the presence of other guests was not entirely to be deplored.

CHAPTER XXXIV

OF the half-dozen men whom Edgar Hall presented to Gale that evening, five were well known in Paris, and the names of three were familiar to Gale through the medium of medical journals. One of these names belonged to a German, known in Paris, as in London, by reputation, and one to a man who came from the south of France. Gale himself was the least distinguished man of the party, and Gale, as has been indicated, was not, in his own country, entirely unknown. The least distinguished he was in regard to fame, yet his face, with its strong vitality, its keen eyes, and its frame of tawny hair, was perhaps the most arresting of those gathered round the restaurant table. David Chance, when she had been David Lowther, had said once that Mr. Gale had the face of a *predestiné;* and it is true that there was in Gale's face, mingled indescribably with the vividness of its expression, that elusive melancholy, often to be observed in the faces of those destined to early death, to the endurance of heroic disasters, or to the silent tragedy of failure.

At first the conversation was not general, and Hall, seeing that his guests were occupied with each other, spoke to Gale in English.

"By the way," he said, "who do you think is under treatment at the Institute just now?"

"Never was good at guessing."

"Cranley-Chance."

"Cranley-Chance? By Jove! What on earth has happened to him?"

"He was bitten by a dog in Switzerland, it seems. He was travelling with Carey—you know Carey?"

"Sir James of that ilk?"

"Yes; and they were both bitten."

"Not at Les Avants, by any chance?"

"Yes, it was. Chance took the first train through."

"Why, I was quite close there, and heard all about it. Fancy it's turning out to be those two! If I'd known, I'd have gone down and seen Carey. He stayed on where he was, I hear."

"Chance says he came to the Institute partly for the example."

"Good old Chance! Was he badly bitten?"

Hall shook his head. "Not he; the skin wasn't even broken. I'm not sure, if I'd been him, I shouldn't have followed the other chap's example and sucked the wound."

"He couldn't do that," said Gale, "if there wasn't a wound to suck. How's he going on?"

"Oh, all right; the thing's taking the normal course. It makes you uncomfortable, of course, for a time."

Hall turned to the man on his left, and Gale was left to try and catch scraps of the talk going on about him.

Presently the talk became general, but Gale, whose ears received French without difficulty, but whose tongue was not fully master of it, listened at first considerably more than he spoke; listened with both diffidence and interest, for these were famous men, and their ideas and opinions carried weight; listened till interest overpowered diffidence, overpowered the disabilities of speech in a foreign tongue, overpowered all but the imperative necessity of saying what was in his mind. But this stage was not reached till the

dinner was over, and coffee, liqueurs, and cigars had taken its place. Gale smoked but little now. He found that tobacco as well as alcohol interfered with the steadiness of his hand and nerve, and had sacrificed both to the perfection of his surgical work. At home he smoked one after-dinner pipe; to-night he played with cigarettes while his host and fellow-guests puffed at cigars.

The talk turned naturally to what is called "shop," and discussion waxed keen. There were rival theories on many points; experiments pointed to different conclusions; and the as yet unreached solutions of various problems were the subjects of contradictory prophecies. Gale was struck with the deference accorded to Hall. He not only spoke as one having authority ("that was always rather his way") but was listened to on the same basis; it was obvious that he was a much bigger man than his student friend had imagined. It was Hall who finally kindled the fire which, smouldering through Gale's musing as he listened to the eager talk about him, caused him at last to speak with his language-hampered tongue.

The fire first began to smoulder during the narration of certain experiments. Vivisectors are not cruel, the public is told; and if by cruelty is meant that the infliction of pain is in itself pleasing to the inflictors, cruel they are not; but if by cruelty is meant an utter indifference as to whether pain is or is not given, a disregard of suffering if suffering be necessary to prove a certain point, of cruelty the large majority of them must undoubtedly stand convicted. It was the cold callousness of his fellow-guests which first stirred the burning in Gale's heart; living organisms were not other to these men than geological specimens; their only care obviously was that the subject of their experiments should be motionless, and so not interfere with

the success of their investigations. But as yet he kept silence. His pulses stirred, but the consciousness of his imperfect French still held him.

"Yet," said *le docteur* Détaille, "all this experimenting, interesting as it is, is abortive, unsatisfactory. The only decisive proof, the final experiment, must be always in connection with the human being."

"Exactly," agreed Beauregard. "Such a method might be perfect if one were concerned exclusively with the pathology of the guinea-pig or the rat. It may be defective if one argues from animals to man. In any case it is inadequate."[1]

"I am quite of your opinion," said Professor Leibholtz; "but in our country we not only hold opinions, we act upon them, and if you are logical, you must admit that, if the end is all important, every means of arriving at it is defensible."

"Certainly; but public opinion——"

"Oh, public opinion!" The Viennese shrugged his shoulders. "Sometimes the Press spurts out some humanitarian cant, but we are not interfered with. We command the hospitals, and the outside public is, as a whole, indifferent."

"There was trouble over the Doyen business," observed Gale.

"Doyen of Rheims and his cancer-grafting?[2] Yes, all Europe professed to be interested; but it died down, it died down. Certainly the German Press is not universally hostile. I remember reading in the *Vossische Zeitung* the argument that as a general sends a regiment to certain death to gain the victory for the rest of the army, so a doctor should be allowed to act in a similar way."

"The sentiment seems to me to tell more against war

[1]App. 16. [2]App. 17.

than in favour of human vivisection," said Gale in his halting French; and everybody laughed; not at his French, since foreigners are rarely amused, or rarely show their amusement, at the language blunders of strangers, but because his remark was supposed to be the Englishman's idea of a joke. Everybody laughed but Hall, and he, knowing that Gale had no intention of joking, frowned.

"Do you think that Schreiber did much for humanity by his injections of Koch's tuberculin into new-born children?" asked Giraud. He was the man from the provinces, and had not spoken much.

"I cannot quite recall the experiments."

"He injected fifty times the maximum dose prescribed by Koch into forty new-born infants."[1]

"I do not remember the results. But no doubt he gained knowledge. It is, as Monsieur Beauregard has remarked, the only sure method."

"Is it the general practice in your country to use the hospitals as centres of investigation?" asked Gale.

"In most hospitals, I should say, patients are made use of in the cause of science. And not in my country alone. I think you will find this sort of thing is carried on in Berlin and Paris and also in London."

"Not in Lon——" began Gale, and stopped short. Had not Sarah Jennings been made use of?

"Ringer undoubtedly experimented on his patients,"[2] said Hall, "and I think myself that a man is justified in getting some return for the time and skill he gives without payment, especially as the sacrifice of the few is for the advantage of the many. But in England, in the present state of public opinion, acknowledged experimentation would not be tolerated. Though it is just in England,

[1]App 18. [2]App. 19.

where science is hampered by the canting outcry of anti-vivisectionists, that men are likely to be tempted to gain their knowledge from the human subject."

"On the other hand, it is possible," said Giraud, "that if that outcry ceased, if experiments on animals were unrestricted, that the result might be to introduce or increase human experiments to the extent which prevails in countries where there is no restriction."

"Hein!" Everybody turned to the speaker.

"My friends," said Giraud. He was a massive man, big in body and in feature; his eyes, of a dark, dull grey, were deep set beneath a wide high brow. "My friends, I am not sure whether we are not all wrong, whether the course we have followed so assiduously has not brought us as much error as knowledge; whether the system we have evolved of injecting disease to procure health is not a false one. I have been a persistent experimenter, as you all know, and enthusiasm in the cause of science—I may say in the cause of humanity—has carried me unflinchingly through everything which seemed to promise any new light on the problems with which we cope. But I ask myself, after thirty years' work—not mine alone, but the work of hundreds of others—what have we done? Are people better? Is the race stronger? Has disease decreased? To all these questions I must answer, No."

"But knowledge——"

"But science——"

"But the surgical art——"

Giraud raised a large hand.

"Pardon. I know all you are going to say; I have said it many times to myself. It does not answer in the affirmative those questions I have asked. As for the knowledge gained, is it more than academic? As for practical knowl-

edge—I tell you that when students come down from the Paris hospitals and are faced with ordinary illnesses, they are helpless. They know nothing of diagnosis, nothing of initial symptoms; they can inoculate and they can carve—that is all. Their clinical work they have to learn."[1]

"You have not become a renegade, by any chance?" asked Beauregard.

"No, only a thinker."

"A dreamer perhaps," suggested a small, dark man called Loret.

"No, but a *free* thinker."

"As for me," said Michelin, one of the best known men present, "I am not afraid to avow myself a dreamer. I dream of what *may* be and also of what *shall* be."

"Is it permitted to ask how you make your division?" asked Loret.

"Certainly. What *may* be is that we may discover the principle of life itself——"

"And they call *me* a dreamer!" muttered Giraud.

"That is to say, we may be able to solve the problem, compared with which all other problems are insignificant and preparatory only: how do nervous impulses so flit to and fro within the nervous system as to issue in the movements which make up what we sometimes call the life of man?"[2]

"Monsieur," said Giraud, "the principle of life will never be discovered through the practice of pain."

"For my part," said Détaille, "I am not concerned with the nature of life. My aim is to prolong it."

"And mine," agreed Hall. "I am with Monsieur Michelin only as regards what shall be."

[1] App. 20. [2] App. 21.

"And you think it will be possible to discover a means of extending life beyond its normal limits?" asked Giraud.

"Undoubtedly," said Hall and Détaille together.

"By eliminating disease," said Michelin, "or, what is the same thing, by providing an antidote to every disease——"[1]

"Pardon me," broke in Giraud, "the two things are not the same. A child who has never had diphtheria is a much healthier child than a child who has passed through the disease and the anti-toxin treatment. Those who have escaped both vaccination and small-pox have a surer and greater vitality than those who have been subjected to either. That must be allowed."

"Then how, pray, may I ask, are you going to stamp out disease?"

"That, Monsieur, is a question which is not likely to be answered so long as the intellect of the profession is engrossed by the present methods."

"But according to the intellect of Monsieur, which is not so engrossed?" questioned Loret.

"It has occurred to me that it might be by the cultivation of health," answered Giraud; and met the storm of derisive dissent with unmoved countenance.

"There are diseases so rooted in the race," began Détaille.

"In civilised races," put in Gale. Giraud looked at him across the table, and said:

"Parfaitement."

"In civilised races if you will," continued Détaille, "that only science can stamp them out."

"In conjunction," amended Giraud, "with nature."

"And is not science perpetually engaged in the study of nature?" asked Michelin.

"I am not sure that science—physiological science—has

[1]App. 22.

not become the bully rather than the pupil of nature," answered Giraud, and again evoked a storm of inarticulate dissent.

"He is incorrigible," said Détaille, and Giraud answered him only with a slow smile.

"The barrier to our complete success consists in the limitations imposed upon us," affirmed Beauregard. "It is a fact that there is an unbridgable gulf between the animal and human kingdoms, and results ascertained in the one remain problematical in the other. The inadequacy of experiments upon animals only is indisputable when you consider that there are certain maladies peculiar to man alone, and that some of them cannot be reproduced in animals."

"As, for instance?" added Hall; and Beauregard named the unnameable disease.

"As yet," Hall conceded, "we have failed."

"And you will never succeed," said Leibholtz. "Believe me, the only sure material for the experiment is the human subject. And such material is not difficult to obtain. I myself inoculated eight girls with the malady under discussion, and obtained most interesting results.[1] That is much better than wasting your time trying to reproduce in animals diseases exclusively human."

It was then that Gale forgot both himself and his imperfect command of the French tongue. "You did that?" said he. "Well, I call it devilish." The badness of his French somewhat obscured the expression of his feeling, but his face spoke, while the bang of his hand upon the table formed a language that all could understand. The face of the Viennese professor assumed an expression of affronted

[1] App. 23.

displeasure; on the other faces surprised inquiry was the feeling chiefly displayed. Giraud regarded the excited Englishman with a sort of reflective sympathy.

"Don't make an ass of yourself," said Hall quickly, in English, "or of me. My friend," he continued in French, "is not accustomed to converse in any language but his own, and is unable to choose his expressions. In England, as you know, there is a widespread feeling against experimenting on human subjects, and Mr. Gale sides with the bulk of his professional countrymen. Did he speak French as well as you do, professor," he said, turning to the German, "he might be able to argue the subject with you. But I," he went on, "will show you all that if experiments on man are not superfluous, it is nevertheless possible to discover an antidote to this scourge of the race by means of the animal world."

"But animals cannot be infected with it," said two men together.

"As yet all animals have proved immune—even monkeys. But I am convinced that amongst monkeys there must be certain species in which it could be engendered. Gentlemen, I propose to devote myself to the discovery of the particular species and the particular method."

Then the fire already kindled in Gale leapt up in flame. He sprang to his feet. "It's the damnedest idea I ever heard of," he cried. "To take the brutes that are by nature pure, and deliberately infect them with man's impurity! If that is science, may science go to the devil—and you, Hall, with it!"

For a minute every eye was upon Gale; waiters, customers, everybody in the place looked at the tall Englishman with the shining eyes, and the mane of hair, shaken out now to its wildest extent; and for a moment Gale's

personality dominated the situation. His fellow-guests were held by it; abashed for the moment; unable to decide whether to be angry, scornful, or amused. Then, as the vehement instant passed, there succeeded to it a short uncomfortable space in which nobody quite knew what to do.

Gale himself put an end to the tension. "Je vous demande pardon, messieurs," he said simply in his English-translated French, "d'avoir interrompu l'harmonie de la soirée; mais j'ai connu Hall quand il était étudiant, et si je n'avais pas dit cela, je serias crêve."

"Then I congratulate you on having spoken," said Giraud. "As for me, I like an honest man, and I am sure these gentlemen are of my opinion."

"These gentlemen" bowed, but the party had come to an end; and presently, in ones and twos, the guests took their departure.

When Hall and Gale found themselves alone Gale turned to his host.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Of course, you were not serious; and I—I was too British to see it. I *have* made an ass of myself. The only consolation is, I don't suppose I shall ever see any of those chaps again."

"But I shall," said Hall with rueful displeasure.

Then Gale laughed, and, "Thank God!" said he, "my sense of humour's coming back to me."

CHAPTER XXXV

DAVID stood at the nursery window and looked out into Manchester Square.

The troubled look that had haunted her face all summer had gone; the look that had escaped her husband, had been noted by her mother, had impressed itself on Gale's observation the day she had come to his house. The irresolution and questioning had gone; David's face had fallen back into its old decided lines, because David's mind was made up. The training of her girlhood, the mental atmosphere of her married life, had had their effect, and the mother's love which was to her the touchstone of morality had been an overwhelming weight in the scale of her decision. That decision arrived at, she had refused to consider any more Judy's arguments or her own misgivings; doubts had been dismissed, scruples banished; and the vivisectionist plausibilities of anæsthetics, absence of pain, advantage to science, and benefit to humanity were glib on her tongue.

And recently she had been strengthened in her attitude, since recently she had had practical, almost personal, proof of the efficacy of one, at any rate, of the discoveries of vivisectional science. For Cranley had come back from Paris well and strong, saved from the consequences of what might have proved a tragic accident, had not the Pasteur Institute been ready to receive him. If the dog had really been mad—and it was impossible now to know—it was

horrible to think what that slight graze of the skin might have entailed, had not the antidote been discovered. Sir James Carey, to be sure, was well, too—so far; but the peril was not yet over, and were she Lady Carey, she would never feel comfortable.

Yet, though David's face was calm and her mind free from doubt, that pain which Gale had called the martyrdom of motherhood was still a sorrow in her heart, a cloud in her eyes. For Vi was no better. The disease developed as time went on, and science, so far, had been powerless to arrest it. Cranley-Chance, in that laboratory where he had made his name, had been working now three years to find a means of salvation. Experiment had followed experiment, and animal after animal had been sacrificed on the altar of Vi's possible recovery; yet nothing had been discovered that was of any use; and Vi grew worse. That the disease was making progress David was hardly aware; custom, which blinds most vision, dulled her watchful eyes; and to her, Vi, constantly prostrate now, becoming ever more helpless, ever more suffering, seemed always much the same. So much indeed does custom deaden not only sight but feeling, so much does human nature acommodate itself to the environment, that David, miserable when the child was first taken ill, was now often merry. The thought of Vi and of Vi's suffering was rarely altogether absent from her consciousness; but continued depression was impossible to a nature naturally so buoyant as hers, and there were days when she was as gay as in her girlhood.

To-day was one of those days; standing at the window, looking out at the leafless trees, her heart was light. She stood drumming on the window-pane, whistling a little tune (Vi liked to be whistled to), and was turning away to cross the room to the child when a servant brought in a note.

"It's from gran'pa, Vi," said David, opening it. "He wants me to go with him to-morrow night to a play. I must just go and write him a note, dear."

"Of course I shall love to go with you," she began to write, and then stopped short. "Oh, dear! how tiresome," she was thinking; "to-morrow is that horrid old *soirée* at the Royal Institution, and Cranley expects me to go with him. I wonder—I wonder if he would let me off?"

She went downstairs to the hall.

"Tell Sir Bernard," she said to the man who was waiting, "that I'll send him a note this afternoon. I hope to be able to go, but I must see Mr. Chance before I can give a decided answer."

She went upstairs to put on her outdoor things. She had ordered the brougham at eleven o'clock, with the intention of doing some shopping; but the shopping could wait; she would drive over and see Cranley, and ask him to let her off the *soirée*.

David had been frequently to the Empire Institute. Constantly she called for her husband as she returned from her afternoon's round, and was familiar with the little waiting-room curtained off from the wide corridor; familiar with the two rooms in which Cranley-Chance did his physiological and chemical work; familiar with the class and other rooms in that high-up portion of the building conceded to the college to which her husband was attached. Familiar she was, too, with the oblong brass slab on which Cranley did his vivisections; so familiar that it had lost for her the air of half-repugnant mystery with which at first it had been clothed; and had become, indeed, so changed in significance by the views in which she had entrenched herself, the knowledge she had acquired, that it seemed to her now that her nerve was strong enough, her convictions

profound enough, her understanding sufficiently firm, to enable her to witness a physiological experiment, unhampered by selfish and sentimental shrinking; upheld by that spirit of scientific inquiry, of broader humanity, with which she had learned to associate vivisectional inquiry.

But Cranley-Chance had steadily refused to allow her to be present at even the simplest of his investigations; nor had his decision been affected by her argument that if she had the positive evidence of an eye-witness wherewith to confront the accusations of Judy and her kind, if she could vouch from personal knowledge that those accusations were malicious and false, it would give her statements a validity and a force which nothing else could assure to them. Lowther, appealed to, had chaffed David on her scientific curiosity. He was pleased at the positive attitude which his daughter's opinions had assumed, but supported her husband in his view; and David had perforce continued to maintain her own convictions and to do battle with Judy's on second-hand evidence.

But as she was borne upwards in the lift to-day, there was no thought in her mind of experiments or convictions, no wish to gain knowledge or confute testimony; she was thinking, and thinking only, of her father's invitation, and her strongest desire for the moment was to induce Cranley to release her from her engagement.

The youth who admitted her to the broad corridor fancied the professor was engaged. Would Mrs. Cranley-Chance wait for a minute while he went to see?

"No, never mind," said David, impatient. She would go along and tap at the door; it would be all right.

She was used to go direct to the professor's room, used to what she called bearding him in his den. He knew her particular little knock, and his answering "Come in, dear,"

was a joke between them. "For if it *should* be somebody else," said David, "how surprised that somebody else would be!" When he could not let her in he would call out, "No admittance," or come to the door and tell her how long she would have to wait before he was ready; and now, receiving no answer to her knock, she stood waiting, expecting to hear his step cross the floor within. But there was no sound; and presently, having knocked a second time in vain, she ventured to open the door and peep in.

The room was empty, as she had expected, and she was vexed by the thought that the young man she had spoken to had made a mistake, that her husband had gone away, and that she had missed him. Then, in the inner room, beyond the half-open door, she heard voices, and one the professor's voice. Instantly the little feeling of hopeful excitement revived, for she was inwardly convinced that Cranley would let her have her way; and with it, in the reaction from momentary annoyance, came a return of the merry mood of the morning.

David, since the days when she had played at being an artist, had never quite lost, though the faculty had been often latent, the child's instinct of play. There was in her a perennial child-germ which, when favoured by mood and circumstance, was wont to spring suddenly into blossom; and now she was seized and fascinated by the idea of giving Cranley a surprise. At the far end of the room was a cupboard with its door invitingly ajar; she would hide in it, and when her husband had become absorbed in his work, would suddenly present herself at his side. "Your 'Come in, dear,' is superfluous to-day," she would say.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A QUARTER of an hour later Cranley-Chance had entered the room and had carried out his part of the programme so far as to be absorbed in his work; so absorbed that David might have opened wide the door that stood ajar, have left the cupboard without carefulness of movement, have crossed the room without softening of footsteps, and he would not have heard her. But David had not moved.

Coming into the room, she had not noticed that the row of bright instruments which usually lay on a shelf beneath the brass slab, was ranged by its side; hiding herself, she had had no idea of what the professor's work that morning was to be. And now in her mind there was no room to consider that she was defying her husband's wishes by remaining where she was; that she was, in fact, if not in intention, a spy upon that which he had forbidden her to witness; her consciousness was caught up in a crisis of experience which held the whole of it.

When the dog—a bitch and pregnant—which now lay upon the slab, had been brought into the room, David had had her moment of consternation, bewildered, undecided, regretful; and ere that moment had passed, ere the conflict between suddenly presented opportunity and loyal obedience could even definitely declare itself, the time for action had gone by, the very idea of action was annihilated. For David was swept right away from the consciousness of her-

self as herself, right away from the consciousness of those ties, ideas, affections, circumstances, by means of which we relate ourselves to life as we know it; swept on to a plane of new and acute realisation which her experience had never suggested and her imagination had never touched.

She had entered that plane first by means of a swift and graphic picture, a sudden memory. Ere paraldehyde and morphine had rendered the dog motionless, a movement of its body, a tremor, had called up an incident of the days spent at the Villa, a scene in which Wuppums had hurt her paw and had had it bound up by Judy. The trust of the dog in her mistress had not failed, since she had licked the hand from which she yet shrank; but she shrank nevertheless, shaken with a nervous trembling which embraced the whole docile form. And Judith had said: "They're so nervous, even though they trust you, and especially the bitches." The little scene had lain hidden away in the background of David's recollection, without significance, meaningless; and now, suddenly, it started forward into life, a fact from which deduction was to be drawn, and which bore direct upon that other fact, the dog on the brass slab; the servant (it was a term Cranley-Chance had used once) the servant of science.

It may be that the picture, suddenly upheld, would have passed as quickly as it rose, have been relegated to the storehouse of those doubts and scruples which David had dismissed, and left no trace in the mind where it showed itself, had it not been followed by other pictures, not revived from the past, but painted, strong and clear, in the present. As it was, it formed, as has been said, a key to realisation.

These are the pictures that David watched in the painting.

She saw the dog firmly secured by straps and clamps—so firmly that, conscious or unconscious, it could not have moved; saw an incision made in its neck; saw the windpipe bared with dissection knives, and the edges of the wound held apart with chain hooks. As she watched, the involuntary shrinking in her fought with the thought: "It is anæsthetised, of course, doesn't feel"; and then came the echo of the professor's words to the assistant, words in which paraldehyde and morphine occurred; and with the echo the remembrance that he himself had once told her that certain drugs were not true anæsthetics, but only narcotics. Of these drugs paraldehyde was one, and morphine—yes—in that article of his—she had helped him to correct the proofs of it—he had certainly said that morphia only lessened, did not abolish pain.[1]

But the pictures—or the one picture that changed from moment to moment—went on. There had been in the first phase of it a dash of vivid red; but now the blood flow was checked by the assistant, who clamped the cut arteries and veins with steel self-locking forceps, which tightly pinched the vessels and flesh as they closed, and, thus closed, remained a permanent part of the picture.

The picture was not quite like ordinary pictures, which are silent things, for from this picture came sound; a low sort of whistling, as through the incision made in the windpipe the animal's breath rushed forth, ere the canula was inserted, and the artificial breathing apparatus was complete.

And all that happened, happened, as it were, to an accompaniment of words that were repeated again and again in David's mind, a refrain of statement and question. "For the good of humanity," said one soundless voice; and another asked continually, "What is good?" Thus it went

[1]App. 24.

on while a fresh wound was made in the dog's neck; while the pulsating carotid artery was severed, clamped, and the end near the heart connected by a glass and rubber tube to a mechanical contrivance for the record of blood pressure: thus it went on while the jugular vein was laid bare, and so prepared that it could be easily dealt with later on.

And now the dog on the brass slab, strapped and clamped, with wounds held open by hooks, with the severed blood-vessels held secure from blood-letting in the grasp of the forceps, was ready for the experiment proper. David knew no difference between preparatory and directly experimental work; and in spite of the knowledge on which she prided herself, the knowledge which in conversations with her husband she had gradually gained, that which her eyes beheld was only parly intelligible to her understanding. Yet she knew, as the picture changed again, knew and realised that what was drawn out now from the incision made in the dog's abdomen, was the womb; though she did not know, at the time did not know, that that womb held the ripening germs of incipient life. The appeal made to her later on by the outrage on maternity, on the function sacred throughout all nature, was not made to her then.

And indeed, as regards emotion, it seemed to her, on looking back, that she had been singularly unmoved; that she had had no concern with feeling; that she had simply stood and watched.

Watching, she saw the dog, mangled, dissected, powerless in the hands of man; and the man, who had wrought the mangling and dissection; and who performed his task as coolly, as quietly, as deftly, as he performed those other portions of his work which had to do with chemistry. And looking at him, he became to her sinister, terrible, hardly human, hardly even devilish; but a soulless being, obeying

automatically impulses of irresponsible force. What, in truth, she saw was that which the love of knowledge, noble in itself, pure in itself, can become when, divorced from that higher morality, which is one of love's integral elements, it degenerates into lust. For the man she looked upon was not consciously cruel, but only completely callous. Pity was as far away from him as was anger or pleasure or pain; the only emotion he was conscious of was the desire to know, the intense, irresistible curiosity of the scientist whose humanity is sunk in his science: and possessed by that curiosity he was ruthless.

In the strange calm that held her, David noted the delicacy of his manipulation; how deftly he attached the extracted womb to levers arranged so as to record upon a drum the period and magnitude of contractions. She noted the certainty of touch with which he severed the nerves; the calm with which he compared the record of their action with a previous record; the absence of haste or flurry which characterised his movements, as, in order to prevent the dog dying from the shock and collapse caused by the magnitude of the operation, ere the experiment was complete, he transferred it to the bath in which salt and water, kept at blood heat, covered all wounds save that in the neck.

The experiment was nearly over now; there remained but, what was, indeed, the chief end and gist of it, the injection of a drug in solution into the jugular vein by means of a syringe, and the recording of the drug's effect.

David, watching, did not know that the records of the many similar experiments which her husband had performed gave bewildering and opposing results; nor did it occur to her, in those watching moments, to ask herself if the administration of drugs to animals in a way, and in conditions, which could never be possible in the case of a

human being, could have any practical bearing, even if the results had added to accurate scientific knowledge by being always the same. She did not think or reason at all; she only looked at that picture of the motionless dog and the emotionless man; changing always like the evolving picture of a cinematograph, but with one element in it that never changed: the utter helplessness of "the servant of science."

Only once, quite at the beginning, she had a desire to cry out; never once was she brought near to faintness; never once was she able to close her eyes. At the end, when it was over, when she saw that it was quite over, she became conscious of a great longing; to get away; but knew, and resigned herself quite quietly to the knowledge that she must wait.[1]

"Home!"

"The master's not coming, ma'am?" asked the coachman.

"No."

It was David's wont always, when she came home, to go straight to the nursery. She went there to-day. It was her wont when she had been away to put her arms about Vi, to kiss and pet her. Her arms went round the little form to-day, longingly, lovingly. Sometimes, in the intensity of her desire to help the child, sometimes in the passion of her tenderness, the tears came to her eyes and wet the face close to her own. But to-day she did not cry.

[1] App. 25.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DAVID did not go either to the theatre or to the *soirée* at the Royal Institution. To her father she wrote that her evening was engaged; to her husband she said that she did not feel able to accompany him. When Cranley-Chance had started, she put on a hat and cloak and walked to Harley Street. Lowther would be at the theatre, she knew, and she should find her mother alone. She went up to the drawing-room unannounced, and opened the door.

Lady Lowther was sitting by the fire, in her usual place, dressed in her usual dress, knitting.

She looked up. "David!" Then in a different tone: "Darling!" For David's face, as she crossed the room, had changed.

The calm which had come upon her in the Empire Institute had endured through the rest of the day and throughout the day which succeeded it. She had lain awake all night, sleeping only a little when the late morning dawned; lain awake at her husband's side, listened to his regular breathing, turned her cheek to him when he came to her, and again ere he rose. Cranley-Chance, who was not observant where human nature was concerned, had noticed no difference in her demeanour. She was quiet, certainly, but she had her quiet days; and when she said she did not feel up to going out with him, he supposed that her head ached.

And David, sitting at table, sewing at a garment for Vi, lying still, with eyes that stared out into the darkness, did

not know if she had changed or no. For she did not think; she looked at pictures. And when she turned away from the pictures she felt as if she were in a desolate place, a long way off from everybody and from ordinary life; and she had a sense that before she could come back again she must go through a process; intellectual was it? or emotional? or just the recognition of certain fundamental principles of her own nature?

But into the cold area that surrounded her came a little warm breath; not a picture, but a feeling; a desire, faint at first, but growing, to see, to be with, her mother. David had been tempted to despise that mother; had said to herself that she lacked character and independence; had called her colourless. But now she thought of her as tender, gentle, patient; not questioning much, but listening; barren of argument, but prodigal of sympathy. It was when she came into that mother's presence that her face changed; moved and worked; and when the voice said "Darling!" David came back from the desolate place in a rush, in a whirlwind of battling emotions, in a storm of tears. Kneeling, she laid her arms upon her mother's knee, her head upon her arms, and wept as if her heart would break.

Lady Lowther drew her knitting aside; she did not speak, but stroked the brown head that lay upon her lap; her face wore an expression of distressed bewilderment. It was not till the crisis had passed, till the sobs had died down, and David sat upright on a footstool at her feet, that Lady Lowther said—

"What is it?"

Then David told her, was able quite easily to tell her; the narration came in swift graphic words that, conveying the pictures to her mother's brain, relieved the biting pressure of them on her own.

Bertha, silent through all the narration, was, when it ceased, for a minute silent still. Then she said: "Long ago, when you were quite a little thing, I made a compact with your father that I would never speak to you, never seek to influence you, on these subjects. I think—I thought at the time—that I was wrong. A stronger woman, perhaps, would have held on her course; but I was not—I never have been—and at the time I was nervous, broken down—and your father was always masterful. Now that this has happened I can speak to you, I can tell you all about it. There is no use in not speaking, and I will tell him what I have done before I go to bed to-night. I haven't always been honest to myself, but I have been always honest—I think—with Bernard. David, don't you think you'd better get up and sit properly in a chair? You'll get cramped down there."

The suggestion, so characteristic and so prosaic, did David good, and made her smile.

"No, thanks. I'm comfortable here. I'll lean against you."

She rested against Bertha's knee, sideways, looking into the fire. Lady Lowther was looking into a cupboard to which nobody but herself and Isabel Barker had the key; a cupboard which she was about to unlock, showing to her daughter its recesses, and the skeleton of remorse which, shut in there, had weighted her spirit so long.

"When you were a little bit of a thing," she said presently, "between three and four, I went through a severe operation; I had to have what they call a floating kidney taken away. I am a coward, as you know, but I was not the least nervous about that operation. I'd had an easy time when you were born, and I remembered the effect of the chloroform; and the thought that they would give me an

anæsthetic took away all my dread. Anæsthetics were a sort of religion to me in those days; I believed in them, I think, quite as much as I believed in God, and trusted in them more. I'd been brought up, you see, to be what Bernard calls sentimental. Your grandfather loved animals, all kinds of animals; he never would have the birds killed, I remember; he said he would rather lose his fruit; and I was brought up to love them, too. Dogs and cats and rabbits—we had pets of all kinds, and I was afraid of nothing in that way, not even toads. Well, and then, when I grew up, I married your father."

"Oh, mother, how could you?" The words came quickly, almost before David knew the thought was in her mind.

"You see, I didn't know. Vivisection was only coming into fashion then, and I didn't understand it. I hated what I first heard about it, but Bernard told me my ideas were all wrong, and the way he explained it made it seem as if it were the best thing for animals as well as human beings. Father was dead then, or perhaps I should have heard the other side, and your grandmother was quite as easily persuaded as I was. Though I must say," said Lady Lowther in parenthesis, "that I have known a great many people since, who were supposed to be much cleverer than me and yet believed things that were told them just in the same way."

"Comfortable things," said David, "yes, because one *wants* to believe them."

"The anæsthetics were the chief things, of course. You first made an animal unconscious, Bernard said, and found out something wonderful, and then it got quite well and knew nothing about it; or else it was killed before it could feel again. I didn't quite like the idea of the killing; but then, when he pointed out to me that it was a much more

merciful way of killing than by sport, I agreed, and it seemed all right."

"It's much better when they're killed—much. Go on!"

"Yes, I know it is, but I didn't know then, and didn't think much about it. It was the operation made me think. I went to it quite happily; I remember walking into the room where the doctors were and saying good morning. Isabel told me afterwards that everybody said I was so brave; but I wasn't really, you know, dear, because Bernard had told me I was sure to get over it, and I trusted him absolutely; and as for the pain, I knew I shouldn't feel it. I didn't feel it, at the time. It was when I came to—oh, the agony! I shall never forget it, and it went on and on. It was a shock to me to find I had to suffer so much; I had never expected it—which was stupid, of course, but I had never thought about anything but the operation itself. I remember saying to your father: 'I never imagined it would be like this,' and he answered: 'Well, you couldn't expect to be cut about as you've been, little woman (he used to call me that in those days), and not feel it.' And then, after he'd gone, I remember it all rushed into my mind—the thought of the animals that were operated upon and not killed. At one time I had thought it was so much worse to kill them, and now—— I was cared for, nursed, petted; I had narcotics to dull the pain; everything was done to help and ease me. But they—— When the thought came to me, I forgot my own pain for a time. I sent for Bernard, and I told him—I was very open with him in those days—I told him what was in my mind. I remember he laughed, and told me not to worry. That laugh was the first thing that came between us; I couldn't forget it."

Bertha paused, but the figure at her feet did not move, and presently she went on speaking.

"I didn't say anything more till I was well, but I went on thinking. I thought of the animals coming out of the anæsthesia to pain like mine; and I thought how Bernard and his friends had always said there was no pain in vivisection; and I thought about the certificates Bernard held which dispensed with the use of anæsthetics. I had always believed everything I was told up till then. Now I began to doubt. I knew that not feeling pain at the time of an operation did not mean no pain after it; and I knew that all vivisection couldn't be painless; I began to doubt whether the men who did these things really cared or not whether the animals suffered."

"They don't," David said. "They don't want to hurt, but they don't really care, if it interferes with what they want to know."

"When I got well I spoke to your father again, and that time he got angry. Then I spoke to Isabel Barker, and found that she hated vivisection as much as I hate it now. Well, when Bernard saw how really upset I was, he tried to soothe me down again. He brought forward all sorts of arguments, and he assured me that all the things anti-vivisectionists said were lies. Isabel, of course, was an A.-V., and I knew she was not a liar; but Bernald said the lies were not always intentional, that they often came from silly women not understanding. I don't know how it might have ended—whether—for a time—— Anyhow, just at that time we moved. We had been living at St. Leonards, and we came up to London and took a house in Campbell Square. What I went through there I cannot say. Night after night I was kept awake by the howls and groans of the animals belonging to the Campbell Street Hospital.[1] I believe something has been done now to deaden the

[1]App. 26.

sounds, but in those days you heard them plainly. At first I did not know what it was. When I found out—you will know why I could not sleep. To think of them, hour after hour, helpless and in pain, recovered from the anæsthetics (those who had had anæsthetics), but not from the operations! I had been through an operation myself, you see, and knew what it meant. It was Campbell Square that brought things to a crisis. I couldn't stand it. I told Bernard so, and I begged him—and I remember that I really had the hope that I might be able to influence him—I begged him to give up the experiments and be a doctor and not a physiologist."

"And——?" David half turned as her mother paused.

"He was only amused at first; then he was angry. You were a little bit of a thing, two years old, and I begged him, for your sake, not to do things that, as you grew older, you would hate. Then"—Bertha paused for a moment—"then came the struggle. He said he would not have his child taught ridiculous notions; rather than that, he would separate from me altogether; that a hysterical woman was not a fit person to bring up a child. I don't know—of course he could have separated from me, for I should never have tried to stay in his house against his will—but I don't know whether he could have kept you from me."

"Of course he couldn't."

"Isabel said he couldn't, but he said he could. He came in one day when Isabel was with me, and they had a fearful row. It was patched up later on, in a sort of way, but they never meet if they can help it. I always wondered your father let you go to Lapellière to a friend of hers."

"I suppose he thought all her friends were harmless dowdies. And of course it's only lately he has realised what a part Judy plays in the A.-V. movement."

"Yes. Well, as I said, I wasn't sure whether he could take you from me, and I didn't get the length of consulting a lawyer. I—I was foolish enough and weak enough to dread the scandal and the being cast adrift, and I knew, too, that a girl whose parents are separated has a slur upon her. People always think it's the mother's fault, and that the daughter will be like her."

"What am I to say?" asked David, as the low voice ceased. "I don't know whether you were right or wrong."

"Yes, you do. You know I was wrong. I know it, too. I agreed never to speak to you about what I felt so strongly, to let you be brought up to believe in things I hated, to take no active part in the movement which Bernard had taught me to despise and which I longed now to join. And when I had done it, I felt like a traitor, like Judas."

"Poor little mother!"

"The feeling seemed to kill the youth out of me. I gave up caring about pretty clothes (I was very fond of them once); I gave up caring to look my best; I seemed to sink down—into what I am. The only thing that has been a sort of comfort to me has been this"—she laid her hand upon the knitting by her side—"the work that sometimes used to vex and irritate you. I got into touch, through Isabel, with a firm that sells hand-knitted goods, and I have worked for it regularly for years. The money I earn is my own, not Bernard's, and I give it all to the one thing. It makes me feel—especially going on working when I am tired—a little less of a—a coward."

David's eyes were wet again. "Dear mother, if I'd only known!"

"But it was just what you might not know."

"You must have been so lonely, and I gave you no sympathy."

"I had you with me, dear; I had what I had bargained for. A sort of wall between us there must always be, I knew, unless something happened—like what has happened, and I never knew quite whether to hope or fear it."

"You should have hoped."

"It is your relations with Cranley. I know—I know that you will never give way like me."

"I don't know what I shall do. No, that's not true. I didn't, when I came here. Now I think I do." David got up. "Good night, mother!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHEN David got home she went into her husband's study; the book-lined room, with the huge, leather-covered writing-table, and the capacious arm-chairs, in which, to be comfortable, she could not sit, but had to curl herself up in cat fashion.

There was one chair, stiff and straight, which stood before the writing-table, and it was to this chair that David went. Sheets of the sermon paper on which Cranley wrote his articles for scientific and medical periodicals lay on the table, some blank, some covered with his close, somewhat cramped handwriting. David was used sometimes to scan the loose sheets that often lay thus; sometimes she would alter a word or add a comma, and would say jestingly that she did her best to improve her husband's English. To-night her eyes, absently at first, glanced along the written page; and then she saw that the professor had been writing an account of the experiment of yesterday.

"The changes in the uterus induced by drugs are so important from a practical point of view," she read, "that I have taken up the question afresh and have performed a large number of experiments on dogs, rabbits, and cats."[1]

David turned away. "A large number of experiments——" A large number!

She rose, took a cushion, and placing it before the fire, sat down there and thought. She thought for an hour; short, because the time passed unheeded; long, because

[1]App. 27.

there were so many thoughts in it. Words came back to her that she had listened to unheeding and dismissed with contempt; words, too, that she had listened to with irritated discomfort and dismissed with decision; other words that, in a discussion she had ventured upon with John Cameron, had been uttered by him, and that she had never been able quite to dismiss.

"There is something more precious," he had said, "than knowledge, even accurate knowledge; more precious than physical gain, even assured gain; the spiritual progress of man. Any method of acquiring anything, whether it be knowledge or ease, material advantage or mental power, any method which inflicts pain upon any sentient creature, save for the creature's benefit, is against that progress. Vivisection appeals to the two basest instincts of humanity —selfishness and cowardice; instincts which delay man's march, and degrade his nobility. Shall man take knowledge of his body, comfort of his body, in exchange for his soul?"

And she thought of Claude Bernard, one of the fathers of modern vivisection, whose daughter had left him, refused to live with him, because of the cruelties he committed.[1]

"But you must remember the point of view." Cranley-Chance's arguments, which had soothed or satisfied her, rose up and did battle for his cause. "The character of a deed is in its motive." And then came Judy's words, when, at second-hand, David had advanced Cranley's argument.

"All very well for the man who does the deed," Judy had said, "but it has no validity for the man, woman, child, or animal who is hurt. A man may knock me flat on the road, bash my head in and make off with my purse. His motives may be of the purest; his wife and children may

[1]App. 28.

be starving, and what more commendable than to feed your children and your wife? But my head hurts me just as much as if he had wanted to get drunk on my money, or prove scientifically that a head hit with a certain force will bleed. Motive is all very well, my dear, and an individual may be absolved by his motives for all I know. But if, safe in his own purity, he lowers the standard of the community by the morality of his acts, I say he is a pest to that community, even though his acts should result in the discovery of a gold mine."

And she thought of the words which in her girlhood had puzzled her; which all her life had haunted her; which baffled still her understanding: "This present life is not the end where much glory doth abide; therefore have they prayed for the weak." The glory of science; would it not abide? The weak——?

David moved her head. The door of the study was open, and she could hear the latchkey turn in the front door. But she did not rise. Then, as the latch lifted and the door turned on its hinges, she got up quickly; for Cranley-Chance was speaking; it was evident that he was not alone.

She got up, conscious both of relief and vexation. Perhaps—Cranley was going to Glasgow to-morrow to give two lectures on the progress of physiological knowledge during the last decade; perhaps she would have to defer what she had to say till his return.

Then into the study came Lowther.

"David!" he exclaimed; and "David!" echoed Cranley-Chance behind him.

"How did you meet?" was all David said.

"I wanted to see him," answered Lowther, "and as I had a card, I got rid of Mallison, who was with me, and went round by the Institution, thinking to bring you both home.

He told me you were not very fit, and I expected you'd have gone to bed."

Chance was looking at the hat and cloak flung down on a neighbouring chair.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"To Harley Street." There was a dryness in David's throat, a thumping in her chest that made her voice sound constrained and queer.

Both men looked at her.

"What's the matter?" asked Lowther.

For a moment David was tempted to answer, "Nothing." She was not a coward, but she dreaded her father's tongue, shrank from the derisive spirit which, when his prejudices were combated, sat in his eyes and gave a biting tone to his voice.

She had arranged what she was going to say to her husband, and, strung up as she was, she had thought she would have no difficulty in saying it. But with Lowther it was different. She had imagined that when she saw him again he would have learned from her mother what had befallen her, and how, by that befalling, she had been affected. She would meet his sarcasms, steel herself to meet them, but she would not have to give him the information from which those sarcasms would spring. It would be strain enough simply to meet them; a strain all the harder in that, in a sense, limited to be sure, but actual, her father had been a hero to her. Though she had opposed him sometimes in matters of personal plans and wishes, though in certain directions she had maintained her own views in defiance of his, his mental standpoint had been nevertheless the standard by which she had measured mental capacity; in questions of intellectual discernment and scientific judgment, she had reverenced his opinion and craved his approval.

She had been flattered by the footing of equality on which of late years he had discoursed to her of his professional interests; had applauded his sweeping denunciations of all that was maudlin, sentimental, and reactionary; and had prided herself on being ahead of those futile folk whose heads, in Lowther's phrase, were as soft as their hearts.

Now she must lose her place in her father's estimation; not only lose it, but witness the process of forfeiture; see the eyes that had glanced approval grow hard and jeering; hear the jibes that had evoked her laughter turned against herself; feel herself sink from being "a woman of uncommon sense" into a member of that contempt-laden company which Lowther comprehensively designated as "women and fools."

Feeling all this, she hesitated; only for a moment. She had always had the courage of her convictions; it faltered, but did not fail her now.

"Just this," she answered. She did not move as she spoke, but turned her eyes from face to face, as she addressed first one man and then the other. "When your invitation came yesterday morning, I felt I must speak to Cranley before accepting it. I drove down to see him and went up as usual. They told me"—her eyes turned to Cranley-Chance—"that it was doubtful whether you were not engaged——"

"I never heard you were there, never heard anything about it. I *was* engaged, but they ought——"

"It was nobody's fault. I said I'd go to your room and see; and I went—and found it empty." David stopped, to swallow something that seemed rising in her throat.

"I was probably in the inner room. If you'd called, I should have heard you."

"You were there; I heard your voice. I thought I'd—

play you a trick—surprise you—hide myself and—and come out later, when you were at work."

Cranley-Chance gave vent to an exclamation, took a step backwards; but David did not heed him; her eyes turned and met her father's eyes, critically, acutely observant.

"I did hide."

"And saw him do a vivisection, and were upset by it. So much for disobedience!" said Lowther. "Now perhaps you'll admit I was right?"

"You were there—all the time?" cried Chance. "Good God! David, I find it hard to forgive you."

David answered her father. "You were right—in one way; but in another quite, quite wrong."

"Indeed?"

"It wasn't the least a fit experiment for you to see," broke in the professor. "For a novice—for a woman——"

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed and sleep it off?" asked Lowther. "I should give her a little bromide, Cranley. Nerves a bit upset; tendency to hysteria."

This time David answered her husband, before he had time to reply to her father's suggestion.

"It's just because I'm a woman, I think, that I was specially interested; just because I'm a woman that I was specially appalled."

"Ha!" said Lowther, in a tone that implied "Now it's coming. This is what I expected."

"Don't try to discuss things you can't possibly understand," said Cranley-Chance. "To follow that experiment you would require a training and an experience——"

"I dare say; and I don't want to discuss it; I want as little discussion as possible. I only want you to understand, both of you"—it was Lowther's eyes she looked

into—"that when you talked to me about vivisection, and I talked too, and listened, I didn't in the least realise what it meant."

Lowther's lower lip went out. "Half a lifetime of logic annihilated by the sight of a drop of blood! That's woman," said he. "And she wants the franchise!"

"I knew you'd—jeer," said David. "I was prepared for it." Now that the storm had come, now that her father's face actually wore the look she had dreaded, she felt that it was easier to bear than she had expected. The sense that it is impossible to go back sometimes supplies the courage to go forward. "As for logic—these are things that cannot be reasoned about until they are thoroughly understood."

"I fully agree," put in Lowther. "And the proposition that you advance is, if I mistake not, that you now thoroughly understand the scientific aspect of vivisection. On that, Cranley, I think I'll have a cigar. You don't object to smoke, I think?" he said, addressing David.

She handed him the matchbox from the mantelpiece.

"I *realise* something that I had not realised before; I make no claim to understanding. I believe I accepted your opinions, and"—her eyes turned to Chance—"and your assurances, because it was so much more comfortable to accept them. It made me seem in my own eyes, and in yours"—she glanced from face to face—"a clever, advanced woman, capable of appreciating the scientific spirit. I dare say there are women, medical women, who really think as you do, who have been so trained, as you say, that they can realise what these things mean and still uphold them. No, I don't want you to speak, Cranley, till I have finished. And I dare say there are experiments quite different from the one I saw; it may be that there

are experiments quite—as I have been often told—quite painless. That hardly seems to me to come in. What I feel is that a system which includes the kind of thing I saw yesterday, is a system that goes against something which is more important than anything and everything that system may find out or acquire. I mean," David said, losing a little her manner of calm statement, and speaking now with a slight tremor in her voice, a note of appeal in her tone, "that there is something in me which would rather suffer pain than benefit by doing to an animal what you—what was done yesterday."

She glanced from face to face with eyes that said "Don't you understand?"

Cranley-Chance, angry with his wife, was, nevertheless, more distressed than angry; Lowther was only angry. David perceived intuitively the difference of attitude, and her look rested on her husband.

"If you'd only obeyed me," he said, and said it testily, "this wouldn't have happened, and it would have been all right."

"I didn't deliberately disobey you. And I—I'm glad it happened. It wouldn't have been 'all right.' I should have been happier, perhaps, in a way, going on thinking that vivisection could be done without cruelty, but——"

"Cruelty!" broke in Lowther. "Pooh! She's learnt the language already, Cranley; cruelty, torture, inhuman monster. Well, it's an easy vocabulary—being so limited. And so we are cruel, Cranley and I? an inhuman father? a monster of a husband? How? Why do you call us cruel?"

"Because you do cruel things."

"To you?" asked Chance.

"No. But many men who have done—all sorts of things, have been kind to their wives and children."

"And children," echoed Lowther. "How about Vi? Is the chance of her recovery to be sacrificed to anti-vivisectionist principles?"

"I will do for Vi what I've always done," David answered, "all I can. But I don't want you," she said to her husband, "to go on making experiments. It has done no good; nothing that you have done has given her even five minutes' ease; and apart from that, I——" She made an effort, and looked Lowther full in the face. "You know what it means to me to see Vi suffer; or it hurts, perhaps, more than you know. But there are prices that one can't pay, however much one may want what they would buy; things one can't do. This scientific way of trying to escape from suffering is one of them. It's not only the animals, but the women—and children—little children——" Her voice faltered.

She had spoken, not defiantly, not with any assumption of heroic sentiment, but in a low voice, almost deprecatingly. But Lowther had no pity.

"You have it all very pat. Who's been coaching you?"

"It's that Home woman who's at the bottom of it all," said Chance.

David answered her father. "I suppose the thoughts must have been in me for a long time, only I wouldn't listen to them. I think there was a part of me that knew always it was cowardly to take advantage of defenceless things; but I hid away from it; I wouldn't let myself know what it meant. But I can't hide any more. And so——" David broke off. "I think I'll go upstairs now." She turned to the professor. "You and I will talk this out when you come back from Glasgow."

David spent the night in the room with Vi. She told the nurse, who slept in an adjoining room with the door

open, that she could shut the door; and she herself attended to the child's wants, the emotion in her finding vent in an added tenderness.

"Vi," she said more than once, "we'll bear what we have to bear as best we can; but we'll keep to the clean ways, dear, you and I."

Most of the night she knelt by the child's side, but in the early morning lay down upon the couch and fell asleep. She was still asleep when Cranley-Chance came into the room.

His entrance roused her, and she sat up, rubbing her eyes and trying to define the weight that clung to her consciousness.

"I've come to say good-bye to Vi," said Chance. He bent down and kissed the child; then turned. "And to you," he added, "though I was tempted, by Jove!—though I am more vexed with you, David, than I can say."

David had remembered now; she had risen from the couch, and was standing beside it. Her impulse was to turn away; but she remembered that she had not yet made her appeal to him, that it was still possible he might listen to that appeal; and the sense of justice in her caused her to stand still, to let him take her hand and kiss her cheek.

Afterwards, looking back, she was very glad.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE days that followed were to David like a dream—a dream that had begun in a nightmare, and that ended in like fashion.

But between the graphic scenes of start and finish was a space; of dreaminess rather than a dream, because so little happened in it. The days went by, seeming not quite real; the daily routine was followed, seeming not quite actual; but the days were commonplace, and the routine unbroken. The only thing that was different in David's outer life was that she did not go out during the day and denied herself to visitors.

But though dreaminess lay upon the surface of her life and, touching the tangible side of it, made the tangible vague, her mental world was vividly alive; pulsating with thought; thickly peopled with those emigrant reflections and sentiments which she had banished at the birth. She did not seek to see Judy: she did not go to her mother again, save once for a very short time: she sat in the room where Lowther had loosed at her the shafts of his contempt, and read books which till now she had refused to read.

She read in Sydney Ringer's *Therapeutics,*[1] the book which Judy had asked her to study, and which she had, on one excuse or another, arranged to ignore, of experiments on human subjects, patients in London hospitals.

She read in a number of the *Revue des deux Mondes,*

[1]App. 29.

which Judy had sent her, and which she had never opened till now, the words of the distinguished scientist, Dr. Charles Richet, these words: "I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself . . . 'Here is an experiment which will relieve or will cure the disease of some man.' No, in truth he does not think of that. He says to himself: 'I shall clear up an obscure point; I will seek out a new fact.' And this scientific curiosity which alone animates him is explained by the high idea he has formed of science. This is why we pass our days in fœtid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails."[1]

And she read, seeing Crile's name on the professor's bookshelves, Crile's own account of his experiments on dogs.

Many of those experiments had been performed, she knew, in her husband's laboratory, lent for the purpose, and were therefore, by her husband, approved and countenanced.

She learned now what they were, or some of them; heart and nerve failed when she had read but a few of the hundred and forty-eight experiments recorded. For many of these experiments consisted of almost unspeakable mutilations: of the "manipulation," after the dogs were cut open, of the intestines, the whipping of the intestines, the pouring of boiling water on the intestines; of the crushing of testicles; the crushing of paws; the application of a Bunsen burner to nose and paw; the pulling out of the eye and burning of the socket; the tearing out of organs; the dilation of acutely sensitive parts. From time to time she came across the statement that "the dog was not under complete anæsthesia," or that "the animal struggled on application of the flame"; and she turned from the accounts

[1]App. 30.

of the experiments, lasting, some of them, for two and three hours, to seek out the summing up of results. What knowledge, what benefits had been bought at such a price?

"Surgical shock, then," she read, "is due mainly to a vasomotor impairment or breakdown. The cardiac and respiratory factors may be of considerable importance. However, the main effect is on the vasomotor mechanism. If the foregoing be true, it will be seen *how much more important is prevention than treatment.* Prevention of shock may best be accomplished by taking into account all the known physiological functions of every tissue and organ of the body *in a way that would suggest itself to any practical surgeon.* While the cause may be local, the treatment must be general. It would seem to be desirable to direct special attention to the distinction made between collapse and shock. *The result of action is reaction: of rest is restoration.*"[1]

There were no italics on the printed pages, but David's mind italicised certain portions of the experimenter's conclusions as she read; and then returned with astonishment to consider them. The futile puerility of it all amazed her. Prevention more important than treatment! And that prevention to be accomplished in a way that would suggest itself to any practical surgeon! Action would result in reaction, and rest in restoration! Were these the scientific data that had been gained by a hundred and fifty barbarous experiments? Gained? No, for the most elementary knowledge, the crudest common sense, could surely have pronounced these platitudes without resorting to such means.

That all vivisectors were not like the author of the book she was well aware; even in the reaction of her present

[1]App. 31.

attitude she preserved a sufficient impartiality of judgment to remember that there were men marching under the same flag as that author, whose motives seemed to themselves humane, whose methods were not wilfully barbarous, whose scientific achievements were not grotesquely out of proportion to the suffering they entailed. But remembering all this; retaining still, even to a greater extent than she was conscious of, that reverence for science which had been instilled into her as a child and fostered throughout her life; and longing, indeed, to find justification for the acts and the principles of her father and her husband, she found herself unable to doubt that a system, a body of men, which countenanced such cruelties as those which she had just read about, was a system more productive of abuses than advantage; a company whose vision, individual and corporate, had been perverted by the aims which controlled it.

And she realised, reading and thinking during these strange days, that there is in man something more important than the desire for material, commonly called scientific, knowledge; that there is for man a higher destiny than the conquest of pain, or even the conquest of Nature. Vaguely, to be sure, and slowly, the realisation dawned in her consciousness that the spirit of man is a reality and not a theological conception, and that the development of that spirit means the only real advance of humanity.

In the evenings, when the curtains were drawn within and the gas lamps glimmered without, when Vi had been read to, soothed, and, if possible, amused, David went out into that region, peopled, solitary, teeming with contradictory elements and antagonistic forces, known as the streets of London; the region which Sidney Gale in his student days had frequented; facing, defying, hiding from,

the same problems which David now was facing; to find and accept her soul's solution of them.

And walking thus, choosing the quieter, half-deserted streets which lay around her home, not only the problems, but her own course in regard to them, became clear to her. She would not lead such a life as her mother had led; she would not sacrifice her convictions to conventions, or acquiesce in practices which had become abhorrent to her. On the other hand, she was convinced of the entire hopelessness of seeking, in any way, to alter her husband's views. One of three things therefore must happen. Either she must be allowed openly to declare her opinions and to work in support of them; or, holding fast to those opinions while Cranley maintained his, she would abandon active propaganda if he would abjure vivisectional experiment; or, she must do as Claude Bernard's daughter had done, leave him. The question of the custody of Vi hardly disturbed her; she would have the child, of course, for Cranley would not know what to do with her.

There were times when she seemed to see herself living away from her husband; times when she cherished the hope that he would consent to compromise; rare moments when she dreamed that she might win him away from the ugly side of science to the standpoint to which she had herself been brought. Such moments died almost before she knew they were in existence; but one evening, as she entered Manchester Square from Hinde Street, the sense that it might be possible definitely to influence her husband lifted her for a few instants to a pinnacle of hope. In the house the pinnacle perished, and she fell into a gulf of tumultuous foreboding, shrinking from the contest which lay ahead of her, dreading the day of Cranley's return.

In Vi's room she found no consolation, for Vi was in

pain, restless and unhappy. She was able at last to give some ease to the poor little body, to soothe in a measure the strained nerves; and seeing that the child was disposed to doze, she went into the next room to stand for a few minutes by an open window.

Outside, in the streets, she had had a glimpse of hope; she longed again to look forth into the night. She would find, perhaps, if not hope, courage; if not courage, calm; for, as she walked, calm had seemed to her to be the evening's special attribute. Calm it still was, but there was movement too, and, besides the street sounds, a low soft pattering. A thin rain dropped; a faint wind wandered; the night was full of sighs.

CHAPTER XL

NEXT morning came the telegram:—

"Your husband very ill. Come at once.—STRACHAN."

Strachan was the name of Cranley's host, David knew. Had the message been less peremptory, she might have hesitated, uncertain whether to stay with the child whom she never left, or to go to the husband from whom she was half estranged; but the words on the thin piece of paper were a command, and after the first instant's doubt she did not think of disobeying it.

She sent a message to Harley Street, told her maid to pack a portmanteau, rushed out and bought a fresh consignment of toys for Vi, and soon was on her way to Euston to catch the two o'clock train north.

Borne along in that train, all her thoughts were at first a question. Was it an accident, or illness, in the ordinary meaning of the word, illness sudden and severe, that was the cause of her summons? Questions such as these, questions separated from reply by hours of suspense, will go on knocking at heart and brain, all the more peristent in that they find no answer. But in David's mind, at this time, were many problems; and after a time she passed from surmise to reflection.

It was twelve years since she had married Cranley-Chance, and she went again through those years, treading the quick path of memory. In the light of greater experi-

ence, she recognised how far she had been from what is ordinarily called love when she became his wife; she had known it at the time; she knew it more surely now. She had respected her husband, and been flattered by the fact that she had been able to attract so celebrated a man. The position he had won for himself appealed to her pride and ministered to her ambition; and he had evoked in her the admiration which she always accorded to strength and capacity. But love, on her part, had been altogether absent from her married life, and affection, during the first years of it, meagre. Then had come Vi's illness, the hope of her recovery, the drawing nearer to Cranley on the common ground of that hope. The hope had never blossomed, but the sympathy which was an offshoot of it had bloomed into a fuller affection than Chance, in the first days of disappointed longing, had dared to hope for.

In the glaring light of her experience at the Empire Institue, thinly veiled, slightly softened by the mist and mystery of those hours so near and so obscure which lay before her, David looked at that affection. It had been real; not vastly deep, but essentially true; so much she recognised. Was it dead? Had it been destroyed with the belief on which, partly, it had been founded? She sought the answer honestly, and found it: No. For David, knowing full well that the man who was her husband was the same man whom she had watched at work in his laboratory, was unable, actually, to identify the two: in her feeling, if not in her thought, Vi's father was distinct from the famous vivisector. To her, that vivisector remained an actual being, indeed, yet partaking of the nature of a phantasm; of the essence of the nightmare in which he had figured; living, terrible, potent, but hardly a man.

And in truth, the feeling in her was justified by fact;

since man, overstepping certain limits of his being, becomes either more or less than himself. Within those limits lie the attributes of humanity, and he may strike the gamut of the whole, from brute instincts to sublimity. Beyond those limits stretches, on the one hand, the region of divinity; on the other, the realm of that spiritual wickedness which can have its habitat only in high places. The one region is entered when intellect, touching the highest point attainable by human brain, transcends, in love made perfect, the confines of mortality; the other is reached when intellect, in the pride of its own possibilities, divests itself of all relationship with love.

It was with that dehumanised atmosphere about him that David had seen her husband in the laboratory, and, seeing him thus, had found him, in some indefinable way, different from the man who was her daily companion. She did not seek in these waiting hours to puzzle out the reason of the difference; she tried only to shut out from her mind the pictures which were bound up with it, and to reinforce with other pictures the tenderness which she had once given to her husband.

Rugby, Preston, York. People got out of the train; trays, cups, and baskets were borne up and down the platform. Would she have tea? No, David wanted no tea.

At last—Glasgow!

A manservant was waiting, looking out for her. Was she Mrs. Cranley-Chance? He had a carriage.

The professor? He was very ill, no doubt; and no better. The man was vague in his replies, unsatisfactory, seemed not to know what was the matter.

When she reached Mr. Strachan's house, Mr. Strachan himself met her in the hall, took her into a room at the end of it, begged her to sit down.

Her husband was no better; he, Mr. Strachan, was afraid —in fact, they had decided, he and the doctors, that it was better—it would be only painful—— She could not see him.

"Why? What is it? Tell me, please," said David, "at once."

Then he told her; of the suffering, the hopelessness, the inevitable end. He did not tell her, because no one could tell her, since no one knew, save Cranley-Chance alone, of the worse suffering which intervened between the first stab of suspicion and the certainty of despair.

In the last few days David's husband had been through a martyrdom, all the more acute in that the meaning of his symptoms was made plain to him by professional knowledge. That slight mark caused by the teeth of the dog at Les Avants had entirely passed away, leaving no trace to vision or sensation. It was at the point of the Pasteur inoculation that the pain declared itself, the tingling, the redness, and the swelling; it was from the poison becoming active at that point, that the discomfort, the difficulty in swallowing, all the signs which Chance knew and recognised, drew their being.[1]

Strachan thought his guest changed, melancholy, ill at ease; this man of morose manner and strange ways was not the man he had known. He had looked forward to this visit, to talking over old times and future discoveries; but the deeds of the past, the science of the future, had no more interest for the miserable man, who strove to hide his misery.

Cranley-Chance's first lecture was lacking in coherence, feeble in delivery; his host and the brilliant audience as-

[1]App. 32.

sembled to listen to him were alike disappointed. The second lecture was never given.

Downstairs David waited, unoccupied, appalled, with nothing to do but wait. Waiting through those last days, she was rent with pity for the man she might not see. Those pictures he had painted in her mind were wiped out, for the time being, by another picture, dim with the mystery, weird with the horror, that clings to the unknown; the picture of her husband in the grasp of the disease which had seized him as he sought to flee from it. Now and again Mr. Strachan came in with vague reports, which gave no distinctness to the picture: once or twice sounds from that room at the top of the house cast flashes of terrible light upon it.

If in those hours David, by giving her life for her husband, could have saved him, she would have given it. She had no thought of him in that waiting space, save the desire to comfort, the longing to aid him in his agony. Had she been allowed, she would have braved the mystery of that picture which was all she had to look at, and gone to him; but Strachan and the doctors would not listen to her pleas. She could do no good, she was told, would only be in the way. The patient—that was what they called him now—the patient himself, would rather she did not come.

Pity and terror possessed her all the while the tragedy went on. When it was over she wept as she had wept not long before at her mother's knee.

CHAPTER XLI

JUDY was jubilant. Her dear David had come abroad with her, and she and her dear David were at one on the question which lay nearest her heart.

They did not discuss the question; did not often refer to it even; the horror of that which had brought about David's change of attitude was still dark in her memory, and it was Judy's desire, and her constant endeavour, to lead her friend's mind away from the thoughts which distressed her. David, appreciating that endeavour, did her best to back it up. She was not, by nature, morbid; her healthy physique and abundant vitality helped her through much that might have wrought havoc in a mind hampered by a weakly body; and the keynote of her personality was joyousness.

Yet she was keenly sensitive, acutely impressionable, and as she walked up the long straight road which leads from the town of Cannes to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, her face showed signs of the suffering she had passed through. She was dressed in deep mourning, but no longer wore her widow's weeds. At first she had worn them in their completeness, for Lady Lowther, who had never liked her son-in-law, was particular in the matter of posthumous respect, and David accepted, without question, her mother's decree. Horror was still upon her, and the fact that whenever she drove out she was hampered by a veil which she constantly sat upon, did not seem either to add to or detract from it.

Then, seven months later, when the inconvenience of her garments was beginning to obtrude itself upon her attention, she wore them in an altered spirit, with a sense of congruity, with an almost eager willingness. But she wore them, not for Cranley, but for Vi. And it was of Vi she was thinking now, and of the blank, wide and dark, which the little suffering child had left behind her.

David's soul had been dark for a time, and the craving tenderness which had no longer any outlet, was as a tumultuous flood engulfing her consciousness. Then, when the winter months added their dreariness to her inward desolation, came Judy and carried her off by force; and, having conveyed her safely to clear skies, sunshine, and an azure sea, sought to lift her out of the flood with counsels of robust wisdom. Judith did not speak of Cranley-Chance, of his death or the scenes which had preceded it; but she spoke constantly of Vi, knowing well that it was just of Vi that Vi's mother found it hard to speak; till at last, in answering words, the flood at David's heart found vent.

It was the end of April now, eight months since Vi had died, and spring, in this forward southern land, was hurrying into summer. It was time to be moving to a cooler climate, and David and Judith had decided to spend a few weeks in North Italy before going back to England. David had been taking her last look at the Mediterranean in the cooler hour that comes with the sunset, and came back to the hotel intending to finish the preparations for tomorrow's journey.

But when she reached her room, the preparations were delayed, for she found a letter from Lady Lowther waiting for her, and sat down to read it before taking off her hat. Her mother did not write long letters, and this letter was not long; yet she sat with it in her hand till the bell rang

for *table d'hôte,* and when Judy knocked at her door, was not ready to go down.

"What have you been up to—packing?" Judy asked, coming into the room.

"No, just lazing, I'm afraid."

"Any letters?"

"One from mother, that's all. Had you?"

"Nothing personal; official ones, of course. It's high time I was back, David. Deputies are all very well, but they really give one almost as much work—certainly quite as much writing—as if one were on the spot."

"I should feel guilty," said David, "if I did not know that you needed a change quite as much as I did."

"Perhaps. I was getting a bit stale, I do think. But I'm quite ready now to plunge into the fray again."

"Would you rather go straight home—give up Italy?"

"No, because I think it's better for you to see a little of Italy before you go back. You'd like it, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I? I believe I should like never to go back at all. So a few weeks more or less won't make much difference."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Judy after a minute's silence. "We'll go to Venice for a week, then just have a look at Florence and Pisa, and then make for Paris. There is a good deal I can do there, and while I work, you can sight-see. You don't know Paris at all, do you?"

"Hardly at all, so I should like that very much."

David gave a little sigh of relief; she was in the mood to like anything which put off her return to England; and she left Cannes the next day feeling that a sure barrier of weeks lay between her and home.

Judith knew Venice well, but it was new to David, and the delight she took in it lifted her for a time above the level of troubled and troublesome thoughts. She had

sketched a little at Cannes, and here she was fired to greater effort, more careful endeavour. Painting day by day, her girlhood's years, her girlhood's ambitions and intentions leapt up at her out of the past. Sometimes the bridge between then and now; her wifehood, motherhood, the pictures that flamed out in her memory, seemed like the phantoms of a dream, unsubstantial, illusory; and youth looked no further back than yesterday. Sometimes she wished that it might be so, that the bridge might crumble into nothingness, that she might find her girlhood a reality and her life all before her; and then again she knew that there were parts of her past she could not bear to lose. She was able now to face that past impartially, and, looking back, found herself able, too, to look forward.

Yet here at Venice, she chose rather to look back than forward. The waves of past storms were sinking out of sight; but ahead were ripples—or so it seemed to her—which might raise themselves to billows and sweep her from the still waters of her present peace into the tumult of fresh emotions. In Lady Lowther's letter she had first caught the murmur of those waves, and the sound bore a subtle charm; but it was just the charm, the hint of magic in the murmur, which caused her to shrink from the waves' approach. Storms she felt that she could face, and she was prepared to brave her father's sarcasms and her friends' disapproval by espousing an unpopular cause. She was not without the fighting instinct, or the chivalry which prefers to fight with the minority; and in battle she hoped to find an interest which would help to fill her life. Happiness she did not deliberately look for; and now happiness stood, as it were, at the side of the life she had planned out; stood and beckoned.

Long ago, happiness of the kind that to a woman is

supreme had shown itself in swift, dissolving vision; it was linked in her mind with a balcony that overlooked a London street, and the scent of flowers floating out from a room behind. She had refused all through the years of her marriage to look back at it; though the sordid curtain which had at first hidden it from her eyes had long ago been rent into nothingness; and though it had come from time to time and peeped, as it were, over her shoulder. And now, lo! instead of standing behind her, it was there ahead; a dim outline, to be sure, but an outline that showed a raised, inviting hand.

Lady Lowther had sketched the outline first, with a stroke or two of her pen, a couple of sentences in the letter which David had received on the evening before she left Cannes.

"Dr. Gale was here this afternoon, and we talked of you. I am sure he cares for you still." Those were the sentences which David had read with a little sudden rush of joy, and which, as she had re-read them, as she had thought about them since, had caused her to shrink from the thought of going back to London. For she could never marry Sidney Gale; he belonged to one camp and she to the other; they could meet only to cross swords.

For the second time she must turn her back on the happiness she had missed long ago; and, knowing what she had to do, she shrank from what she might undergo in the doing it. It had not been very hard to crush that girl's love, hardly developed beyond the bud of fancy, and a current of opposing feeling had helped to sweep it away. But now, if it should rise afresh, it might be of robuster growth, strong with the strength of her own maturity, hard to destroy. The only way was to fight it from the first, not

to give in to the thought of it; to avoid, above all things, everything which might initiate or aid its growth. David, setting her face towards England, determined that she would have nothing at all to do with Sidney Gale.

CHAPTER XLII

AFTER the old-world atmosphere that clings to Italy, the attractions of Paris seemed, all and only, those of luxury, of convenience, of stir and movement, of modern brilliance. That was at first. By and by David made acquaintance with the museums and galleries, with streets and quarters which lie outside the range of the shopping tourist, with the encircling beauties of St. Cloud, of Versailles, of Fontainebleau.

She was partly aided, partly hindered, in her expeditions and rambles by Edgar Hall, whose card was brought to her two days after she and Judy had arrived at the Hotel St. James.

"*How* tiresome!" was her first thought; and her second: "I wonder how he knew I was here?"

She gave vent to this latter thought almost as she shook hands with Hall.

"I had a letter from Percy Burdon, and he told me."

"The irrepressible Percy!" exclaimed David to herself; aloud she said: "Do you still correspond with him?"

"He corresponds with me, and occasionally I write to him. That, I'm afraid, is the position."

"It was very kind of you to come."

"I could not let you be in Paris without paying my respects. I have always had a great admiration and respect for your father. I respected and admired your husband."

Hall spoke accurately; David had always been for him

Lowther's daughter, Chance's wife; never the girl who had been Burdon's favourite companion, the woman whom both Gale and Chance had loved. He had come to see her simply because he looked upon her as a sort of female appendage of two scientific men, to whose gifts and work he desired to pay tribute. But, as he talked, her own individual personality began to dawn upon him; something of the charm which, years ago in her girlhood, had appealed to Cranley-Chance, appealed now, vaguely, to Edgar Hall. He had intended to pay her a formal visit, feeling that when that visit was paid the whole duty of a busy man had been accomplished; he found himself, before he went away, asking her if she would like to see through the Pasteur Institute.

He was three quarters relieved and one quarter disappointed when David refused. On the way home he found himself wondering why she had flushed over her refusal, why in her speech, easy and direct throughout the interview, there had been a spasm of hesitation.

"No, thank you." The flush had come as she began to speak. "I don't care"—and here had come the hesitation —"to—to see such things."

Yet Cranley-Chance, and Lowther too, had always told him that she was more keenly and more intelligently interested in science than most women. "I don't care—to—to see such things." Ah, perhaps—Hall laughed to himself —perhaps she thought she was going to be shown the subjects of his experiments. What an idea! Should he write and tell her that visitors to the Institute saw nothing that could shock the most delicate sensibilities? He did not think any the worse of her for shrinking from the sight of pain: she was a woman, and in women nothing much mattered. But what an absurd idea!

When David told Judith of the invitation, Judith said at once, "You should have gone. Always see everything you can."

"I don't suppose I should have seen much."

"No, of course you wouldn't. Nobody ever does, anywhere. You may go through the laboratories of the big wholesale chemists and through the Stansted farms, and come out saying, 'How painless! how delightful! how beautifully kept! how admirably managed!' and for all that has been shown you, so they are. Nevertheless, it is useful sometimes to see even the outside of the cup and platter."

"I thought it might lead to controversy, and I don't want controversy—with Edgar Hall. No doubt Percy has told him what has happened, but there's no good in discussing it."

"Still, discussion——"

"I'll *do*," David broke in, "whatever you like, and I'll talk too, when talking is likely to be of any value. But it's absolute waste of energy to talk to people like Edgar Hall."

"I agree, so I'll say no more, though if it had been I——" Judith laughed. "But of course, he would never have paid *me* the compliment."

But Percy Burdon, in writing to Hall, had not mentioned his cousin's change of attitude, and Hall, when he saw David again, did not speak of his scientific interests, and did not, therefore, discover it for himself. For he did see her again; not once, but many times. There was a lull at this time in his labours; that is to say, that he was more engaged in thinking out processes, weighing possibilities, than in performing actual experiments; and he found

it in no wise inimical to reflection to escort David to remote parts of the city and its surroundings.

The joint rambles began by his offering to pilot her through all that remained of the once famous Latin Quarter, and David, touched by what she considered his generosity towards her pervert self, accepted the offer. Then he suggested, in such hours as his professor's work left free, expedition after expedition, and David, finding no plausible excuse for refusing his company, accepted it sometimes when she would rather have been alone. She was a woman who, when intent upon observation, spoke little, who, when enjoying artistically, cared to speak of her enjoyment only to a companion with whom she was entirely in sympathy; and there was a fundamental difference of outlook between herself and Edgar Hall which forbade, she felt, any but a purely surface intercourse. Nevertheless, seeing that he did not approach controversial topics, seeing that he was content to be silent when silence was the only satisfactory substitute for intimate speech, she did not find it in her heart to refuse the escort he offered.

To tentative remonstrance on Judy's part she turned a deaf ear. "What harm am I doing?" she asked. "It isn't as if there were any principle involved in walking down a boulevard with a man who recognises that you hate what he most approves of; it isn't as if I denied my convictions. But I no more compromise my cause by putting up with his company—for that's what it comes to—than he injures his—unfortunately—by frequenting mine. If I'm doing anything, I'm doing good, by showing him how nice an anti-vivisectionist can be."

Judy shook her head, and David did not appreciate the significance of her rejoinder that she might perhaps have taken the same view at David's age.

Hall, meanwhile, was quite unconscious that in avoiding the mention of his particular interests, he was avoiding pitfalls of opinion. He cared to discuss science only with scientists, and the fact that David did not try to talk up to him, as he would have put it, impressed him favourably. He had always told himself that there were but two kinds of women he could marry: one possessing the qualities of a domestic mistress and no others; the other, one of those rare women who would sacrifice sex to science and enter into his pursuits with the zeal and hardihood of a comrade. Now he began to think that there might be a third type; a woman independent enough to have pursuits of her own, intelligent enough to follow them without making demands on his time and attention; feminine in her *allures* (he used the expressive French word to himself); discreet and tactful; physically desirable.

Hall, occupied with the study of the human body as a complex organism, had had no time to give to the consideration of relations between the sexes other than those directly animal. He was acquainted with the secrets of a woman's frame, but ignorant of those appertaining to her nature; he could discourse upon her physical instincts, but knew nothing of her intuitional tastes. It was then, perhaps, not to be wondered at that he was imperceptive of David's attitude towards him; that he measured her feelings by his own; that he construed her passive acceptance of his companionship into an active wish to perpetuate it. Borne on by desire, he failed to recognise that she remained stationary in indifference; becoming restless, her tranquillity seemed to him the counterfeit calm of unavowed expectation.

Yet his heart beat as it beat when fresh discovery was imminent, the day that he entered her presence with the

intention of definitely ratifying what seemed to him the bond between them.

It was late afternoon, and David sat in the window, the clear spring light falling on her brown hair and charming face, on the daintiness of her gown and the bunch of violets she wore at her breast. Hall was not artist enough to know that the violets were fastened with an artist hand, that the black dress with its touches of white was prettily made and prettily worn: he only knew that the woman in the window was sweet to look upon, and that he—all man for the moment, and scientist not at all—wanted her for his own.

David rose, gently ruffled; she was interested in her book, and did not want to be disturbed. But the book was presently forgotten, and the vexation swamped in amazement; an amazement so obviously genuine that Hall could not doubt its honesty.

"That you should think," said David, "of marrying a woman with my views, seems to me almost as extraordinary as that you should imagine for a moment that I could dream of marrying a man with yours."

"I am stupid, I suppose, but I don't understand."

"Didn't Percy tell you, when he wrote?"

"Nothing about you, except that you were here."

"I'm sorry, because you've misunderstood all along. I should have told you if I'd thought—for an instant—— But I supposed you wished to ignore it all, and to meet on neutral ground."

Then she told him, and saw his lip curl in the way she remembered; yet he was mad enough in that moment of disappointment to plead that as neutrality had availed so far, it might prove a permanent meeting-place.

But there was in David no answering madness to

strengthen the plea, and she dismissed it at once with a decision there was no mistaking.

"I suppose," said Hall, standing before her, "that to Mrs. Home belongs the honour of this—conversion."

"No. Mrs. Home tried to influence me, but I set my face against her influence. It was two men who converted me; my husband and yourself."

"Ah?"

"Yes, I saw him—I can't, and I needn't, go into it now—I saw him—at his work. He died as the result of yours. Oh, I don't mean," she said in quick apology, "yours personally. I mean the system you represent—this Pasteurism."

Then Hall forgot his love. He drew a step nearer. "How dare you?" he said. "How dare you?"

"Surely you heard—how he died—and why. And Sir James Carey—who was really bitten, but *not* inoculated—is alive and well."

"To charge an individual case—a mistake, probably, a blunder—to a system, is infamous."

"A scientist should discount no single case. But I don't mind. How is it that in India, since the introduction of Pasteurism, the mortality from hydrophobia has gone up? How is it that in every country, even in this, the country of its birth, Pasteurism and an increased death-rate from hydrophobia always go hand-in-hand?"[1] Suddenly David's voice changed, and from her eyes, which met those other eyes that blazed, the anger died out. "Don't let us quarrel. What's the good? You see," she said, with a half smile, "how little suited I am to be your wife."

Hall turned away; he made no answer; in that instant he hardly knew whether he loved or hated her.

[1]App. 33.

Afterwards he told himself that in a life such as his, a woman could hold no large or lasting place; and in truth the pang that David had inflicted left no abiding hurt; by and by he reached the point of assuring himself that he had had a fortunate escape.

David, left alone, passed a wretched hour, reproaching herself first for her blindness, and then for having lost her temper; and Judy's "I expected it" did not tend to soothe her.

That night she lay long awake, but her thoughts were not all of Hall. It was chiefly that sentence in Lady Lowther's letter which came between her and sleep. It had been easy to say no to Hall. It would not be easy—yet fully as imperative—to say no to Sidney Gale. Yet was she not disturbing herself unnecessarily? She would never be called upon to answer one way or the other: for even if her mother were not mistaken, if he did "care still," he would see as clearly as she did that there was an impassable barrier between them.

CHAPTER XLIII

GALE, in truth, was prepared to take the course which David had mapped out, but for a reason far other than that which she assigned to him; far other, and yet, in a sense, the same.

During her absence, Gale had been driven out into the wilderness and there tempted of the devil; and, returning to the beaten ways of men, he had returned, as it seemed to him, to a path which led far away from that which David had elected to tread.

Not into every life comes this crisis, for the spirit must have reached a certain stage of growth ere it be strong enough to drive a man forth from his familiar haunts into the lonely place where he finds only himself; a dual manifestation, higher and lower; and between the two a decisive parting of the ways. The spirit had cried for long to Gale; faintly at first, then louder; but he would not heed it. He sought to shut his ears, to close his eyes; yet the eyes would not be blinded, nor the ears grow deaf; and at last he was driven forth from the city of conventional standards to face the sum of his lower longings, called, in the language of concrete presentment, Satan.

This Satan endowed him first with an added power of imaginative vision: he saw, as from a pinnacle of consciousness, all that, would he but make Satan his god, he might achieve. Ambition, as has been said, was one of the strongest forces in Gale's character; and he saw himself famous.

Already he stood upon the lower slopes of the mountain of success; he had but to pursue his present path and he could not fail to mount—to the very summit, said the devil softly, and Gale knew the words were true. Fame might be his, with its double crown of successful achievement and the admiring esteem of other men; and, at fame's feet, wealth.

Riches for mere riches' sake he hardly desired, but there are few men to whom wealth in one guise or another is not welcome, and Gale was not of these. Money was presented to him, here in the wilderness, as a means of accomplishment: he could accomplish a vast deal more of value to the world if he went on in his present way, than could possibly be achieved by taking up the arms and accoutrements of a crank. He could do more good with the wealth he would win, than by vain protestations against an established order. Then said the god within him: "What is good?" and the devil, for answer, showed him from his pinnacle failure instead of fame; failure that could not but be bitter; more bitter to Gale, perhaps, than to most men, since he held already the title to success. Was it imperative to court it? necessary to proclaim aloud theories which would provoke its descent?

He knew well that there were numbers of medical men, doubting as he had doubted; numbers convinced of the immorality, and even, certain of them, of the inefficacy of modern methods of research; numbers, again, as careless of the whole subject as is the generality of the lay public: and he knew that all these men, silent, some as to their doubts, others as to their convictions, went on with the practical work of healing, leaving the question of research to those chiefly concerned with it. He knew that their silence was due, when it was not the result of indifference, to the fear that speech would mean failure, if not in the lower ranks

of the profession, certainly in its higher branches. He knew that the priests of that progress on whose altar are sacrificed blood sacrifices, would refuse admittance, even to the outer court of their temple, to all who were not prepared to worship in like fashion with themselves. And he knew that, standing where he now stood, the mere absence of denial would be construed as an affirmation of belief.

But for Gale there was no middle course; the choice that lay before him was to qualify deliberately for priesthood or definitely to declare himself a rebel. Rebellion meant failure for a man with a consulting practice. And what else?

Beside the splendid heights to which ambition pointed, he saw a dearer prospect, a sweeter gain. He had lost David once, but he might win her now; in his manhood the dream of his youth might find fulfilment. Unknown then, he was spoken of now as a man with a future, a career; Lowther himself would no longer despise him as a son-in-law, and David—there was that in her attitude towards him which surely he could kindle into love.

But this could be only if he subscribed to the professional creed, followed the professional practice. To abandon these meant to abandon David. He knew nothing of what she had gone through, nothing of the change which experience had wrought in her; he only knew what she herself had told him nearly two years ago in Harley Street. All that he cared for lay within the area of orthodoxy; and he was of the men who care much. His love was as compelling as his ambition was strong; into it was gathered all the romance of a nature in which the Highland blood of ancestors still wrought a spell; and in the glamour of that spell he looked on David's face and longed after it.

Then in the wilderness, beset with longing, beguiled by hope, there was shown to him, in the mirage that comes

only in desert places, a vision. He saw the covering of cant, convention, custom, rent from the usages of vivisectional science, and those usages clear in their nakedness. He saw might scorning right, scoffing at chivalry, despising pity; discerning in weakness nothing save advantage to itself; finding in trust no hindrance to betrayal. He saw knowledge seeking to understand all mysteries, puffed up, vaunting itself, dazzling men's eyes with prophecies of wonders to come. He saw laid upon the altar of man's suffering, a barrier in man's pathway of progress which no made the victims of his tyranny; saw them, a veritable army of martyrs, born as man is born, to work their way through the evolutionary process, and forming, in their defenceless suffering, a barrier in man's pathway of progress which no knowledge can overthrow. And laid with them upon that altar, he saw the principles of justice and of mercy; not girt about with the garments of expediency or gain or relative values, but bare principles, as they lie at the heart of nature; as they shine in the diadem of that love whose transmutation of all baser things into itself is the supreme achievement of a vaster science than is known to the slaughtering priests; "the dim, far-off event, to which the whole creation moves."

Seeing all this, the god in him came forth boldly; and lo! the desert was a garden, and after the fierce heat, it was the cool of the evening.

CHAPTER XLIV

A STRANGE and wondrous thing befell soon after David had settled into the small house in Connaught Street, which she had chosen in preference to living on in the large one in Manchester Square. Lady Lowther gave a tea-party.

A school friend of hers and Miss Barker's had returned to England after long residence in Canada, had looked up her old acquaintances, and had been entertained by Miss Barker at lunch; and Bertha Lowther felt that it was incumbent upon her also to offer a measure of hospitality. Dinner was out of the question, for Lowther, fastidious in regard to women, as are many of the men who rate them low, was disposed to be contemptuous of his wife's friends, and could not be expected to be interested in, and consequently courteous to, a stout lady whose greying hair had a tendency to stray from hairpin limits, and who looked at the world through spectacles. Luncheon, for the same reason, was not to be ventured upon; so Bertha was constrained to ask her friend only to tea; and in order to make the entertainment more of an entertainment, invited, besides David and Miss Barker, some six or eight of the ladies with whom she had a visiting acquaintance.

Since David had come on that troubled evening to Harley Street, and the long reserve between mother and daughter had been broken, Bertha had been conscious of a keener interest in life, a renewal of spirit. Perhaps the sense

that she was free of the bond under which Lowther had placed her, had something to do with the change in her; or it may be that, finding courage to tell him of the understanding between herself and David, courage had never ebbed so low again, as in the days when she had been cut off from the sympathy of both husband and daughter. In those days a tea-party would have been an unmitigated trial to her shrinking shyness; now it was more than half a pleasure. She was mildly excited over the number and nature of the cakes to be provided; she was wholly pleased when, on the day of the party, David arrived soon after breakfast with an armful of flowers, and proceeded to place them in vases about the room.

David had to promise to return early, very early, in the afternoon, so that no alarming guest might precede the support of her presence; and in order to preserve her mother's mind from perturbation, she reached Harley Street an hour before anybody was invited.

She met Lowther on the doorstep. Since Cranley-Chance's death, and more especially since the death of Vi, his anger towards her had lost much of its bitterness. Seeing that she did not speak of her opinions, had not in any way proclaimed them, he had mentally removed her from the region of treacherous antagonism to that of harmless lunacy; and knowing the profound grief she had suffered in the loss of Vi, his real affection had constrained him to treat her with gentleness. But his pride in her was gone, and she knew that she had sunk for ever below the level of his intellectual recognition.

He greeted her kindly, her black dress and a pathos which was now often in her eyes somehow making appeal to him; and David answered him gaily, glad of the smile on his face.

"I've come to the tea-party," she said. "Are you aware that her ladyship is at home this afternoon?" Lowther liked his title, she knew, and any allusion to it.

"At home? Good Lord! Who to?" asked he.

"An old friend of her own, and the wives of certain friends of yours; and me."

"That Home woman's not coming, I hope? I've told your mother I wouldn't have her in the house."

"The Home woman is not the least likely to come where she isn't welcome—even if she had been asked, which she hasn't been. So don't be afraid."

In spite of all that had happened, David had not quite lost the habit of standing up to her father, and for the retention of that habit Lowther, in his soul, respected her; it was, in his opinion, the sole claim to respect which she still possessed.

"Well, I suppose women like to be shut up together, and drink tea and chatter. Bad for their nerves, but——"

The wave of his hand proclaimed the sex's imperviousness to reason.

"So different from men," said David. She was thinking of the coterie to which her father belonged, who met together, not, to be sure, in drawing-rooms, but in studies and clubs; and Lowther knew her thought, and laughed. Then, as he got into his brougham, he sighed. If only his daughter hadn't made such a fool of herself!

Upstairs Lady Lowther was waiting, a lace fichu softening the hard lines of her stiff bodice. A fain colour came into her cheeks as David's eyes fell on the fichu, but she was reassured when David cried out—

"Why, mother, how nice you look!"

She began to wish she had left her hair a little fuller in the front. She had loosened it ere she put on her cap, and

surveyed the effect for half a minute with pondering eyes, then had brushed it back into its usual flat tightness. Now —but it was too late.

"I'm glad you don't think I look too much got up," she said; and David laughed aloud.

"Is she a widow, this Mrs. Chandler?" she asked presently, "or is there a Mr.?"

"Yes, there's a Mr., but he hasn't come over with her. She thought she'd like to come home and see her family and her friends, and he couldn't arrange to come with her."

"Were you very intimate as girls?"

"Oh—fairly. She was rather pretty, and very poetical, and I used to admire her. She had fancy names for all the girls, and I thought it so clever of her to invent them. Though I don't know," added Lady Lowther, "that they were always very appropriate."

"What did she call you, mother?"

"She called me Dawn—it sounds so absurd now—because she said I was so rosy (I *had* rosy cheeks as a girl) and innocent."

"Some dawns are horrid," said David; "not rosy at all."

"Yes, of course; but Claire Selby, as she was then, never thought of anything of that kind. She used to say, I remember, that the true poet was joyful; and her name for herself was Optima. She said it was the feminine of optimist, and I dare say it was. I have sometimes wondered what sort of a life she has had."

David soon discovered that Mrs. Chandler's life, whatever it had been, had allowed her to remain poetical, for one of the first questions she asked her school friend's daughter was whether she was fond of nature.

David felt that her reply, "Yes, very," was one of inadequate banality.

It appeared, however, to satisfy Mrs. Chandler, who surveyed her smilingly. "I love nature," she said, "sunsets and birds and the tints of autumn, especially birds! But alas! cold winter kills so many of them."

"Yes, I always put out crumbs," said David, with the pleasurable sensation of treading on firm ground.

But Mrs. Chandler shook her head, and laid two fingers in gentle reproval on David's hand. "No, no, my dear. Nature gives and withholds. I never run the risk of bronchitis in order to thwart her plans."

"What nonsense, Claire!" exclaimed Miss Barker, who drew near with a sugar basin in one hand and a milk jug in the other. "You might just as well say that we ought to camp out because nature hasn't provided us with houses."

"Dear Isabel!" said Mrs. Chandler, "you always took such a prosaic view. I used to call her East Wind," she said to David, "because she was so cutting."

Miss Barker gave a little grunt; a sound that David was used to call "Doggie's growl." "It seems to me," she said, "that whenever people want to be selfish or unkind they always quote nature. No offence to you, Claire, for I know you don't mean to be unkind; you never did. But as a girl you were apt to talk over your own head."

For the first time Mrs. Chandler looked ruffled, and David was thankful when her mother's timid voice recalled Miss Barker to the tea-tray.

Mrs. Chandler very soon recovered herself.

"I adored that woman," she said presently. "As girls we were almost inseparable, though I was often wounded by her sweeping denunciations. We were like the ivy and the oak—she rugged, I clinging. When I lunched with her the other day we seemed to resume our old relations without an effort."

"How delightful!" said David.

"She never had my sensitiveness," Mrs. Chandler purred on, "but her prosaic common sense controlled my perhaps too ardent imagination. I required, I dare say, the bracing influence of my East Wind friend."

A lady crossed the room and took the vacant chair on David's other side.

"I've been longing for a word with you," she said. "I know how progressive you are, and I want you to come and support my husband on the ninth. I don't know whether you've heard! He's going to hold a debate with the notorious Mrs. Home."

"A debate between a man and a woman? Dear me! How interesting!" said Mrs. Chandler. "May I inquire the subject?"

"Oh, vivisection, of course," answered Mrs. Betterton, in a tone and with a look which said, "Where on earth do you hail from that you should need to ask?" "You *will* come, dear Mrs. Chance?"

"I quite mean to go." David hesitated—for a bare instant. "Mrs. Home is an old friend of mine."

"Dear me! I hope I haven't—— Of course, when I said notorious—— I dare say she may be quite genuine; but so many of those anti-vivisectionist women take it up simply to get themselves noticed."

"Yes, you may take it from me that she's quite genuine," said David.

"How distressing for you that she should have gone in for these views! I'm thankful to say I have no friends who do not agree with me. I almost wonder, dear Mrs. Chance, that you can bear to go to the debate."

Again, for a fraction of a minute, David hesitated; there are few people who are able without some shrinking to

brave the public opinion of their own particular world. David, in hers, had ranked as being unusually intelligent and advanced, as having a logical mind and a balanced judgment; it was not without a pang that she stepped down from the position she had gained. But she stepped, when she did step, firmly.

"I am going," she said, "to support Mrs. Home, because I have come to her way of thinking."

Mrs. Betterton looked so completely bewildered that David, in her nervousness, nearly laughed. Mrs. Chandler took advantage of the pause in the conversation.

"Surely," she said, "your father's daughter cannot hold such views. Sir Bernard's name is known to us in Canada, and all that it implies."

"I can't answer for father's daughter," said David, trying to speak lightly. "That abstract creature no doubt ought to think precisely as he does. I'm speaking now as a concrete self, an individual in its own right."

"May I inquire," asked Mrs. Betterton, passing slowly from stupor to irony, "what has caused this—if I may so put it—*volte-face?*"

"You certainly have a right to ask, since I was once so strong on the other side. It is simply that I am persuaded that vivisection is cruel, and persuaded also that of all immorality cruelty is the most immoral."

"You forget," said Mrs. Betterton, "the seventh commandment."

"Nature is cruel," purred Mrs. Chandler.

"I don't forget, either nature or the seventh commandment. But adultery is a sin of the flesh, and cruelty is a sin of the spirit. As for Nature, she has never wrought a tithe of the cruelty caused by civilisation."

"It is absurd," said Mrs. Betterton, bristling, "to say

that vivisectors are cruel. Just think of the splendid men who employ vivisection, of the famous names!"

The other conversations had ceased by this time, and the attention of the company was confined to the disputants. Lady Lowther, looking very nervous, longed for her knitting, but David had hidden it carefully away before the arrival of the guests, and the tremulous hands could only crumple folds in the grey dress.

"To call such men cruel," said the wife of a famous surgeon, "is a libel."

"Cruel to be kind," murmured the voice of her who loved nature.

The platitude roused something in David which changed her half-deprecating attitude into one of distinct aggression.

"Cruel to the defenceless to be kind to the strong," she said. "I call that the coward's way. You might as well praise a man who robs a weaker than himself in order to give a Christmas present to his wife."

She got up; it seemed easier somehow to speak standing than sitting, and stood with her hand resting on the back of the chair from which she had risen. "They say that a convert, or a pervert, is always better or worse—as you choose to view it—than an original holder of any faith; keener, at any rate. I think that must be because people who change think more about the thing they change in than those who accept creeds without questioning. I thought once as you all think here."

Lady Lowther swallowed something in her throat, half opened her mouth, and shut it again in silence.

"Except me," said Miss Barker.

"And just because of that, I suppose, I feel particularly strongly on the other side. It's difficult to speak in a company like this without going into what may seem like

personalities; but, as I have to explain the change in my views, I'd like to say some of the things I think; and I don't *mean* to be personal—I *want* to speak generally. It is argued, I know, that if a man is famous and clever and distinguished and—and domestic, nice to his wife and all that, he can't be cruel. I know, because I used to argue that way myself. But in thinking it over, I see that men have been all those things; good to their wives and children, and clever and amiable and charming; and yet have done all sorts of things that are considered wrong. Sometimes they've been making away with money entrusted to them, for years before they've been found out, and sometimes they've been leading a double life, and sometimes they've been the prey of a secret vice. But if they *are* found out, nobody says that because they were good fathers and husbands or great statesmen or what not, the things they did couldn't have been wrong. When they have done anything that society *recognises* as a crime, society has no mercy on them; it doesn't judge the things that are done by the men who do them, but it judges the men by the things they do. It is only, I have noticed, where cruelty is concerned that the judgment is turned upside down; and it is, I am sure, because so few people really *feel* that cruelty is wrong. They think it wrong to steal or to murder or to dance on Sundays, but they *don't* think it wrong to hurt animals if they're going to get anything by hurting them. They only think cruelty is wrong if it is wanton, if there is nothing to be gained by it; indeed, unless it is wanton, they won't even call it cruelty. And that is why vivisection is propped up by the names of the men who do it; not that it isn't cruel, but that people don't realise that cruelty, in its very self, apart from whether you gain or don't gain by it, is a sin. I've thought about this for a

long time now, and I feel it so strongly that I—I'm obliged to say it."

David's voice faltered at the end, and her last words came lamely. When she sat down she was trembling all over and her face burned painfully.

Her seating herself was the signal for all the guests, except Mrs. Chandler and Isabel Barker, to rise.

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Betterton, "and—I must say, shocked. Such an attack on the profession——!"

"I agree with you," said the surgeon's wife. "And I am so sorry," she added, advancing with outstretched hand to Lady Lowther, "for you."

Lady Lowther's face justified the name with which Mrs. Chandler's poetic fancy had in their school days endowed her, for she flushed a vivid pink. She tried to speak, then choked, then tried again, and this time succeeded.

"I—I—I side with my daughter," she said; and looked past her guests to David.

When most of those guests had melted away, Mrs. Chandler was disposed to discuss the situation with regard to its bearing on nature, but Miss Barker had a cab called, and succeeded in luring her into it. While she was engaged in this process, Bertha Lowther, left alone with her daughter, stretched out her hands.

"Oh, David!" she said. "Oh, David!"

"It can't be helped, mother. It had to come. And a crash is better than crumbling."

A faint smile illumined Bertha's face. "I spoke out—at last."

"At any rate," said Isabel Barker, coming back, "it wasn't dull."

CHAPTER XLV

OUTSIDE the Portman Rooms was an excited crowd, consisting of medical students, prepared and eager to support, with every weapon at their disposal, Professor Betterton in his debate with Mrs. Home. They jeered at, or cheered, as the fancy took them, every member of the audience as those members passed into the building; they were ripe for mischief for mischief's own sake; they looked forward to high jinks in the way of shouts, smells, and other disturbing expedients.

Inside, in the hall, when David reached it twenty minutes before the time fixed for the debate, most of the seats were full, and in the atmosphere was that sense of expectation and of contending influences, always present when a question of keen interest and opposing issues is to be discussed. She chose her place carefully, listening to scraps of conversation ere she seated herself in one of the few chairs which were still vacant in the front part of the hall; for she felt that she must be, as far as possible, in sympathetic surroundings. She placed herself finally on the left side of the hall, between the band-stand and the platform.

And sitting there, she saw Sidney Gale come in. He was known to some of the students as a doctor; as such was hailed as a member of the vivisectionist camp; and was greeted with shouts. David turned at the sound, and saw him coming up the centre gangway, then turned away again. She did not want him to see her there; in this

building they met as foes; and a surface attitude of friendship between her and Gale was impossible.

Gale had seen her almost the instant he entered the hall, but seeing, looked away. He was not a man for half measures; having come to his decision, the next inevitable step was to announce it openly, and he meant to show his colours that night. After that, David would look upon him as an enemy, and it was not worth while in the meantime to hold her hand for an instant and exchange a few formal phrases. He walked up to the front—there was a seat kept for him there—and sat down near the platform. David, as the people turned and twisted their heads, caught now and again a glimpse of his tawny hair.

The hall had filled up, even to the doors, and now, with a rush of hurrying feet, with snatches of songs and laughter, the students entered in a body. They ranged themselves behind David, on the band-stand and in a space below it which had been allotted to them, and betook themselves forthwith to the manufacture of evil smells, a substitute for argument which they employed many times in the course of the evening. David, unused to the device, gave them the satisfaction of turning round; but most of the audience had been to meetings of the kind before, and did not allow themselves to show any sign of disturbance.

Presently the students broke into shouts, derisive and acclaiming; a stir went through all the hall, and loud clapping broke out, as the chairman, the debaters, and their supporters appeared on the platform.

David had never heard her friend speak in public, and she sat with quickly beating heart while the chairman made his introductory remarks and announced the rules of debate. But when Judy, having waited till the applause and groans which greeted her had died down, came to the front

of the platform and began to speak, David's nervousness disappeared; and "I might have known," she said to herself, "that she would be able to do anything she undertook." For Judy was entirely mistress of herself, her tongue, her ideas, and her arguments. She did not once falter for a word or confuse a strain of reasoning. When interrupted, as she frequently was, by derisive shouts, hisses, and cries of "No" from the students, she waited till she could make herself heard, then went on calmly with the point she was making or the argument she was engaged in.

She began by stating that vivisection was not a modern innovation, peculiar to advanced science; that it had been practised in pre-Christian eras, and had been practised not only on animals but on human subjects, and that the only novelty in connection with its practice to-day was the outcry against it; an outcry unheeded, despised, or condemned, as are all initial protests, by the orthodox majority; raised by men and women of advanced morality, to conquer in the end, as truth always, in the end, conquers.

"No!" shouted the students, "No!" and side by side with the shouts came a counterblast of applause.

"The signs are already there," said Judy. "I think we can safely prophesy that the next fifty years will bring more and more of the decline of what Pawlow calls the acute experiment."

She went on to question the necessity of vivisection to the advancement of science, basing her negative answer first on what is known in Darwinian literature as "variation" in animals; that is to say, the extreme divergence in results obtained by experiments on different animals; and supporting her argument by quoting Professor Starling, Sir Michael Foster, Huxley, and other known authorities; secondly, on the fact that physiology, the science of normal

life, is studied, by means of vivisection, always under abnormal conditions. The fundamental fault of vivisection as a scientific method, she declared, was the fact that it forgets the unity of the organism; the correlation of functions, the mysterious and delicate harmony of the body as a whole; and that it was only when physiology grew more philosophical, when it entered again into contact with what, for want of a better term, is called natural history, that it could be raised to the rank of a more exact science than it was at present.

The cries and counter-cries broke out again; the atmosphere was charged with the forces of antagonistic feelings; David's nerves were strained to acute tension by the clash and jangle of them. The antagonism deepened, the cries were charged with jeers and laughter, when Judy spoke of the relation between vivisection and medicine; when she declared that future progress lay in the direction of preventing disease by those hygienic and sanitary measures which alone had rid Europe of the terrible scourges of the Middle Ages; that the physician of the future would become more and more a teacher of health, less and less a believer in the efficacy of the drug and the knife; that the more rational methods of healing by air, water, and electricity would supersede the coarser medication of poisonous draughts and injections; and that diet, physical culture, and the general rules of health would attract the attention of progressive science.

The loud laughter of the students in no wise disconcerted the speaker; the Irish blood in her rose always when she was confronted with a fray; and she turned to her opponents with vigour.

"That may seem laughable," she said, "to those who have never thought of the progress of medicine, to those

who go through life in a narrow groove of accepted ideas and prejudices and never trouble to step outside that groove. But any one who takes the trouble to acquire a wider mental outlook will see these tendencies, since they are marked everywhere."

She went on to point out that the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis sat on year after year, wasting time and money, sacrificing animal life, producing no sure result but pain. And then: "There is primarily no scientific or medical aspect of this question," Judy said. "The question is fundamentally a moral one. Throughout the evolution of social morality there is one thing, one red thread, which is very conspicuous; and it is that wherever mankind has judged the rights and wrongs of a thing, there has been what I may call the lower, immediate utility which has had to be put aside for the greater, the higher, the further utility; and that moral victories have always ultimately been victories and triumphs on the physical, on the material plane also."

She was obliged to pause here till the storm of interruption by the students, who opposed considerations of mercy or morals with more vehemence than any others, had been partly allayed by the chairman's intervention, had, partly of itself, died away.

"Stealing," she went on, "is a practice which can be defended from certain points of view. There are many poor people in the streets who might like to rob some millionaires who seem little to deserve their affluence and their prosperity. But society does not allow it. Society, though able to see the smaller utility of feeding the hungry, of giving bread to the child that has nothing to eat, of bringing joy and happiness to the home that is sunk in misery; society, though it may see these things, forbids stealing, because it

sees the further, the greater, the wider morality, and knows that that wider morality will ultimately lead to greater physical benefit, to greater physical harmony in the great social unit. In the same way I maintain that vivisectional utility is the lesser, the smaller, the seemingly necessary one which, if discarded, will ultimately bring about greater moral and social health, and thereby also greater physical health. For if the ultimate aim is to reach a state where mankind is governed by the inner and cultivated instincts of doing to others only what you would like to have done to yourselves, then vivisection is doomed to extinction, and the result will be the production of a humanity which is morally whole and intellectually sane."

CHAPTER XLVI

AS Judy sat down, applause, jeers, shouts, hisses, broke forth in opposing tumult; and through the tumult, informing, intensifying it, swept the conflicting passions which, springing from the hearts of the audience, held and swayed it. David, tossed on the tide of battling emotions, clapped with hands that trembled. Judy was her friend; her love for her in those minutes was charged with pride; while her zeal for the cause she pleaded was rendered intenser and at the same time less pure by the narrower spirit of the partisan.

Turning, she saw the students, derisive, antagonistic, yet, as was borne in upon her even in the confused consciousness of the moment, inspired, not by convictions but by traditions; lads hot with loyalty to their leaders; boys—for most of them were hardly more—loving a row for its own sake. Surely if tradition had handed them a different creed, they would have held it with equal fervour!

The noise they delighted in broke forth anew when Professor Betterton rose; in the form now of hurrahs, of cheers, of the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow." So great, indeed, was their enthusiasm, that it considerably interfered with their leader's opening sentences.

The professor could hardly be said to reply to Judy's speech, since he took up a different ground from hers. For him, in the question, there was no moral issue, such an issue being, as he implied, dependent on certain conditions, the

existence of which he refused to admit. He made some personal remarks on Judy, reflecting on her capacity for opposing him. He allowed that experiments belonging to an earlier period, and which were no longer performed, had been cruel, but asserted that the vivisection of the present was painless. He declared that anti-vivisection was a lost cause.

He argued that because doctors as a body are not cruel, physiologists cannot be cruel either; but later on he appeared to adopt as his definition of cruelty that given in an Act of Parliament which lays down that "The mere infliction of pain, even of extreme pain, is not sufficient to constitute cruelty."

He based his defence of vivisection entirely on expediency, and supported the utilitarian argument by references to the diminution of rinderpest and by an appeal to the fears and the selfish instincts of his hearers. "What will happen when your child is dying of diphtheria, with the membrane slowly encroaching? Will you not then take the benefits that have been derived from experimentation? Will you let your children die for the sake of a rabbit?"

The students cheered vociferously, and David, listening, recalled the days when words such as these would have caused her to join in the cheers. But now she longed to cry out: "And what if I save my child from starvation by robbing or prostitution or any of the ways that society recognises as wrong? Is there morality, or is there not? or is self-interest the only test of right?" As for the rhetorical rabbit, the picturesque limitation had no power to affect her imagination; she knew well that the true name of that one rabbit was legion.

The professor adduced statistics from the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals to prove that the case mortality

from diphtheria had decreased since the introduction of anti-toxin. He did not mention that the actual mortality had increased, that the tendency of the disease was to spread, to claim ever more victims; nor did he state that the report of the Metropolitan Asylums Board showed that of the cases on which the statistics of case mortality were based, nine hundred and eight had been in one year falsely diagnosed as diphtheria.[1]

He brought forward a further argument with which David was well acquainted, and which, even when she shared the views of the man to whom she now listened, had always struck her as fallacious; the argument that, since other cruel practices were rife in the world, vivisection, even though cruel, was justified.

The professor concluded by stating that Judy was imperfectly equipped for the discussion of the subject under debate, and the assertion that vivisection was as necessary to physiological discovery as is any one part of the machinery of a watch to the working of the whole.

All through, the students had supported and interrupted him by cheers and comments; now they gave vent to a prolonged burst of cheering and the repetition of their favourite song; and again the battle of warring forces which was waged all that evening in the emotional consciousness of the audience swelled to fiercest contest. When the physical sound of it was stilled, the chairman announced that the meeting was open to general discussion, and that six persons desirous of speaking had sent up their names.

David knew who one of them was; she had seen Gale rise from his seat and hand a slip of paper to the chairman. It was natural, of course, that he should speak in support of his friend. He and Professor Betterton were acquainted,

[1] App. 34.

she knew; and even if they were no more than acquaintances, it was to be expected that Gale would uphold his profession. But oh! how she wished he would not speak! Not that it made any difference; it would be no worse to hear him state his views than to know, as she knew already, that he held them; but nevertheless she shrank from hearing him utter them publicly. As each speaker left the platform she dreaded to hear in the next name called the name she knew; but it was not till the other five debaters had spoken that the chairman said, "Dr. Gale."

She saw Gale rise and mount the platform; she saw Professor Betterton smile at him; she saw him turn his eyes towards the place where she sat, and knew that they rested on her and that he recognised her. He supposed, no doubt, that she was in sympathy with him. If he could only have known how she shrank from what he was about to say!

Gale, on his part, was aided by a sense of desperation. He had come, knowing that there would be present many men with whom he was acquainted; knowing that, were that by chance not the case, the fact that he spoke on Betterton's platform against Betterton's cause was quite sufficient to advertise his change of attitude throughout the profession. He was prepared to "face the music," and he shrank hardly at all from doing it. The shrinking had been done out in the wilderness.

But David! She would have known, to be sure, in any case, very soon; but he would rather not have had her eyes upon him as he spoke, and feel that those eyes would lose their friendliness as she listened. And her anxious face, as he saw it there, distinct amidst the sea of faces, touched him, tempted him, all the more because of the trouble in it; calling out that longing to protect, to help her, which had

been a dominant desire in him all through the years of crushed passion and banished hope. And now he was about to cut himself off from any chance of losing that longing in the attainment of its end; to cut himself off by—unless——

For a moment he was caught up, swept from the platform, set on a great height, saw the kingdom of love and the glory of it; just while the students, recognising, as they thought, an advocate, struck up, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Then, as they paused, he began to speak.

"Don't sing, gentlemen, till I have said my say. Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen! I've come up here to say that from the time I was a medical student, the question of vivisection has been an insistent one with me. I didn't want to think about it, but I couldn't help myself; I had to think, I had to go into it. I think I may say that it's a question I've looked at from every point of view—the utilitarian, the humanitarian, the moral, the scientific. In my practice I've applied the principles laid down by vivisectional research; or tried to apply them. For"—Gale gave the little gesture that David knew, and his hair rebelled in the old way—"for, over and over again, my clinical experience has opposed my vivisectional teaching, and times and again—in cancer cases especially—I've found that teaching not only ineffective, but misleading."

A great shout went up; the air was rent with the volume of it. Gale waited a minute while the sound surged round him; then his voice struggled with the hooting and the groans, the cat-calls and the hisses which greeted him from the students' stronghold; with the cheers and clapping that sprang up from all parts of the hall; struggled, and in the end—for it was as strong in its way as his hair—conquered. "I haven't much more to say; you may as well hear it. For

that reason and others—others that have been ably stated by Mrs. Home to-night—I need not repeat them—I take my stand with the party she represents; and, standing in its midst, I believe I stand with that section of thinkers and actors whose saner and wider outlook will, in the long run, sweep the present system into the limbo of mistakes."

Of the confusion that followed Gale's words David was but half aware; she did not hear the debaters' replies; she did not know that a resolution on the question debated was taken, and that the anti-vivisectionists carried the day. She sat quite still, till the crowd about her had partially ebbed away; her strong desire was to see Gale, and to tell him of her relief and sympathy.

But Gale, seeing her rigid attitude, her pale, moved face, had drawn his own conclusions from her bearing, and had gone away without coming near her.

By and by David rose and joined Judy, who was waiting for her as had been arranged, and the two women left the hall together. But it was Judy who talked, all the way in the cab, of the evening's last episode. David spoke little, and not at all of Gale.[1]

[1]App. 35.

CHAPTER XLVII

DAVID did not sleep much that night. The currents of feeling which had swept through the meeting seemed still about her: still she was moved by the passion of desire to win victory for her cause; still she faced the storm of angry derision which had greeted Gale's announcement. She felt that storm, indeed, more fully in the quiet of her home than in the minutes of its raging; for now she could realise the impression then made, and obscured at the moment by a haze of profound emotion.

Gale had met the storm calmly; he had not left the platform till it had subsided, but had stood, smoothing down his air, and looking straight at the howling students with those queer, keen eyes of his. And this central figure of the picture had, for David, filled the canvas, and she had been conscious of but one sensation—gladness. The shock of surprise caused by the first words of Gale's recantation had been followed by a rush of excitement; and then had come the gladness, and had held her ever since; held her now, as she moved about her room, doing the things she did every night.

Lying down in bed, with eyes closed for sleep, the evening repeated itself in simultaneous presentments of all that had taken place; vivid, graphic, entirely destructive of the possibility of rest. David fought with the visions for a time, then left her bed and seated herself in an arm-

chair by the open window. From that window she could look into Connaught Square, could see a clear space of starry sky, and, in the faint starlight, motionless trees.

It was a warm night, and the still air was soft and soothing; every now and again a cab turned the corner of the Square and rattled past; and the hum of traffic came up from the Edgware Road. Gradually David's spirit was released from the Portman Rooms; gradually her limbs relaxed, till she lay back with her head resting on the cushion of the chair; gradually she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was light, with a pale morning light, gilded with faint sunshine. She awoke with a little shiver, for it was chilly now; a little sense of bewilderment at finding herself in an unwonted position, an unwonted place; and the usual little pause of shrinking memory, before she took up again the burden of knowledge which had been hers since the iron of realisation had entered into her soul. All her life David kept her buoyancy of temperament; but, like all those who have once heard the cry of pain, from whatever part of the vast kingdom of being that cry may come, she could never again forget it.

There are some who, hearing the cry with the outward ears only, weep for a night and find joy again in the morning. There are some who, hearing thus, shrink from the sound and stop their ears, declaring they cannot bear it; and these are the sentimentalists, who think more of their own pain than the relief of the suffering. And there are some who, hearing in this outer way, care not at all. But those who have heard truly, with the inner ear, never forget the cry; its sound is in their souls; its appeal is continual. These know that it can never cease till all men listen, all men have heard, and all men unite to still it; and these

work unflaggingly, finding greater rest in work than in inaction.

The cry was with David now as constantly as the memory of her lost child; not always dominating her consciousness, but swaying her heart; and it was there this morning, compelling, insistent, but with, as it seemed to her, a new trembling note in it, the faint promise of a far-off deliverance. Up till now she had lived in a land of hostility, a land where all her fellow-countrymen, save only her mother and Judy, were set in a solid phalanx of opinion which she, singly, must defy; and defying it, she had felt as though she beat the air. But last night she had met, as it were, an allied army, pledged to the cause which was her own; had felt the support of companionship; realised the vitality in a movement which she had been accustomed to hear branded as futile. A lost cause? Nay, a dawning power, destined to become dominant; despised and rejected of the mighty amongst men, yet compassed about with a cloud of witness in the prophecies of seers, the songs of poets, the service of the pitiful.

And now, amongst those servants stood Sidney Gale, whose friendship she need not refuse, whose love—for David was frank with herself—she was free to accept.

It was the thought of that love, of which she could not be confident, that caused her to hesitate about writing to Gale. So long as there had been a barrier between them, she had felt sure that he loved her: now that the barrier was broken down, she began to doubt. He had left the hall last night without speaking to her. Surely—if he cared at all—and knowing now that they thought alike—— But did he know it? How indeed, when she came to think of it, should he know it? It was possible, more than possible, more, even, than probable, that he knew no more of her

change of attitude than she had known of his. And if he didn't——?

In the end she wrote:—

"DEAR DR. GALE,

"I thought when you went on to the platform last night that you were going to speak on the other side, and I, like you, have left that side, and come over to the minority. To find a friend where one looked for a foe is a rare pleasure, and I feel myself obliged to congratulate both you and myself.

"Yours sincerely,

"DAVID CRANLEY-CHANCE."

When she had written and sent the letter, she was seized with panic, and went out. Supposing he were to come?

Gale did come, but not, as it happened, till she had returned.

He had arrived home on the preceding night in that state of exaltation which often carries a man triumphantly, nay joyfully, through an act of abnegation; for the wine of sacrifice has an intoxication of its own. But the morning, according to the undeviating law of sequence, brought with it reaction, and Gale left home to go through his daily round in a depression unrelieved by any consciousness of heroism. He had thrown everything away, and yet had felt at the time that much remained; a magnificent much; but this morning it seemed that there was nothing left. When, therefore, coming in to a delayed lunch, he found David's note on the hall table, he expected to find in it the disdainful reproach which he fancied he had read upon her face.

What he actually found, reward instead of punishment, sympathy and not disdain, seemed, in the first great revul-

sion of feeling, impossible to believe. It could not be, was his first thought; the desire of his heart distorted his sight and gave a false sense to words which would presently reveal themselves as messages of cold reproach. He had said good-bye to love; and here was love, radiant, bidding him good-morrow! It could not be.

Yet there stood joy's credentials, plainly written, in the handwriting that he knew; the words did not change as he read them again and again. This marvel was a verity after all. He had thrown away his mess of pottage; but he had found—was it not his birthright?—the right to win the love of the woman who had been for him always the one woman, apart from and above all others in the world.

He would answer the letter at once. No, he would go to Connaught Street. He had been as anxious hitherto to avoid David as David to avoid him; but there was no need to avoid her any more.

He did not reach Connaught Street till late, for he was a busy man now, and consultation after consultation filled his afternoon. It was after half-past six when David heard his knock, and knew that it was his.

"I am very late," said Gale. "I meant to come before."

"It is good of you to come, busy as you are."

"I wanted to answer your note by word of mouth."

"I am very glad to see you." David, who had been filled, when she heard Gale's knock, with delightful expectation, found herself sinking into the feeblest commonplace.

But Gale, who had come with the full intention of being commonplace, was lifted out of himself by the sight of her face, the fact of her presence.

"I should have come long ago," he said, "but that I

imagined we belonged to opposite camps, and I supposed you would not have anything to do with me."

Then, suddenly, he said the words that he had thought he might perhaps say in a month's time. "I've cared for you always, David. Is there any hope for me?"

Now that the words were said, it seemed fitting, in the natural order of things, to David, as well as to Gale, that they should be uttered then and there, before the discussion of aught else.

David did not speak, because her lips were tremulous; but her gaze sought Gale's, and he, meeting it, read his answer in her eyes.

"But you must realise," Gale said later, "that you are marrying a sort of pariah. And goodness only knows what will become of my practice."

"And *you* must realise that you are marrying a sort of pauper. All that Cranley left me goes to a cousin if I marry again. I have only my aunt's legacy and the settlement money. It comes to under two hundred and fifty a year altogether."

"Thank the Lord!" said Gale, "that they can't say I'm marrying you for your money. All the same, two hundred and fifty a year seems to me uncomfortably much."

"They'll probably say that you're marrying me because nobody but an anti-vivisectionist would have you," David assured him.

He stayed with her all the evening. She gave him a little impromptu dinner, in the recess in the dining-room where the stained window was. David always dined in that recess, at a tiny table, except when she had company; and Gale—delightful thought!—was no longer company. He thought the dinner perfect. Every dish was excellent. (The pud-

ding was a trifle burnt, but Gale took two helpings.) What a clever housekeeper David must be!

David's housewifely feeling was strong enough to draw the line of approval at burnt pudding; nevertheless she omitted the next morning to remonstrate with the cook.

They were supremely happy, these two people, who stood on the edge of storms and thought they had reached a lasting haven; who had touched hands, as it were, as boy and girl, and now, as man and woman, might let those hands meet in an abiding clasp. To Gale, that evening, came back much of the boyish gladness of his youth; but David rested in her woman's happiness. It was the sweeter possession.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE marriage of David and Gale and their joint heresy made a nine days' wonder in that corner of the world to which they both belonged; and a variety of scandalous tales kept that corner actively employed in speech and hearing for many weeks.

It was said that Gale had always been a secret foe to his own household, that he had Jesuitical tendencies and had only spoken out by reason of pressure applied from high quarters; that he had made love to and perverted David during her husband's lifetime; and that Cranley-Chance had been spared much sorrow and scandal by his untimely end. For all this Gale cared little, and David not much; the only serious trouble that David suffered was on her father's account.

Lowther's prejudices were outraged, his pride wounded to the quick, by his daughter's attitude and conduct. They constituted what he felt to be a personal disgrace, and his affection for David was turned into a bitterness which forbade all intercourse with her. Lady Lowther, the desire of whose heart found fulfilment in David's marriage, was robbed of half fulfilment's sweetness by Lowther's forbidding his daughter the house. She could go to see David, but David might not come to see her; and she went to the wedding in surreptitious splendour, making a compromise with her husband's known wishes by dispensing with the carriage and conveying herself and a new lilac silk dress to

the church in a cab. She had the unique experience of being the most gorgeously attired person present; for David, deeply and sharply grieved by the breach with her father, had arranged that the wedding should be, in every respect, as little conspicuous as possible; and Gale did not care in what fashion he was married, provided, as he said in answer to David's suggestions, the ceremony was legal.

Percy Burdon was in the church, faithful but disapproving. He had come up to London some weeks before, when he first heard of the engagement, and had talked, as he told Polly afterwards, very seriously to his cousin. Gale still attracted him, and seemed indeed very little different from what he had always been; but it was the attraction of forbidden fruit; Percy felt there was an heretical flavour in the apple of Gale's companionship. His counsels to David were those of filial duty combined with prudence.

"Uncle Bernard feels it terribly, you know, and I don't wonder. He's getting an old man now, too. Besides, ten to one, he doesn't leave you a halfpenny."

"I'm sorry. I wish I could make him younger. As for the halfpenny, I can't help it. Let's hope you'll benefit by my destitution."

"For shame, David! As if I thought—— I'm speaking for your good; I'm so afraid you haven't thought it over."

"I have, I assure you. Will it relieve your mind if I tell you that I lie awake at night, thinking it over?"

"You do?" Percy looked doubtful.

"I do indeed. And the more I think, the happier I am."

"Oh, David! But it's so rash, you know. Supposing he loses his practice? A consulting practice like his, you know. Are you quite sure you're not making a mistake?"

"I would so much rather risk making a mistake," said

David, "than be quite sure I was wrong." And that was all Percy had to take back with him to Langborough.

He returned for the wedding, alone; the presence of Polly might have appeared to countenance the disloyal eccentricity of the two people whom he could not dislodge from his heart, and he felt that he gave the right touch by appearing in solitary benevolence.

The only other persons in the church were Gale's half brother, who acted as best man, Judy, and a woman with a disfigured face, the erstwhile Sarah Jennings, resplendent in a large hat with red feathers.

Lady Lowther, sitting beside Judy in a front pew, thought of that other wedding day of David's when she had caught sight of Gale's miserable face in the gallery, and, for all her husband's wrath, rejoiced. To Gale too the memory came, placed itself side by side with the present and made that present ineffable. And to David it presented itself, but was by her refused admittance, since to her it brought a train of other memories, too sad or too terrible to face.

Three years after her second marriage, David was sent for by her father. He had never spoken to her since the dreadful day on which he had forbidden her his house, confirmed in his anger against her, his dislike of Gale, by the fact that they both took an active part in the movement which he hated. Had they chosen a neutral way, his displeasure might have dwindled to contempt; but Gale was not the man, nor David the woman, to be content with neutrality. "And besides," said Gale, "we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

David's sheep consisted in taking over a considerable portion of the work which had been done by Judy; for Judy, soon after David's marriage, found herself obliged

to loosen her hold upon some of the reins which she had held so firmly until now; and it seemed to David that the chance of semi-reconciliation with her father was not a sufficient ground for refusing to do definite work.

But now Lowther was dying, and desired to see his daughter before he died.

David came tremblingly. Her love for him had outlived his bitterness; her girlish admiration still persisted; his refusal to see her or her children had been a perpetual cloud on the happiness she found with Gale. She brought the children with her now; a boy and a girl; the girl a baby but a few months old. But Lowther, having glanced at the children, motioned them away.

"I can't do with babies," he said; "and that boy"—he glanced at the little fellow clinging to David's skirt—"is too like his father. You don't suppose I'm going to forgive Gale?"

"I don't suppose anything. I'm only glad to see you again."

"Dying. I haven't left you anything, David."

David's face flushed at the proof of his persistent enmity.

"Do you think I'm going to have Gale battening on my money?" Lowther's lip went out in the old way. "Pooh!"

"We don't want your money, father."

"Don't you? I should have thought you did. Gale's practice is going down hill as fast as—I could wish, I hear."

"Father, why did you send for me if this is all you have to say?"

"Because I had a fancy to see you again. I shall have another attack soon. *I* know. It's no good these other fellows coming and rubbing their hands over me; I know

the tricks of the trade. And then I shan't be able to see anything or anybody."

The wounded feeling and the anger which had sprung from it melted out of David's heart. She was his only child, he had been proud of her, and she had disappointed him. She knelt down beside him.

"I'm so sorry, so very sorry."

The falter in her voice touched him; or his brain, clear at times, became clouded. He looked at her with softer eyes.

"I always liked your face, Girlie," he said. It was a name he had not used since her childhood; perhaps he forgot how deeply she had offended him. "It was never a tiresome face; and you were never a tiresome woman." The cloud deepened on his brain, lifted from his heart. "I was very proud of you—before you married. He's a good deal older of course, and you were very young. As if I didn't know you were young! I knew your age as well as she did. But your mother was always a fool. . . . But a good position—he's made his name. With a position like that—and your brains—and your face, you might be a leader—a leader of society."

It was evident that he had forgotten Cranley-Chance's death, forgotten what had come just before it, forgotten what had happened since. By the time he remembered, by the time his mind came back to him, and, with his mind, his bitterness, David had gone; and he did not send for her again.

It was not long before his prediction was fulfilled; he had diagnosed his own case with accuracy; and a month after David's visit the neswpapers gave a column to the "Death of Sir Bernard Lowther."

Lowther was extolled as a great man, one who had benefited humanity and advanced science. "His range of

subjects," said the *Morning Messenger,* "was limited to those branches of science and medicine of which he had made himself master, but his outlook was wide. He put progress before prejudice, and knowledge before sentiment. The work that such men do is of incalculable benefit; their lives are lives of self-sacrifice."

Later on, under "Wills and Bequests" appeared an account of the way in which Lowther had bequeathed his money. His words to David had been no empty threat; he had left her not a farthing; nor her children, because they were also Gale's. Lady Lowther was provided for by a life interest in fifteen thousand pounds. Percy received ten thousand; Edgar Hall another ten "to aid him in his beneficent work"; and the remainder of the sixty thousand which Lowther had made and saved went to the Medical School of the hospital on the staff of which he had been for so many years.

David had spoken truly when she told her father she did not want his money; she had no thought of currying favour with him when, in answer to his message, she had come to Harley Street; nevertheless, when the contents of the will were made known, she could not entirely suppress a sense of disappointment. The absence of her name was a public repudiation of her; she felt that, in spite of that last interview, Lowther had not really forgiven her; and then, in the Gale household, money was far from plentiful.

Lowther's jibe had the sting of truth in it; his son-in-law's practice was undoubtedly declining. His diagnosis was as acute and accurate as ever, his treatment as intelligent, his skill as great; but he was no longer invited to consultations. It became necessary for David to do what in all her life she had never done, to be careful in the spending of shillings, to deny herself the little indulgences, the small

extravagances which she had enjoyed without thinking about them. Gale knocked off the whole of his wine merchant's bill (a bill chiefly incurred on behalf of his friends) and half his tailor's; and at the time of David's visit to her father it was a serious question between the husband and wife whether they should give up the brougham.

"Not that I mind walking—now I've got the time," said Gale; "but it's a confession of failure and may lead to bankruptcy—in patients."

"We'll keep it on, and save in other ways."

"The puzzle is—to find the ways."

"Oh, we could do with a servant less; and my dressmaker is absurdly extravagant."

"You haven't had a new dress at all this summer, sweetheart. Do you think I don't notice?"

"What I wear?"

"Yes, what you wear and what you do—everything."

"I consider," said David, surveying herself in the glass, "that I look very nice. Besides, losing all your patients won't conduce to reckless expenditure in the matter of clothes."

"There's the children's education to think of."

"Oh, don't let's think of educating them yet, Sidney, poor little mites."

"No, but it's got to come. I used not to care a hang about what was going to happen and all that. But now, by Jove!——"

"We'll keep the carriage for a bit, at any rate. Let's make a good fight of it, Sidney. And don't, for heaven's sake, make me feel that you would have got on better without me and the children."

"All right. We'll keep it on, make a hollow show and blow the expense! And here's to the health of David Gale

and all the little Gales!" Sidney drank up his tea, kissed David, and made for the door. "There's a poor benighted patient, who don't know I am an A.-V., coming at five-thirty," he said. "Let's hope he won't find it out till he's cured."

"Is he curable?"

"Rather. Lord! I could cure him and dozens like him if they'd only listen—or hearing, understand. But people won't stop taking what's bad for them. What they want is to stuff themselves with poisons and then be given an antidote. Patch them up and they love—and pay—you. Try to cure—and they go and pay somebody else."

When Gale had gone David went and stood before the mirror, a long narrow one that hung between the two windows and showed her the greater part of herself. Her gaze was critical, but it relaxed in satisfaction. "So long as I don't look dirty—or dowdy, what does it matter?" she said.

CHAPTER XLIX

THOUGH Lowther had bequeathed his daughter nothing, indirectly she benefited by the money he left, for Bertha contrived to spend a large proportion of her five hundred a year on the Gale household.

"I could not stay on in Harley Street, even if I wanted to," she said, "and I am tired of those great rooms. I should like the smallest house I can find."

So she established herself in one of the tiny houses in Portsea Place, with a former housemaid, now widowed, who was willing, on condition of being called her housekeeper, to undertake the functions of a "general"; and every day Lady Lowther, usually with the aid of a friendly policeman, crossed the Edgware Road and lunched in Montagu Street. For this "partial board," as she termed it, she insisted upon paying a guinea a week; insisted, too, upon buying all her grandchildren's clothes and on making frequent presents to their mother. Bertha always found an excuse for her gifts; it was Christmas or New Year's Day, Easter, Midsummer or Michaelmas; or somebody's birthday; and David, after the first demur at the new order of things, accepted the gifts as freely as they were given, realising that in practising petty economies and helping her and Gale, her mother was happier than she had been during the greater part of her life.

The help eased them in the struggle to maintain that out-

ward token of prosperity, the carriage; and though Gale's professional visits grew fewer, he still paid them in state.

As for Bertha, having reached the stage of realising that she was free, she immensely enjoyed her freedom. It seemed strange at first to be able to do as she liked, and then less strange than delightful. She dropped away from most of her old acquaintances; an easy thing to do when the dropping process was a mutual one; but she made new friends, and went to meetings with David, and heard David speak, her heart almost bursting with pride the while; and stood, indeed, upon a summit of content.

David, taking a part in propaganda, working actively for the cause she had taken up, met with divers disillusionments. She had thrown herself into that cause with the fervent enthusiasm of a whole-hearted nature, and with all the confidence of those who fight for truth with truth's pure weapons. She found enthusiasm indeed; but a fervour not always discriminating; weapons marred often with the mire of misstatement. She learned what so many have had to learn before her, that movements inspired by truth are constantly greater than their makers, while the causes which depend for their vitality on the men who lead or follow them are often weak or worthless. But David, when she started her campaign, did not know this; and it was pain and grief to her to meet, amidst the nobility of purpose, the courage, keen intellect and self-sacrifice of many of her fellow-workers, with the exaggerations, the calumnies, and the unbalanced bigotry which are worse foes to any principle than its direct enemies. Often, when facing a platform, she was filled with shame by the unfair and inaccurate statements which were hurled from its boards, by the perversion of facts or the exaggeration of wrongs; and she longed to substitute the clean cut of truth for the

jagged wounds more damaging to supporters than opponents.

Having lived all her life amongst those who were now opponents, she knew well that in their ranks were many men humane in thought and noble in intention; many who, approving of the system of vivisection, found themselves unable to practise it; many who, actually practising it, shrank from conscious cruelty. She knew, too, that there were experiments involving no positive pain, either at the time of experiment or after, to the animal operated upon; that there was much classed under the head of scientific vivisection which was infinitely less cruel than many of the barbarities of the farmyard, the slaughter-house, or the fur and feather trades.

Knowing all this, shamed and indignant at the denial of it, she was doubly careful, when she herself stood upon the platform, to be just to the enemies of her cause, and so just to the cause itself. That cause needed, she knew, no aid from exaggeration or falsehood; the inherent justice of it was sufficient to bear it through the ridicule, contempt, active antagonism, and paralysing indifference which have met all movements springing from a conception of morality nobler than the standard of their time; was sufficient to vitalise and support it till the majority of the advancing community could recognise and accept its truth. There was no need to state that all experiments were painful, since by and by men would agree that a system founded on the rights of might must be a system which could recognise no dividing line between use and abuse; since later still it would be conceded that the selfish use of weaker beings, human or sub-human, is in itself an abuse; till finally it would be seen that man, racially, gains more by cultivating courage than acquiring ease, by developing love than

amassing knowledge. Then, as Cameron maintained, when the selfish ways were closed, new avenues would be opened: to knowledge, to health, to the understanding by man of man's true origin, nature, and fate. Men, turning from the blind alleys of disease commissions, would perceive that the one cure for disease is health, not the substitution for it of attenuated maladies; and that health is won, not in spite of that nature of which man forms a part, but by a more subtle study of the laws of being than is possible by vivisectional methods.

David, speaking, insisted always upon the big issues, on ultimate as well as on immediate results; and her instances of cruelty or failure on the part of her opponents were instances which rested on first-hand testimony. "What is the use of exaggeration," she would ask, "when the truth is more than sufficiently terrible?"

Gale, meanwhile, had come to the conclusion that the carriage must go. His practice, robbed of the consulting element, was small, and did not increase. People had become imbued with the idea that he was not "up to date"; and though most of his old patients remained to him, their ranks were not swelled by new ones. Having decided that it would be absurd to keep on the carriage, he had to tell David of his decision. He did it on a day of biting east wind, when David, coming in, had sought warmth in his study. There was not often a fire in the drawing-room now.

When he had said his say, she held out a foot to the flames. "Certainly, if your 'carriage practice' has all gone, there's no use in having a carriage. We'll just descend, gracefully, to a lower sphere."

Gale caught her in his arms; his heart was miserable

with the thought that he had dragged her down from wealth to share his sordid fate.

She knew the thought; felt it, perhaps, in the clasp of the arms about her; and answered it in French words that were favourites with her; leaning back from him, so that she could look into his eyes.

"Quand même," she said.

The next night the two went to the play. "Because," said David, "we shall be so much richer now without that horrid carriage gnawing at our vitals; and because it's so delightful to spend money on vain pleasures when you feel you ought to buy a new coal-scuttle for the dining-room."

The giving up of the carriage eased considerably the strain of adapting ways to means, and as long as Lady Lowther was able to help them, the Gales stayed on in Montagu Street.

But, two years after the brougham had been abandoned, Bertha died, passing out of life as unostentatiously as she had passed through it. The last part of that life was fraught with pain; but she who had been always weak was now strong. She bore the bodily torture with a courage which had failed her during the long years when she had felt herself to be a traitor; for now, as she expressed it, she could look herself in the face. And all the time she was haunted by the thought of the hundreds of animals subjected year after year, vainly and remorselessly, to suffering such as hers; inoculated with the disease which claimed her; unaided by the narcotics which soothed its agonies. The little frail woman, dying of cancer, knowing of science only certain of its methods, unskilled in ethical argument, unlearned in theology, was cognisant of the great truth that there is no valid sacrifice save that, self-offered, of the sacrificed; none other from which ultimately evil

will not spring in greater measure than good. She reasoned out no theory, discerned no law; felt only that it must be so; and suffered with added poignancy in the knowledge of deliberately inflicted suffering.

Her last articulate words were of those which long ago had struck David's attention, and which Bertha applied to herself and to all beings who, like or unlike herself, were the victims either of moral cowardice or physical tyranny: "Pray for the weak!"

CHAPTER L

SIDNEY GALE sat in his study reading the book which made the name of Edgar Hall famous throughout the world. A little bit of a study it was, in a house none too big; but Gale, as he read, was so deeply interested as to be blind to his surroundings. Generally he was all too conscious of them, the hall-mark, as it seemed to him, of failure.

It had cost him more than it had cost David to leave Montagu Street. She, to be sure, had her sad hours, dismantling the home of her greatest happiness; packing some of her treasures, parting with others; recognising the fact that poverty had come to her and Gale, not as a passing guest, but as a perpetual companion, and demanded concessions to its claims. But there had been no bitterness in her renunciation. Years ago, when she had married Gale, she had counted the cost, knowing well that though, in proclaiming her own views, she ran the gauntlet of criticism and lost caste in her own particular world, the risks she took in casting in her lot with his were of graver kind. Gale himself had put those risks before her, and she had answered: "Am I not called David, and shall I fear to fight Goliath?" Moreover, she had the consolation that a woman always finds when her heart is satisfied. She had been ambitious once, but it was sweet to sink ambition in the right to share the lot of the man she loved; she had given homage to strength, admired success; but Gale,

staunch to his colours, had shown no weakness, and though he had sunk in his profession, in purpose he had not failed.

But Gale, with his hand firm to the plough, permitting himself no backward glance, passed, in the transference of his household from Montagu Street to the neighbourhood of the Harrow Road, through a valley of despondency, in which were bitter spaces. Though he had said good-bye to fame, he had not been able to oust ambition from his temperament; and the consciousness of his capacity to make a name for himself, formerly so uplifting, was galling in circumstances which limited the area of competition. And then there was the old thought that he had dragged David down. Though she would not let him utter it, it was active in his mind; and side by side with it went the thought of his children (there were three now), their education, their after lives.

David—because she was less responsible, Gale said—was bolder. Lady Lowther's death had made a change imperative, and it was better, David declared, to face it in all its bearings, to grasp the nettle firmly and so stultify its sting.

"If the boys are clever, they must get scholarships; if not, they must live on the level of their intelligence. We will do all we can for them; and, after all, it is the men who stand on their own legs and not on their fathers' shoulders who often make the best of life."

Her robust reasoning made Gale laugh, and revived the courage which in his younger days had risen superior to risks; nevertheless it had gone hard with him to move from the pleasant house whose upper windows faced a garden space, to the semi-gentility of Falmouth Street. Here his skill, and the personal magnetism which is an essential attribute of the born doctor, won him by and by a fresh

repute; but those days were not yet; and when Hall's book appeared Gale had plenty of time to read it.

During the last few years, while Gale had been descending the ladder which stretches from fame to failure, Hall had mounted it rung by rung. In his younger days he had studied in various places, under various teachers, many branches of science; patient labour had made him a master in some. Now he was a professor in the Institute which he had entered as a student, and his printed utterances bore the stamp of authority.

His book—*The New Gospel,* it was called—was widely read, outside as well as within scientific circles; the Press hailed it as a work of genius; scientists, as a complete philosophy. "These piquant and learned 'Studies on Human Nature,'" said *The Seasons,* "are the recreations of a naturalist, the *porerga* of a thinker who, having sought and found in more than one department of human knowledge . . . sits down for awhile to rest by the wayside of the *via sacra,* in order to reflect on the vanity of received opinions."

"Those who read this remarkable work," said the *Stethoscope,* "can convince themselves that the story and the message of hope which it conveys are not the vain imaginations of megalomania, but the logical inferences to be drawn from observed facts."[1]

Gale, reading the "message of hope," marvelled, first at the wide and deep knowledge displayed by the writer, secondly at the conclusions he drew from it. He knew that his student friend had been steadily rising in the estimation of the scientific world; he had not realised how thorough had been the study which justified that rise. He understood and appreciated it now; while on the other hand he

[1]App. 36.

was unprepared for the arguments based by Hall on his accumulated facts. It seemed wonderful that, mastering so much, he should infer so little; Gale found himself disappointed that his former friend's conceptions had not grown with his knowledge.

The theory which Edgar Hall advanced was based on the disharmonies existing between man and his environment, and in these disharmonies he found the source of the troubles by which man is perplexed. He began by stating that a general uneasiness disturbs the world to-day, man finding himself at a loss in determining the course of his life and in explaining his true relation to family, nation, race, and humanity. Sicence, he said, had been reproached with inability to solve moral and philosophical questions, with merely destroying the foundations of religion, and failing to replace them with anything more exact or enduring. Nevertheless it was to science, and science alone, that man must look for hope, happiness, and the solution of all problems.

The first part of the book discussed the origin of man; together with that which is commonly called human nature; and man's material body, its organs and their functions. It was preluded by a wonderful chapter on what Hall termed beings inferior to man, but dealing chiefly with insects and their habits. Here the magnitude of his knowledge was displayed, and the patient thoroughness of his investigations; Gale, reading it, felt his pulses quicken with admiration and interest.

Of facts, acquired by diligent and painstaking inquiry, Hall was a master; it was when he proceeded to draw deductions from those facts, when he departed from narration to inference, that Gale's attitude changed from satisfied acquiescence to critical disappointment.

When Hall .affirmed, as Cranley-Chance had affirmed, that Nature, in producing man, had made a sudden leap in evolution, Gale's mind refused to accept the assumption; nor did the arguments from analogy cited by the author appear to him logically sufficient. Suddenly obtained varieties in the evening primrose, and the case of Inandi, the calculator, did not, for him, warrant the conclusion that "man is a case of the arrested development of some simian of ancient days," who, having become varied in specific characters, produced offspring endowed with new characters; and that from this being, a monster from the zoölogical point of view, sprang a new race, the human. Inandi did not produce a race of calculators; nor did it appear to Gale that any number of varieties obtained from a single plant, transmitting, indeed, their specific characters to their descendants, but exhibiting characters, initiating species, peculiar only to the original kingdom of the plant—that is to say, the vegetable—formed a just basis for Hall's argument that it was possible by development of specific characters to leap from one kingdom to another.

Having determined the origin of man, Hall went on to survey those organs of man's body which he considered superfluous, inefficient, or functionally at fault. It was to what he termed the disharmonies of the body that he assigned a large part of man's unhappiness; not his physical sufferings only, but also his mental perplexities, his forebodings, his discontent. For indeed, as Gale found, reading on, not a part only, but the whole of man's unhappiness, was, in this new gospel, charged to the account of the disharmonious body; since the fear of death, which, according to Hall, was the arch destroyer of the enjoyment of life, had its root in the physical disharmony. This fear, he affirmed, had caused the creation and the failure of all

religions and philosophies: men, fleeing from the fear of death, sought to build up a belief by which they might look forward to continuous life.

He passed those philosophies and religions under review, and in the review gave evidence of careful and extensive study in a field to which Gale would not have expected him to penetrate; giving proof at the same time, that he had failed constantly to grasp the true meaning, the real significance of many, if not most, of the theories which he criticised. He condemned them all; as failures, as inadequate to combat the fear and misery by which man is beset. Then, said he, came the youngest daughter of knowledge, science, and marched with the weapon of scepticism upon the fortresses of religious dogma, till between science and religion open war was declared.

In Edgar Hall's philosophy there could be no truce between the two, far less a lasting agreement. Disease, which, he averred, was the basis of philosophies interpreted by him as pessimistic; physical disharmonies; and the fear of death; these were the factors in man's discontent. Any system which admitted others was unreasonable. Poets, prophets, saints, were alike dreamers; their utterances and experiences the outcome of brains unbalanced by the spectacle of man's lack of harmony with his environment; all evidence to the contrary was untrustworthy.

That was Hall's position; a position impregnable to argument, since it precluded all hypotheses save the one on which his own philosophy was founded. Viewed from that position, the problem of how to absolve man from unhappiness found its solution in the mere statement of the causes of that unhappiness. For, since disease and the fear of death produced suffering, the destruction of both must secure happiness.

And then, having arrived at the theoretic solution of the problem, Hall set himself to find the means by which that solution might be put in practice. It was but logical, since in the welfare of the body lay man's salvation, that he should ignore all sentiment save such as is directly connected with that welfare, and to that welfare subordinate all that would appear to strengthen it. Why take into account the pain of the animal world, justice in relation to that world, when the sole consideration was how to obtain immunity from disease, how to escape the fear of death? Why contemplate pity, advocate courage, when in ruthlessness lay deliverance; and man was to shape his course, not towards the vanquishing of fear, but in subservience to it?

This was the new gospel: that man was to abandon all dreams of immortality, divinity, unselfish love, and cleave to science alone; and that science, isolating herself from religion as well as creeds, from philosophy, from all the forces, actual if not tangible, which have swayed mankind through the ages, should in that emancipated isolation use all and every means to one sole end: the complete knowledge of man as an organism, in order, through that knowledge, to arrive at the discovery of antidotes to all diseases.

The message of hope was this: that men should escape, not death indeed, but the fear of death, by the prolongation of life to an extent which would make death welcome when it came. Man would drink so largely of the cup of life, as to long for the end of the draught; become so satiated with living, as to crave extinction as a boon.

In describing the manner of this prolongation, Hall propounded his famous phagocyte theory of senile degeneration; of the atrophy of the higher and specific cells of a tissue and their replacement by hypertrophied connective

tissue; and of the possibility of preventing degeneration by strengthening the higher elements. The strengthening was to be accomplished by means of the favourite child of physiological science, the serum; and, having discussed the effects of certain sera as demonstrated by experiments, "There seems here," he wrote, "a rational method by which we may strive to strengthen the higher elements of the human body, and so prevent them from growing old."

And the task seemed at first sight such an easy one, so simple of fulfilment. All that was necesary was to mince to fine atoms the organs of a dead human body; the heart, brain, liver, kidney or any other organ, the higher elements of which, in living bodies, required strengthening; to inject these atoms into an animal; and in a few weeks to draw off sera which would act in the desired way. In reality the difficulty of removing organs from dead bodies, sufficiently soon after death to be in a suitable condition for injection, presented, as Hall observed, a serious practical obstacle; and even were this obstacle overcome, much time would be required, many experiments, before the method could be perfected.

Gale, held by interest, influenced by the persuasive atmosphere which the sincerity of the writer had infused into his book, passing from the probable to the possible, from the possible to the plausible, was arrested here by the protest of his reason.

Dreams of immortality, of man's divinity and God's reality, were they wilder than this scheme for the preservation of the body? Was this all logical inference from observed facts, as the *Stethoscope* claimed? Was there in it nothing of the vain imaginations of megalomania? Was science, isolated from all points of view save the material, admitting no reality save physical phenomena, no hope

save in the understanding of those phenomena, free indeed from phantasy, entirely exempt from the bias of an unrelated attitude?

And for the message of hope? If this latest prophet were a true one, if this new gospel were to realise itself in practical fulfilment of its promises, would man find contentment, happiness, peace, the answer to all his questioning, the satisfaction of all his desires, in the prolongation of physical life till such time as he should tire of it? That life would be cut off from contact with the great ones of the past; from the conceptions of philosophers, the "fine frenzy" of poets, the contemplation of states of consciousness other than the material. For man, emancipated, free from the fear of death, would find no interest in exploded theories, founded on that fear. Of mental interests there would remain science; of art, the branches that appeal to the senses; of pleasures, physical enjoyment. The soul of literature, of art, of imagination, would perish with the soul of man.

Was the gain worth the price? Did the end commend the means? Would man, trampling on those weaker than himself, denying his higher intuitions, abjuring the immortal to put on an added mortality; would man gain much?

Gale, questioning, formulated his answer in yet another question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

CHAPTER LI

AND as he sat thinking of Hall's great book, the door opened, and Hall himself came in.

"Hall!" Gale leapt to his feet. To him, in his astonishment and his subjection to the traditions of unscientific thought, it seemed for the moment as if it were the ghostly and not the actual presentment of his former friend who stood there looking at him.

"The last man you were thinking of, I suppose?"

"No, I happened just to be thinking of you. But the last man, certainly, that I expected to see. Come and sit down. How on earth did you get here?"

"Cab."

"Yes—but the cab—— Don't answer me by saying 'horse.' "

"I saw Burdon yesterday, and he told me." Hall turned his glance from the fire to Gale's face. "Jove! what a fool you've made of yourself!" he said.

Gale shrugged his shoulders. "You always thought me a fool, so you shouldn't be surprised."

"Not a fool," corrected Hall; "you were a rowdy ass as a student, but I knew you had brains."

"Thanks awfully," said Gale. Hall's plain speaking put him at his ease; this was not the famous scientist who was talking to him, but the companion of his school and hospital days.

"But now——" said Hall, and gave a French shrug of his shoulders. Gale's shrug had been English.

"Is it worse to be born a fool or to have folly thrust upon you? Mine was thrust upon me by what I should call conviction and you would call rot."

"At one time I thought you were going to make a name; and you might have. You made me uneasy that evening in Paris, though. After that I wasn't really surprised."

"I don't know that it matters enormously whether you make a name."

"It matters, perhaps you will allow, whether you make a living."

Gale flushed. "Yes. But not supremely," he added.

"I should have said it did—supremely; for without a living you can do nothing."

"I'll ease your concrete and particular fears by assuring you that we have enough to live on. Speaking in the abstract and generally, that's just where we differ, you and I—as to what matters supremely."

"Well, what does, according to Sidney Gale?"

"It sounds a bit priggish, put in two words, but I mean it, so here goes—ethical healthiness."

"Morality!" Hall's lip curled in the old way. "Is that the bog you've stuck in?"

"Call it a bog if you like. I call it *terra firma*. Anyhow, that's where I am; and I'd rather be there—stuck, if you like—than follow the will-o'-the-wisp you're following here." Gale put his hand on the book he had been reading.

"Ah, my book! May I ask what you call the will-o'-the-wisp?"

"The idea of making people happy by letting them live on till they've had enough of it. And the means of doing it—feeding them upon sera obtained from the organs of their dead fellows. You used to be a sober enough chap; but this seems to me, frankly, the idea of a monomaniac."

"I state that it isn't perfected, that it will require much time to work it out."

"It's the conception that seems to me so wild."

"You're frank, at any rate."

"Always was, if you remember. And besides, you vivisectionists can't expect to have nothing but praise and the unlimited and sole right of blackguarding. You pour out contempt and scorn upon us; you call us fools and retrograde and sentimental and what not; but *you* expect to be exempt from criticism."

"We get it, though; not in France, but from the British public—unenlightened and stupid as it always has been and will be."

"You'd get a good deal more if it were more enlightened and less stupid. It's the ignorance of the public, French as well as English, that allows you to go on."

Hall's lip curled again. "Science," he said, "is superior to public opinion."

"And to mine of course, who am extra private; a private, in fact, in the army which is fighting against you."

"An army, you call it? I should say one small regiment fighting for a forlorn hope."

"It's forlorn hopes that have inspired the world—and conquered it in the end. And then we have new recruits every day, even in France. We shall have an international league against you before long."

Hall smiled. "Meanwhile the scientific spirit grows: in England enormously. You are beginning to see over here that research should be undertaken quite apart from its directly utilitarian bearing, in a spirit of mere curiosity. I dined with Langford last night, and he said straight out that the greatest asset which a nation can have is to have amongst itself a number of men endowed with this mere

curiosity, men who will put everything second to the advancement of knowledge.[1] Good that for an Englishman."

"Oh, if you call that good, virtue is not lacking over here. I remember De Watteville, years ago, saying that moral and pecuniary support should not be refused to hospitals on the ground that their inmates are made use of otherwise than for treatment.[2] That, of course, is the logical outcome of what you call the scientific attitude. That attitude would commend the action of Doyen in taking a bit of cancerous matter out of a woman's bad breast and inserting it into the healthy one.[3] That attitude would applaud murder, if the murder of the few were of benefit to the many."

Again Hall shrugged his shoulders. "Problematical ethics hardly interest me. I tell you I am not concerned with morality. I acknowledge but one duty—hygiene; on the altar of that duty I lay everything; other people's morality, my own time, strength, brains, and money. How many people will do that for their God?"

"All who really believe in the God they profess to worship. As you instance your own case, I may instance mine. But it's the same with everybody; you've only got to care enough—whether the thing you care for is bad or good. Look at the miser. He gives up time, brains, comfort, friends, every enjoyment, even the enjoyment of money, for the sake of hoarding. I don't say your aim isn't nobler than the miser's, but your methods, by Jove! are worse. For *he* sacrifices only himself, it is himself that suffers; while you are careless of who suffers, or what; of how great the suffering or how long."

"True; but both the miser and I have convictions and

[1]App. 37. [2]App. 38. [3]App. 39.

act on them, which alone makes us of more worth than the namby-pamby person who is supposed to have a conscience."

"I don't accept your premises, if you have no regard to the character of the convictions. But anyhow, if that's what you think, why do you quarrel with me for acting on mine?"

"Because—look here, Gale——" Hall got up, and Gale rose too, and the two men stood on the hearthrug, facing one another. "Look here, you're down on your luck. You should have been in Harley Street by this time, and——" Hall looked round the little room; not shabby exactly, for the Gales still possessed a good deal of the furniture which had been their pride in Montagu Street; but mean in its proportions, and pervaded somehow by the spirit of the poor neighbourhood which surrounded it.

"And it's obvious that I'm not," said Gale. "Well?"

"I've come over just for a day or two, on business I needn't go into now. I heard about you from Burdon, as I said, and others too, and I thought you might have come to your senses, might take a chance if it was given you."

"It's good of you."

"There's a post, not much of a one, but I could get it for you, if you'd be sensible—own yourselves wrong—you and your wife."

"Thanks, but—you'll know from what I've said that I couldn't take it."

"Don't go and cut off your nose to spite your face! Many a man's taken up a wrong line and dropped it again. As for all this romance about animals and their rights, leave that to the women who keep pet dogs; it doesn't matter in them. But a man with a brain has something else to think about. Give up this Salvation Army sentiment

business and join the priesthood of progress: it's the only order with any virility."

Gale shook his head.

"Can't you get over your squeamishness?" There was a sneer in Hall's voice.

"Do like Smidovich, you mean. Have you seen his book? I can't quite remember how he puts it." Gale took a book from the table and turned the pages till he found what he wanted. "Yes, here it is. 'There is but one way,' " he read, " 'that of stifling the reproaches of conscience, of choking down pity, and closing one's eyes to the living agony of the animals sacrified.'[1] No, I couldn't do that. I'd rather stay in what you call the Salvation Army."

"Then I may as well say good-bye."

"I have sometimes thought——" Gale went on. "You know there are men, Pirigoff for one, and Haller for another,[2] who have confessed to being struck, later on in life, with a sense of the horrors they have committed; and I have sometimes thought that this consciousness may come to men who don't own to it—not to all or to most, for in most the capacity for pity is killed by the things they do. But I have wondered sometimes, when I have heard of inexplicable suicides, whether such recollections have had anything to do with them. You, of course, will call that fanciful."

"All anti-vivisectionists are fanciful," said Hall; and then he said good-bye.

When he had gone Gale went back to the hearthrug and stood with his back to the fire, thinking. Hall's offer had been no temptation to him, and Hall's conversation had heartened rather than discouraged him, made him more friendly towards his own failure.

[1]App. 40. [2]App. 41.

Presently the door was gently and slightly opened, and David's face looked round it. Seeing that Gale was alone, she came in, on tip-toe, and with an air of pretended mystery.

"Was it really and truly Edgar Hall?" she asked.

"Really and truly."

"Jane said so, but I couldn't believe my ears. Whatever brought him to our poor little shanty?"

"He came to offer me a post."

"Oh, Sidney, don't start romancing."

"But he did."

"No!"

"Yes, you sceptic, yes."

"But—— Why?"

"Because he thought the Harrow Road might have brought us to our senses."

"How did he know——?"

"From Percy."

"Oh, I see. Fancy the serpent condescending to such a one-horse shay sort of Paradise."

"I dare say he meant it kindly—though there was a latent——"

"Of course you didn't——"

"No, I didn't. You needn't turn me out, Angel, with your flaming sword."

"The man tempted me, and I didn't eat. If it had been a woman now——!"

"If *you* had tempted me, wanted it, it would have been harder."

"I? Oh, I couldn't—you know I couldn't—have taken it in any case. How did he take your refusal?"

"Oh—well—if his soul has shoulders I should think it would shrug 'em all the way home."

"You were interested, though; your hair's so untidy."

Gale passed his hand over his head. "I *was* interested. Hall is the same in a way, yet so absolutely different."

"He's probably himself developed. Have you finished his book?"

"Very nearly. I was at it when he came in."

"Well?"

"It's full of learning, full of theories, full of brains."

"Yes, but the gist of it?"

"The gist?" Gale thought a minute. "You know the saying, 'Death before dishonour'?"

David nodded. "Of course."

"Well, the gist of Hall's book is that same saying, only just the other way on; dishonour—every and any sort of cruelty, cowardice, oppression—before death."

CHAPTER LII

GALE was right: Hall's mental attitude, as he drove away from Falmouth Street, was one of shrugged shoulders. His motives in making his offer had been as mixed as are the motives of most men when they pride themselves on being generous. He was willing to help his old friend for the sake, he told himself, of the old friendship; but he could not rid himself of a certain satisfaction at being in a position to play the benevolent patron. In their student days Gale had taken the upper hand, had been carelessly arrogant, had received the larger share of the devotion which Percy Burdon had divided between him and Hall; had, moreover, been called brilliant, whereas Hall had had to put up with the adjective "steady."

It could not be said that these things rankled in Hall's mind; yet it would not have been disagreeable to know Gale grateful instead of lordly; it would have been pleasant to hear him confess himself in the wrong; it would have been more than pleasant to hear Mrs. Gale join in the confession. But now they had refused his helping hand; they must therefore lie on their bed as they had made it; Hall felt that if they ended in the workhouse, it was really no more than they deserved. Then, with a final shrug, he dismissed the thought of them; he had done more than there was any need to do, and his mind, turning to his own particular interests, had no space to spare for the perversities of failure.

The next day he returned to Paris. A fresh consignment

of apes was due; and, after years of experiment, he thought he saw the approach of success. It was all very well to inoculate women and children in hospitals; science no doubt had gained much from such practices; but the number of human subjects available was necessarily limited. Prejudice stood in the way, and though the public was obligingly indifferent, old-fashioned ideas might assert themselves at any moment. The only sure and satisfactory way was to introduce the great scourge of humanity into the animal world.

Hitherto Hall, as well as everybody else, had failed in achieving this result; it seemed as if on a race free from vice the special disease of vice could not be imposed. To all other diseases animals had succumbed at the hands of man (though the cancer induced in animals was unfortunately different from human cancer); but from this one malady remained immune. But now Hall thought he saw his way to its propagation; and for the next few months, in company with a chosen colleague, all his energies were devoted to the introduction of the most loathsome of diseases into the bodies of the apes delivered over to him.

In the meantime, in the street off the Harrow Road, Sidney Gale began a new career; in a different spirit, in a different atmosphere, with a different aim from the career he had set out on when he left St. Anne's. Ambition was banished perforce; he sought at first only to earn enough money to make the proverbial two ends meet.

But, beginning in a spirit of dogged persistence, by and by, as he worked, old interests revived and took on a new vigour; interests that had occupied him in other days when he had studied disease in the slums. In those days he had learned much; but he learned now in a wider way; realising that those people who were so often the victims of disease

were always and emphatically human beings; fragments of society, citizens of the nation, an important part of the community, having a direct bearing on its welfare. As he lived and worked in this poorer quarter of the town, many things were made plain to Gale which are constantly hid from the successful and the famous. He learned that men and women, struggling for food, clothes, shelter, differ not at all from the women and the men who strive after position, wealth, and fame; are open to the same incentives, liable to the same impulses of meanness and generosity; differ not at all, save that amongst the struggling poor the incentives are more imperative, the impulses take their rise in more primitive needs; the meanness is less disguised, the generosity more nearly allied to heroism.

And he learned, he and David together, working side by side for a living and a home, fighting side by side for the progress of the cause they had taken up, learned to see in the problems of life, not a series of isolated and conflicting questions, but the component parts of one related whole. They saw that science is only at war with philosophy, religion, morality when it narrows its scope to particular fields of its own domain, cutting off the correspondence between all phenomenal manifestation. They saw that sociology is related to hygiene, hygiene to philosophy, philosophy to ethics, ethics again to sociology. They saw that disease cannot be dealt with by medicine alone; that religious teaching is inadequate to cope with starvation; that science, single-handed, is powerless against poverty. Seeing all this, and not turning in disgust or despair from the sight, but studying in all sincerity the conditions about him, gradually Gale's ambition changed; was transformed from the desire to dominate into the wish to serve. In his younger days, fame, brilliant on the heights to which men's

eyes turn enviously, had beckoned to him with compelling hand: now looking on the depths about him, he found that what he wanted most to do was to kindle a little light within their shades. Much talk he had heard of science and the debt owed her by humanity; but when science balanced her books, there were items in these shades, it seemed to Gale, which could not be left out of the account.

"To think," he said one day, "of Hall elaborating a method of prolonging life, when the conditions of masses of people make the attainment even of maturity impossible; and when workmen, after forty, yes, and even before forty, are constantly refused the chance of earning a livelihood! It's pure mockery."

"How can a man know life from a laboratory?" asked Cameron. "I could take him to streets in Paris where the doctrine of salvation by sera would seem lamentably inadequate."

"No, you couldn't," said David. "I have been with him through such streets, and he saw nothing outside his own conceptions. For him salvation is only for the few—the idle, chiefly, and the morbid, who are haunted by the fear of death. All the people who toil and suffer are to go on toiling, suffering, dying, degenerating."

"It's curious," said Gale, "that medical science, since it has been led by vivisection, seems to have said good-bye not only to morality, but to common sense. It seems to forget that it was common sense—cleanliness, sanitation—which stamped out cholera, plague, typhus; that it was the muzzling order which rid England of hydrophobia; that scarlet fever which is uncombated by a serum has declined as much with the improvement of sanitation as small-pox aided by a vaccine."

"I don't think it's curious at all," said Cameron.

"No, nor do I really; it was a figure of speech."

"People talk of ends justifying means; but often if a body of men gets possessed by an idea, they subordinate results to methods. Look at Semmelweiss, who more than half a century ago discovered antiseptic surgery, who demonstrated the truth of his discovery by the fact that *his* patients lived, and patients treated in the old way died; who was hounded into a lunatic asylum by the profession; and whose theories, when advanced by Pasteur and Lister, were accepted and acclaimed.[1] Reason, deduction, the care of patients, were out of court; only one proof availed with the orthodox—the proof by means of vivisection."

"One of the latest sera, I hear," said David, "is a serum against fatigue. Judy told me about it. A German doctor, Weichardt, takes guinea-pigs and makes them run on a miniature treadmill till they fall dead from exhaustion; and from the fatigued muscles he has succeeded in producing an anti-fatigue toxin."

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Cameron. "It's the idea of a neurotic. The experiments are described by Dr. Carl Snyder—in the *Monthly,* I think Judy said. He calls them fascinating."[2]

"I dare say they are—to him. This idea of prolonging bodily existence somehow, anyhow, is bound to distort the imaginations of the men who are a prey to it; and I fancy Snyder is one."

"Evidently, from what Judy says. I have not read the article."

"I shouldn't bother to, if I were you. I've glanced through it, and it's just the same idea as Hall's. Tell me, how is Judy getting on?"

[1]App. 42. [2]App. 43.

"Well, slowly; but surely, she says. It's up-hill work, of course, but you know her energy."

"When I first knew Judith Home," said Cameron—"Judith West she was then—she was a sort of leader of fashion; of advanced views always, but fashionable first and advanced after."

"When you first knew me," said David, "I was a rising artist."

"And now you're risen."

"Just about as high as the horizon."

David had sought, in her poorest days, to turn her girlhood's talent to account, and, commercially speaking, had met with some success. She smiled sometimes as she worked at Christmas and birthday cards, at menus and illustrations for catalogues, and looked back to the days of the pink overalls or the more splendid ones of the studio on Campden Hill. The smile, perhaps, was not devoid of wistfulness. Her dreams of fame had been as sweet, as brilliant, if not as definite and as well based as Sidney's; and they had ended in painting cards at so much a dozen in Falmouth Street off the Harrow Road!

But she made money; and money, too, was sweet when it meant new clothes and better education for the children; hers and Sidney's. She never forgot Vi, the child whose suffering had made for herself a special place, created a special tenderness; the thought of that child was often in her mind when she did not speak of her, even to Sidney; in her mother's heart Vi's memory was immortal. But these other children, healthy and strong, were dear to her in another, perhaps even a deeper, way; they were the offspring of her woman's love, and were girt about with the joy of that love as well as with the tenderness of maternity.

When, presently, David had left the room, Cameron

turned to Gale. "Talking of old times, laddie," he said (he still called the man sometimes by the name he had used to the boy), "do you mind, when you first came to my rooms, how we talked of greatness and failure?"

"To be sure. Certain things you said have always stuck in my mind. But it's odd that *you* should remember."

"I've not lost my memory yet—at least, not for the things a bit back."

"You said I might be a great man or a great surgeon, I remember; and I remember that, when you said it, I tingled all over. And now—I'm neither."

"I'm no so sure. And *you* said you wouldn't mind failure, if you failed splendidly."

"This"—Gale waved an indicating hand—"is hardly splendid." He laughed. "What a conceited young ass I must have been!"

Cameron did not answer at once; then he said: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; sorrows not all His own; a grief not selfish. That's teepical," he added, with the Scotch accent that always turned his tongue when it uttered what he strongly felt. "You cannot win the right to the great renunciation without being a bit finer than your fellows; you cannot make it without falling, in their eyes, a long way below them."

CHAPTER LIII

THREE years later Hall was again in England; but this time he did not find his way to Falmouth Street. He had come over to give the Harben Lectures, and his time was spent in the company of distinguished scientists.

Nor did he even so much as think of the Gales. Three years ago he had dismissed them from his mind; they belonged no more to the world with which he was concerned, but were cast into the outer darkness reserved for moralists, philosophers, and anti-vivisectionists.

Percy Burdon came up from Essex to welcome him; and was continually coming up from Essex, whenever he could spare a day or half a day, to revive and cement the former friendship. Hall was a little bored by Percy, whose presumption on the claim of old acquaintance was more effusive than discreet. To be sure he had now the whole of that allegiance which had once been shared with Gale; for Percy, though he had still a soft spot in his heart for "old Sidney," was too much disappointed by his quondam paragon's failure to make a name to retain for him the admiration which had been once his unquestionable tribute.

His admiration now was all for Hall, and stories of the great man's youth were retailed by him at the dinner parties in Langborough and for miles around. For Percy was widely known in the county now; he had fulfilled his intention of keeping abreast of the times; was talked of as

up to date and versed in the latest surgical and medical science of the day; and had removed gall bladders—not to speak of other parts of the human frame—without immediately disastrous results to the patients; that is to say, to all of them. Some perished; but Burdon always assured their friends that they would have died in any case, and, unassisted by himself, in greater agonies than those inflicted by the tenderness of scientific perspicacity. And the friends, with unquestioning confidence—for the most part—laid the flattering unction to their souls and were content. So Burdon prospered, and his Polly, grown matronly, was proud of him.

Nevertheless, though he might draw flames from the Colne, he was hardly competent to set fire to the Thames; and his continual visits to the capital had upon Hall something of the effect of repeated efforts to strike damp matches. Percy was not even a match from Hall's point of view; but he would persist in trying to strike himself—on Hall, and never got further than spluttering, which was irritating to a shining light needing no aid from indiscriminate sparks.

Edgar Hall's lectures were three in number. They were eagerly looked forward to, largely attended, highly applauded. They were distinguished by the knowledge which he had acquired; by the intelligence which was innate in him; by the lucidity of which he was a master; and by the faith in his own premises and methods which are as necessary to the orthodox scientist as to the dogmatic religionist.

The last lecture was specially interesting, in that it contained what might be looked upon as his profession of faith, the sum of his philosophy; for no man, though he may repudiate the philosophies of others, can escape from one of

his own. Certainly Edgar Hall could not, as is testified by the third of his Harben Lectures.[1]

The subject of this final lecture was that world-wide disease which, together with certain other world-wide horrors, is labelled unmentionable; the disease which for the last several years had engaged Hall's attention and ingenuity; the disease which for so long had been rejected, against all attempts to propagate it, by the animal world. But Edgar Hall had triumphed over the barriers of kingdom, had triumphed over all barriers which stood, or might have stood, in the way of his success. For him, indeed, the divisions of Nature's kingdoms could hardly be said to exist save as convenient modes of classification. For him there existed only intelligence and the prey of intelligence; the difference between sentient and non-sentient life carried no significance, except that creatures who could feel pain, suffer starvation, be subjected to disease, presented a more potent field for the researches of science than did that of inorganic matter. His attitude was the attitude of modern science; and the attitude of large numbers of the lay public; who assume it either without thought; with that confusion of thought common to those who, while professing belief in spirit, subordinate the attributes of spirit—love, mercy, courage—to the immediate welfare of the flesh; or with the frank and logical selfishness of the avowed materialist.

Hall, firm in that faith of selfishness which makes all things in the way of cruelty possible, had achieved success: he had infected the animal world with the supreme disease of vice. His third lecture dealt with the experiments which that success had enabled him to make.

In its course he spoke of the wide extent of the malady which he was discussing; of the rapid spread of infection

[1]App. 44.

in districts unprotected by ordinary hygienic precautions; of the importance of combating its ravages. The experiments he described were the means by which he sought to forge weapons for the combat; characteristic weapons; sera, vaccines, ointments. The one weapon which he did not suggest was an axe which might be laid at the root of the tree: his aim was to allow the tree to grow and then to render it barren. For the curbing of bodily desires was contrary to Edgar Hall's philosophy. He, to be sure, had sacrificed much to the cause of that science in which he found richer pleasures than those which he denied himself; but, from the substitution of one desire for another, he drew no suggestion of a principle. Control of instincts was inseparable, for him, from the medieval idea of asceticism, denial for denial's sake, an end in itself. He had not faced, or facing had not grasped, the conception that it is worth while to subdue an impulse for the sake of evolving a force; that the basis of the law of sacrifice is not futile waste but fuller attainment.

For him, then, inclination justified indulgence. There could be no doubt, he stated in his lecture, that the restriction of liberty in sexual matters was disagreeable and vexatious: yet the regulation of vice in the present order of things was, even though its action were imperfect, unfortunately necessary. Progress lay, as lies all progress as defined by the new order of priesthood, in the direction, not of the abolition of an evil, but in the discovery of an antidote to its discomforts. It would be a great step forward, he asserted, if some method were arrived at, which made regulation and all intervention by public authorities superfluous; and thus insured mankind against the consequences of vice by practical and simple means, dependent only on the will of those risking contagion.

The search for a serum to achieve this end had been so far a failure, in spite of the time, the intelligence, and the animals devoted to the quest: he was disposed to think that in the direction of vaccines lay a better prospect of success. Yet vaccination, if used on a large scale, might bring about awkward complications, and could, possibly, only be applied to those persons subject to the greatest risk. Its first subjects, said the lecturer, would have to be young girls, the beginners in prostitution; since to them and their clients vaccination would be an undoubted advantage. No considerations of a moralising tendency should be allowed to interfere with any and every means of fighting this foe to man's physical liberty; nay, averred Hall, even though some of the finest works of genius were undoubtedly due to the cerebral excitement caused by its action.

And then, in the last words of the lecture, came the summed-up, definite declaration of Edgar Hall's faith. In the religions of old, he allowed, hygienic precepts occupied an important place; but he drew from the fact no deduction as to the possibility of religion and hygiene having a common and inseparable origin. On the contrary, he insisted upon the necessity of their divorce; and, that achieved, hygiene was to be queen and morality slave. Morality should not attempt to lead hygiene, but should rather follow her. Hygiene should reign supreme, said he in his peroration, over all moralising doctrines.

The large hall, crowded with listeners, rang with cheer after cheer: the representatives of science gave to science's high priest a great ovation. He had declared their faith, and they affirmed it; he had pointed out their goal, and they acknowledged it. England was no laggard in the path

of progress; England recognised and acclaimed the leader of a world-wide gospel.

She gave him, by the hands of her representative scientists, a gold medal: she cheered him afresh as she presented it.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and the old order, as the cheering crowd conceived it, was condemned that night by their cheers; its prejudices flung aside, its ideals overthrown. On, on, into the new kingdom, ruled by the new priesthood, fashioned by the new progress!

In that kingdom morality has no place, and mercy finds no foothold: on its threshold stands love, and looks lingeringly at the travesty of herself that has usurped her place. In that kingdom men, emancipated, knowing that they have no being save in the material; no hope save in the lengthening of mortal life; no joy that transcends the physical; no victories to achieve save the conquest of the forces of Nature, the seizure of her secrets, the subjugation of her laws; need only to go on from freedom to greater freedom, from knowledge to completer knowledge, till science has banished all prejudices of compunction, all necessity of restraint; and, in the great glory of unfettered intelligence, humanity attains the summit of that eminence, at the foot of which, in ages far away, was brought forth the product of the Simian monster, Man.

Two schemes of evolution.

A spirit, moving, in the mystery of life, through all forms till it attains to full consciousness of its divinity.

A monster, all-contained in form, marching from unthinking brutality to unscrupulous intelligence.

In the one conception mind is the master of the body: in the other, its servant.

In the one, man fights, in his advance, cowardice, cruelty, selfishness. In the other, pity, mercy, love, are the barriers to man's progress.

CHAPTER LIV

EDGAR HALL, driving home that night, passed not far from the street where long ago Percy Burdon had lived; where Cameron still lived; where, had Hall but known it, Cameron and Judith, David and Gale were at that moment gathered together.

Had he known, the knowledge certainly would have excited in him no interest; these people, companions of his chrysalis stage, were no longer real to him; grubs still, they had no part in his life of splendid flight. Yet the familiar landmarks called up to him a picture of Burdon's room; with its photographs of girls in tights on the mantelpiece; its antimacassars that took the place of repartee; and Gale —Gale would not stay out of the picture—shaking out his hair and laughing his uproarious laugh. What a fool the fellow had been! What a fool! And that wife of his, who might have been his own wife, a reigning power in the Parisian world of intellect! Hall had no sentiment left for David. She had shown herself unworthy of his preference; he despised, but did not regret her.

The "grubs" in Cameron's room were thinking even less of Hall than Hall was thinking of them. They were busy, while the mental picture in which two of them figured was passing through Hall's mind, in discussing the prospects of the hospital on whose staff Gale had now a place. A hospital formed on anti-vivisectional lines it was, using no vivisectional remedies, permitting no experimental sur-

gery; the operations performed in it were never performed without the consent of the patients or the patients' friends. The efforts of several pioneers had resulted in the enterprise of starting it; a few men, risking their practices in favour of their principles, had supported the enterprise with all they had to give; skill, time, names, energy. It was established, and was fighting its way against prejudice and contempt. Scouted by the profession, excluded from participation in publicly collected funds, its methods were denounced, its efficiency questioned. Yet it endured. The poor who dwelt about and around it sought its aid year by year in increasing numbers; its death rate was low; its supporters were staunch. A sign of the times, its significance was underrated by its traducers; a prophet, it was labelled, in its native land of medicine, with the time-worn title of impostor.

To Gale it was a new and unfailing interest in his busy life; a life in which he became, with each succeeding year, more settled and content. The desire for fame had ceased to torment him. All his energy was given to helping on the causes for which he worked; the protection of the animal world, and the relief of those vast masses of the poor who are hardly more articulate than animals, and almost as helpless.

To Gale, as to Cameron, the two causes were almost inseparable. Experiment in the one world led to experiment in the other was the premise which experience laid down; and it became all too patent to Gale that mercy, sympathy, honour, banished from man's dealings with the brute creation, found scant asylum in his dealings with the defenceless of his own race.

The hospital was not the only subject of discussion that evening of Hall's last lecture.

"And the League?" said Gale, looking across to where Judith Home walked, with her hands behind her, to and fro past the windows.

Those windows were open, and the May air, soft but wayward, stirred her hair as she went. The hair was nearly white now, and the face beneath it showed that Judy had left the youth, which had stayed with her so long, behind her on the road of life. But she was upright as she had ever been; and it was still her habit to walk, with hands clasped behind her, as she had walked in her younger days, when talking of things that interested and moved her. She was interested now; moved, too, by an influx of hope, a vision of success.

"In a year," she said, "the League will be started, I promise you. In all the countries I have been to, there are men and women, *medical* men and women, waiting and eager to join it. There's a lot of organising to be done still, of course, a lot of rebuffing to be gone through, a number of tiresome people—people are so often tiresome, even when they're quite intelligent and positively humane—to be shaken into shape and cajoled into action. Still, you'll see; next year I'll start the League."

"Good luck to it!" said Gale. "And to herself that's had the pluck to form it."

"Herself must go home now."

"Will you have a cab?" Cameron asked.

"No, thank you. There's a young man of the name of Guppy will see me through the streets. Gupp, come here!"

"Did you take the name from *Bleak House?*" said Gale, as a sheep dog rose from a corner of the room, shook himself, and came in a trot across the floor.

"Of course."

The dogs of Lapellière days had passed, in the peace of

old age, from the lap of life; Guppy was a young dog, wide of head, cobby of body, showing all the points of a first-rate speciment of his breed; his eyes, deep brown and very bright, looked up at Judy with the unfaltering trust and loyalty which is the essence of dog nature. Judy, not having a scientific mind, would have died rather than betray that trust; for in Judy's estimation there were many things worse than death. Betrayal was one of these things, even though the betrayed were infinitely weaker, immeasurably less intelligent than the betrayer. She had a code of honour in which helplessness demanded protection rather than abuse; a code of courage which shrank from cruelty more than from pain, which feared meanness more than death.

She and Guppy went together through the evening streets. Each was the protector of the other; between them was a comprehending companionship; in neither was the fear of death.

The next morning in all the papers was an account of Hall's ovation. Cameron read it and said nothing, since there was nobody at hand to speak to.

Judy read it, and remarked to Guppy: "To every king, praise from his own subjects."

David read it aloud to Gale while Gale ate his breakfast. "*You* might have been a famous man," she said, "if——"

"And *you* might certainly have been a famous man's wife, if——"

"Would you change?" asked David.

"Would you?"

Neither of them answered the questions in words; but they looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

CHAPTER LV

JUDY kept her promise. In the year after Edgar Hall's Harben Lectures, her league was formed; an association, medical, international, to combat vivisection.

The day when it held its first meeting was a red-letter day to Judy, and to that small company of men and women who, working in the cause of humaneness, are persuaded that they are working also in that of humanity. The company is small compared with the numbers of those who are actively hostile or selfishly indifferent: yet it grows.

Side by side with what is called, by a certain school of scientists, the scientific spirit, there is rising, spreading, strengthening, a spirit which questions the science of that school; which perceives in the existence of love the manifestation of a law; which discerns in man finer elements than those concerned with the preservation of his body. And this spirit brings recruits to the ranks of the growing company.

In these ranks fight many of the foolish of the world, many of the odd, the eccentric, the peculiar; together with men keen of perception, robust of intelligence, vigorous of act. And now and again, and ever more frequently, men detach themselves from the hostile camp or the huge army of the unthinking, and join the growing company. Now it is a man of concrete creed, who becomes all at once aware that the God he imagined he was worshipping is actually and in truth a God of love, and that love allows no limits

to its action; now it is a specialist in disease, who has given his life to the study of a particular malady and finds that laboratory methods lead to false conclusions; and again, it is a thinker whose thought forbids him to accept the dogma of dead matter and brute force. Braving scorn, risking failure, impelled by a power of reason or of right, in ones and twos these leave the dominated many or the ruling few, and join the growing company.

The company grows with a growth unperceived of its opponents. Its cause is labelled lost, its vitality denied, its progress unnoted. Yet its numbers increase, its influence spreads; in all parts of the world signs of the spirit that animates it spring up. Time, that instrument of evolution, can but aid it, since this spirit of a wider love, a deeper consciousness, a subtler perception of the unity of manifested existence, is not the lingering remains of a dying sentiment, but the latest unfolding of man's possibilities. The narrow view is constantly false; the gaze fixed on the powers that be misses not seldom the advent of forces that are yet to come; it is on the horizon that the sun first shows itself.

The company grows, though of visible results the harvest still is small.

> "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
>
> And not by eastern windows only
> When daylight comes, comes in the light,
> In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
> But westward, look! the land is bright."

APPENDIX

1. It was reported in the *Daily News* of the 29th May, 1906, that a dog did seek refuge in the way described, but it was given back to a doctor who came in search of it.

2. The operation described in Chapter VI actually occurred. The author was informed of it by a doctor whose friend, a surgeon, witnessed it.

3. The operation described in Chapter XV was performed on the sister of an intimate friend of the author's.

4. *Medical Priestcraft,* by John Shaw, M.D., p. 161.

5. *Morning Leader,* 26th January, 1899.

6. Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital for July, 1897.

7. Bill introduced 2nd March, 1900.

8. *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,* 6th and 13th of August, 1896.

9. *New York Medical Record* of the 10th September, 1892.

10. *British Medical Journal* of the 3rd July, 1897.

11. *Deutsche Medinische Wochenschrift* of the 19th February, 1891.

12. *New York Independent* of the 12th September, 1895.

13. Dr. Herbert Snow, who was for twenty years surgeon at the Brompton Cancer Hospital, has read and approved this passage.

14. Dr. John Shaw in *Medical Priestcraft,* p. 131. Dr. Eder in *New Age* of 18th April, 1908. The author heard

an eminent surgeon state at a public dinner that a medical man who was an anti-vivisectionist must be either a knave or a fool.

15. The theory in this chapter that the destiny of man is to fight against Nature's rule instead of being guided by it is taken from *The Kingdom of Man,* by Professor Sir E. Ray Lankester, K.C.B.

16. *Revue Scientifique* of the 24th of March, 1906. Title of article, "La Valeur de l'expérimentation sur l'homme en pathologie expérimentale."

17. *The Times* of the 27th June, 1891; *British Medical Journal* of the 29th August, 1891.

18. *Deutsche Medinische Wochenschrift* of the 19th February, 1891.

19. *Therapeutics,* by Sidney Ringer, pp. 498-503 (Eighth Edition).

20. Told to the author by a distinguished French physician.

21. *Experiments on Animals,* by Stephen Paget.

22. *Revue Scientifique* of the 24th March, 1906.

23. *The Medical Press and Circular* of the 29th March, 1899.

24. *Text Book of Pharmacology and Therapeutics, or the Action of Drugs in Health and Disease* (Fourth Edition, 1906), by Professor Cushny, pp. 189-208. *Surgical Diseases of the Dog and Cat,* by Professor Hobday.

25. The experiment described in this chapter is taken from an article which appeared in the *British Medical Journal* of the 4th November, 1906.

26. The author was told of these sounds by friends who lived near a large hospital.

27. Article in the *British Medical Journal,* cited in 25 *supra.*

28. *Life of Claude Bernard,* by Sir Michael Foster, p. 204.

29. *Therapeutics,* by Sidney Ringer (Eighth Edition), pp. 585, 588, 590, 591.

30. *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 5th February, 1883.

31. *An Experimental Research into Surgical Shock,* by George W. Crile, A.M., M.D., PH.D. If it is objected that Dr. Crile is an American and that experiments of this kind are not and cannot be carried out in England, I would mention that Dr. Crile himself informs us that the first sixteen of them were performed in Sir Victor Horsley's Laboratory in London University College. It is worthy of note that this book earned for its author the Cartwright Prize, and also that, as I was informed at the London office of the publishers, it has sold better than any other of his works. (G. Colmore.)

32. *Pasteurism in India,* by Sir James Thornton, K.C.B.; "Pasteur's Prophylactic," an article by Dr. Chas. Bell Taylor, M.D., which appeared in the *National Review* of July, 1890; *Pasteur and Serotherapy,* by Dr. A. Lutand, editor in chief of the *Journal de Medicine de Paris.*

33. *Pasteurism in India,* cited 32 *supra.*

34. Report of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, 1905.

35. The debate described in this and the preceding chapter is an actual debate which took place on the 6th of May, 1907, at the Portman Rooms, at which the author was present. A verbatim report can be obtained from Miss G. M. Ansell, 70 Chancery Lane, W.C.

36. The book here referred to is *The Nature of Man,* by E. Metchnikoff, and reviews given are quoted from extracts from *The Times* and the *Lancet,* printed on the fly-leaves of the English edition of 1906.

37. Report of the most recent Royal Commission on Vivisection. Question 3737.

38. Letter to the *Standard* of the 24th November, 1883, entitled "The Use of Hospital Patients," by Dr. de Watteville.

39. *British Medical Journal* of the 29th August, 1891.

40. *Confessions of a Physician,* by Smidovich, p. 152.

41. Report of Royal Commission on Vivisection, 1875, pp. 64 and 223.

42. For an account of Serumelweiss's works, see *Experiments on Animals,* by Stephen Paget (Third Edition), pp. 80-83. Dr. Paget is, of course, not responsible for the use which Cameron makes of the facts.

43. Article by Dr. Karl Snyder which appeared in the *Monthly Review* of September, 1906.

44. The main points of Hall's lecture are taken from the report of the Third Harben Lecture which appeared in the *Journal of Preventive Medicine* of August, 1906. This lecture was delivered at King's College, London, by Professor Metchnikoff.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 125 299 8